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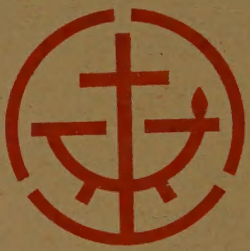

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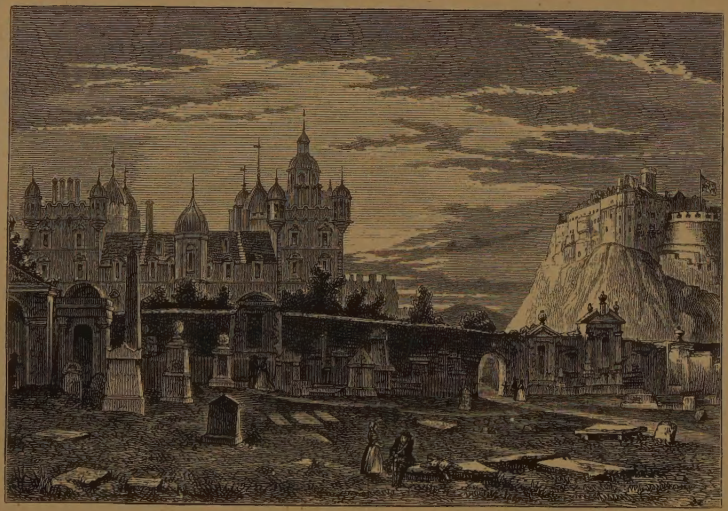

GREYFRIARS' CHURCHYARD. *Frontispiece.*

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THE

# MARTYR GRAVES

OF

# SCOTLAND:

BEING THE

*TRAVELS OF A COUNTRY MINISTER IN HIS OWN COUNTRY.*

BY THE

REV. JOHN H. THOMSON,
EAGLESHAM.

Accession no. [illegible]

WITHDRAWN

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# PREFACE.

THE memory of the men and women who suffered death under the tyranny of Charles II. and James II. is still dear in Scotland. The gravestones under which their mortal remains rest are, wherever they may be found, piously preserved. They are easily discovered in country churchyards, by the beaten path in the grass, made by a constant succession of visitors. So far as I am aware, there are fully eighty of these stones of memorial in Scotland. I have visited upwards of seventy of them.

The following pages are a record of travels to twenty-two of these stones. In substance a considerable portion has already appeared at intervals in the



WITHDRAWN
A 2081

*Reformed Presbyterian Magazine*, under the title of "Travels of a Country Minister in his Own Country." The favourable reception these "Travels" met with at their first publication, and the many requests made to me to gather them into a volume, have led to the present issue. In presenting them to the public in a permanent form I have endeavoured carefully to revise them, and have added much new matter, suggested by further inquiries or by kind friends.

As a minister in the Reformed Presbyterian Church, it is possible that I may have prepossessions in favour of the sufferers whose story I have sought to tell. But I have aimed at impartiality, and I am persuaded that the view taken of their struggles in these pages, is one which a study of the documents of the age in which they lived that have come down to our day, will amply justify.

The theme of the volume is a large one, but with a view to reach the wide circle of those interested in the Martyrs of Scotland, I have confined myself to a selection from the materials I have collected. Should it meet with acceptance, at some future time a second may follow in continuation of what has now been attempted.

In nearly every instance, although I tell of only

one visit, I have repeatedly gone to the places described. But wherever I have gone, I have met with uniform kindness, and every facility has been given me to further the object of my visit. To the many friends who have assisted me with their guidance, their recital of the traditions of their district, or their books, I have to return my sincere thanks. If I have not mentioned them by name, it is not because I have forgotten them, but that to do so rightly, would require a volume rather than a preface.

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*Edinburgh: Printed by M'Farlane & Erskine.*

# THE MARTYR GRAVES OF SCOTLAND.

## CHAPTER I.

### PENTLAND—RULLION GREEN.

ON the first Tuesday in the month of June the writer of these pages set out from Edinburgh to visit Rullion Green, the scene of the battle of Pentland. Rullion Green lies nearly eight miles to the south of Edinburgh, and the readiest way of access to it would have been by the Penicuick coach to the cross road at the military prison of Greenlaw. But we preferred to approach it by a somewhat unusual road—by way of Currie, and took the Caledonian Railway to Currie Station.

The day was all that could be desired. The sky was somewhat cloud-covered, so that the sun seldom shone in the fulness of his strength, yet the air had the genial warmth of June. A fall of rain the previous day had laid the dust, and brought out the grass, the hedgerows, and the corn-fields, in their loveliest and most winning attire. The village of Currie is picturesquely situated on the Water of Leith, about half a mile south-east from the railway station. Its houses, put down at random, on no particular plan nor principle, give it at least the charm of variety. After the Water of Leith, liker a river than usual from the recent rain, and the neatly kept cottage gardens on its sloping banks, the parish church and manse and churchyard caught our eye. The churchyard was of the usual country type—grass grown, with a watch-house, gone out of use, in one of the corners. The church is a plain structure. Shelter from the storm, rather than beauty, has manifestly been the aim of its builders. The tombstones were all modern and uninteresting. A sun-dial, to which a respected minister of another parish, whom we met in the churchyard, directed us, made up for their shortcomings. It had been fashioned by a former schoolmaster of Currie, and is a work of no small ingenuity and labour.

From the churchyard we walked along the road that went straight up before us, and still in a south-easterly course. At first it was smooth, but as we got

on, signs of disuse, of few travellers, began to appear in its increased ruts and holes. For a mile and a half it ran as unbending as a yard measure, and we met no one all the way. But it was lined here and there with trees, and the view behind us and on either side was over the richly cultivated district of Mid and West Lothian. As we rose, however, the soil got poorer, and the view circumscribed by a strip of plantation on the left. At last the road ended with a gate upon a wide expanse of moor, the heather of which had been but recently burned down, and a mile beyond was the justly named Black Hill, one of the heights of the north-western range of the Pentlands. On looking over the moor we could see that a road had once led across it, but it was all grass-grown. We walked on for half a mile or so. The young heather, which cropped up all about us, the perfect solitude, broken only by the song of the lark, and the bleating of the sheep and lambs, not a house in view, made up a scene such as we could scarcely have believed to be possible within eight miles of Edinburgh. We could have fancied ourselves rather on the lonely moors of Renfrew or Ayrshire, than to be almost within sight of the metropolis. As we advanced onwards, a shepherd appeared in the distance, and not far from what seemed to be the shepherd's house and garden. We made for where he was, and asked him if we were on the way to Rullion Green. He kindly told us we were,

but it was a good three miles' walk yet. "Was there any trodden path through the glen?" we next asked. "Yes," he said, "there's a road to them that *ken* it. But your best plan is to keep near the bottom of the glen until you come to the bridge at the Compensation Pond, and it may be you may meet somebody on the way that will tell you where to go."

We followed the shepherd's advice, and in about ten minutes after parting from him we had left the flat moor behind us, and were into the glen that was to take us through to the other side of the Pentlands. We kept down in its lowest part, where a small burn ran onwards. On the east side of the glen, rising above us, was the Bell's Hill, 1330 feet high, while opposite was the Black Hill, higher than it by 300 feet. As we went along we repeatedly came upon traces of a road something like an old mill-course in breadth, and in its occasional cutting into the uneven ground—in all probability the road the royal forces took when they struck through from Currie, in order, if possible, to intercept the Covenanters in their retreat on the east side of the hills. The glen, as we passed through it, was at first bleak enough—ferns, and heather, and rough grass, and scars here and there, were all that covered its sides,—but after a mile's walk it increased in beauty. Trees began to appear; and in another mile we reached the west end of the Glencorse Reservoir—an artificial loch, connected

with the Edinburgh Waterworks, of nearly a mile in length. With it we came to a carriage road that runs along its eastern edge, which, in a mile farther through a well planted valley, brought us to the main road from Edinburgh. We now turned westward, with the fertile country that stretches away to the romantic valley of the Esk, on our left, and on our right hand, fields sloping upwards to the hills behind them. Soon after entering on the main road we passed the seven mile stone, and a quarter of a mile farther, at a gate at the end of a strip of plantation, was the path that led up to Rullion Green. Two hundred yards along the path, and we came to a shepherd's house, where we were pointed out, on the hill face, the Covenanters' gravestone, about three or four hundred yards from us. It was soon reached. The stone is somewhat small in size—about three feet in height by two in breadth,—and is carefully enclosed with a substantial iron railing, some five or six feet high; and the railing has been placed at such a distance that the stone cannot well be poked at, or pieces broken off it by those tourists who would fain carry away a chip of every monument they visit. On each side of the stone, within the enclosure, a fine specimen of the fir tribe (*Abies Deodara*) has been planted. The lettering on each side is quite distinct, and had been recently cleaned. We were delighted to learn from the shepherd that the railing had been put up, some sixteen or seventeen years ago, at the expense of the

proprietor, the Lord President of the Court of Session, the Right Honourable John Inglis. The inscriptions are, in front:

Here
And near to
this place lyes the
Reverend Mr John crookshank
and mr Andrew mcormick
ministers of the Gospel and
About fifty other true coven-
anted Presbyterians who were
killed in this place in their own
Inocent self defence and def-
fence of the covenanted
work of Reformation By
Thomas Dalzeel of Bins
upon The 28 of november
1666. Rev. 12-11. Erected
Sept. 28 1738.

Behind—

A Cloud of Witnesses lyes here,
Who for Christ's Interest did appear,
For to Restore true Liberty
Overturned them by tyrrany.
And by proud Prelats who did Rage
Against the Lord's own heritage.
They sacrificed were for the laws
Of Christ their king, his noble cause.
These heroes fought with great renown
By falling got the martyrs crown.

After comparing the inscription on the stone with

MONUMENT, RULLION GREEN.

that given in the "Cloud of Witnesses,"* we turned round to look at the scene of the battle; and the moment we looked down on the country that stretched away before us, it was impossible to resist the conclusion, that here, for the defenders, was the very place for a battle. Behind us, the ground rose first gently, and then precipitously, until it became the summit of Carnethy, the highest of the Pentland range. Before us, the fields gradually sloped downwards by a gentle descent into the plain. On this sloping descent the battle was fought. Admirably chosen as the ground had been, it was not intended by those who led the Covenanters to have been the scene of conflict. It was selected simply as a place of encampment, and selected to prevent sudden attack, and to furnish, if matters came to the worst, a safe retreat among the hills behind. The rising had proved a failure, and the one thing left was to break up, and for each man to go home as best he could. Nowhere could this have been better done than where they had now encamped, by dispersing among the Pentlands that lay behind them. But the sight of the royal

* "The Cloud of Witnesses for the Royal Prerogatives of Jesus Christ, or The Last Speeches and Testimonies of those who have suffered for the Truth in Scotland, since the year 1680," so often noticed in the course of this volume, was first published in 1714. It has been repeatedly reprinted. In 1871 Messrs Johnstone, Hunter, & Co., Edinburgh, issued a careful reprint of the first edition, edited and annotated by the present writer.

army coming out of the glen we have just travelled through, compelled them to think of another course. The story of the battle of Pentland, however, had better be told from the beginning, and it will be seen that the rising, of which it was the unhappy close, was the natural result of the tyrannical and oppressive measures of those in authority since the restoration of Charles II., in 1660. Presbyterianism, dear to the people from its Scriptural nature and the liberty it secured to them, had been abolished by little else than a stroke of the pen—the country had not been consulted in the matter,—and Episcopacy put in its place. The external government of the Church was declared to be an inherent right of the Crown. Patronage was restored, and all ministers ordained since 1649 were required to come and receive a presentation from the bishop or patron. In the south and west of Scotland almost no minister came. The Privy Council immediately passed an Act, which, no doubt, was in their intention when they restored patronage. On October 1, 1662, it was enjoined that all ministers who had not come in must remove themselves and their families out of their parishes before the first of the following month of November, and not reside within their Presbyteries, and be deprived of their stipend for the past year. No less than four hundred ministers refused to submit to the terms of this proclamation, and braved all the consequences of non-compliance. The people deeply sympathised with them. A series

of proclamations was successively issued by Government to nullify this sympathy. It was declared disorderly to give the ministers any assistance, or show them any hospitality. The parishioners were enjoined to attend their own parish churches. So-called "unwarrantable preaching, praying, and hearing," were forbidden. To frequent religious meetings not allowed by authority was styled sedition, to be punished by pecuniary and corporal pains. Masters were to cause their servants, and landlords their tenants, to go to the services of the curates.

These proclamations were not empty threats. The fines that followed non-observance of their requirements were, in the case of proprietors, one-fourth of their year's rental; of tenants, a fourth of their moveables. Burgesses were treated in the same manner, and, in addition, they were deprived of the privilege of trading. To overawe the people, and to collect the fines, Sir James Turner was sent in 1664 and 1665 to the south and west of Scotland. In the spring of 1666 he was again sent with the same object to Dumfriesshire and Galloway. Appended to "Naphtali" is a paper entitled "Some Instances of the Sufferings of Galloway and Nithsdale," which vividly depicts the extortion and cruelties Sir James Turner and his soldiers had exercised. A sum of 41,282 pounds Scots was levied in Galloway, and 9577 in Nithsdale; and this immense sum, for the time and the country, was the least part of the suffer-

ing endured. In every respect the troops acted as if in an enemy's country. They lived at free quarters, consumed the produce of the fields and cattle, and plundered and wasted with little distinction between what belonged to those who had conformed and those who had not.

The country groaned under these oppressions, and rapidly got into a state of readiness to enter into any scheme, however daring, to cast aside the oppressor's yoke. The opportunity for rising in rebellion soon came.

On Tuesday, 13th November 1666, John M'Lellan of Barscobe and three other countrymen, "after great hardships and long fasting in their wanderings," came to Dalry, a small village three miles to the north of New Galloway, to get some refreshment. As they entered the village they passed three or four soldiers driving before them a company of people to thrash the corn of an old man who had fled rather than pay the fines incurred for non-attendance on the parish church. The sight troubled the countrymen, but hunger led them on to the place of refreshment. Here they rested, and were at breakfast when they were told the soldiers had caught the old man, had brought him to his house, were stripping him naked, and threatening to set him on a hot girdle—the well-known circular plate of iron used in Scotland for baking oatmeal cakes. The tidings roused their wrath into action, and they set off to the old man's

house to see what could be done for him. Here they found him lying bound on the floor. The soldiers were asked why it was so. Their right to ask was challenged, when they proceeded to release the old man. The soldiers drew their swords, but one of the countrymen fired his pistol, loaded only with tobacco pipe, and a soldier was wounded and fell. The other three, who seem to have been armed merely with swords, were speedily disarmed and made prisoners, while the old man was set free. A few minutes' consideration persuaded the four countrymen that what they had done out of compassion or in self-defence would be branded by the civil authorities as rebellion; and, as they would now be regarded as rebels, do what they may, they resolved to go further. Next morning, with seven or eight friends, they surprised about a dozen of soldiers that were in another part of the parish. All laid down their arms except one, who resisted, and was shot dead. During the day Barscobe told their success to John Neilson of Corsock, who for his non-conformity had been fined and soldiers quartered on him, himself and tenants plundered to ruin, and his wife and children turned to the door. From Corsock he went to some other gentlemen who had been similarly treated. With little persuasion they all joined him, and they gathered together fifty horse and two hundred foot. The following morning they set out for Dumfries, and took Sir James Turner and his soldiers prisoners

almost without resistance. They then went to the market cross and drank the king's health, and prosperity to his government—a manifestation of loyalty that shows that their object was similar to that of more than one insurrection in early Scottish history—to compel the advisers of the Crown, by their success in arms, to redress their grievances. Mr Dodds has shown, from the letter of Mein, the postmaster of Edinburgh, to the authorities in London, that this was understood to be their aim by Government. "They offered violence to none, but declared that they were only to be revenged upon the person of that tyrant (Sir James Turner) who had laid their families waste."

Immediately after their success at Dumfries, messengers were sent to the metropolis to see what assistance might be expected. Here two days were spent by their friends in discussion whether or not they should join in the rising. At last it was agreed, with one or two exceptions, to give them their aid in the effort to recover their liberties. One of these friends was Colonel James Wallace, a brave and skilful officer, who had been a soldier by profession for the preceding thirty years. He set off to join them the very evening of the day it had been resolved to espouse their cause. Along with him went three divines, each of whom was yet to endure much suffering in the coming years of persecution—John Welsh, William Veitch, and Hugh M'Kail—and he was

speedily joined by Major Learmont, Captain Arnot—who, like himself, had served in the civil war,—and the veteran Captain John Paton of Meadowhead. He met the main body on Wednesday, November 21, at the Bridge of Doon, near Ayr, where they had halted, after they had marched through the upper part of Galloway, and entered Ayrshire by Dalmellington. Wallace was immediately chosen commander, and a hard task he had before him. They were ill armed—Mein writes to London—"Scythes made straight, and put upon long staves, are the most of their arms," and sadly disappointed at the scanty reinforcements as yet received, and much the worse of November weather, "great rains and coldness." With Wallace's arrival came tidings that Dalziel and his army were in Glasgow.

On the night of the day Turner was taken, a Steven Irvine, bailie of Dumfries, hastened to Edinburgh, where he arrived next day, and reported "an insurrection by a considerable number of armed men." The Council sent an express to London, ordered General Thomas Dalziel of Binns, a rough soldier, who had seen much barbarous and cruel work in Poland and Russia, in expeditions against Turks or Tartars, to march to Glasgow; and on the 21st issued a "proclamation against the rebels in arms," in which they command all in arms to present their persons to the Lieutenant-General, or some other officer or magistrate, without, however, offering an indemnity

or encouragement to surrender; and in a second proclamation they charged all the king's subjects to render every assistance to Dalziel. On Thursday, November 22, Wallace and the army he now commanded came to Ochiltree, a village about eleven miles east of Ayr, where they expected to meet with a reinforcement. Here, "after prayer," says Wallace, in his "Narrative of the Rising at Pentland," "to God for direction what to do next," they determined to march eastward. They had got next to no assistance in Ayrshire, and there was an earnest invitation from Clydesdale. Next day, Friday the 23d, they marched to Cumnock, where they learned from a John Millar that the detachment under the command of John Ross, sent towards Mauchline to reconnoitre, had been taken prisoners, and that the royal forces were at Kilmarnock, not twenty miles distant. From Cumnock they marched to Muirkirk—a march of ten or eleven miles—"in a most violent rainy night," and over "a piece of miserable way." They arrived at Muirkirk between seven and eight o'clock in a November night, "the foot drenched in water." Here they found no other shelter than the kirk, in which they lay all night "without victuals or much fire." About ten o'clock Andrew M'Cormick, a pious Irish non-conforming minister, who had fled from Ireland to Scotland under the false charge of being concerned in Blood's plot to surprise the Castle of Dublin and seize the Lord-Lieutenant, came to Wallace with

tidings that Robertson, in whose house in Edinburgh it had been determined to come west, had been urging him to follow the business no further; that there was no ground to expect help from any quarter, and that the best course was to dismiss the people, and "let every one see to himself until the Lord gave some better opportunity." "This was the comfort," says Wallace, "we had from him and Robert Lockhart, under that sad condition of a foul night and ill quarter we were in."

In the morning, Saturday, November 24, it was discussed what was to be done, but intelligence of a coming reinforcement of three hundred men put fresh courage into their hearts, and the discussion was adjourned, and they resolved to march to Douglas, twelve miles farther on the road to Edinburgh. When they reached Douglas the discussion was resumed, and after "a long time's speaking to the full upon the business, it was resolved, without one contrary voice," "that the coming forth to own that people in Galloway they were clear was of the Lord." On the Sabbath morning they went from Douglas to Lesmahagow, a march of seven or eight miles, where the expected reinforcements came in, but turned out to be no more than fifty men. When they were at Lesmahagow they spent some time in military exercise. Sir James Turner was brought to see them, and he has recorded what he thought of them, and it must be remembered Sir James was no mere drawing-

room soldier. He had gone through much rough and serious work in the Thirty Years' War. He says—"I was taken into a country house under pretence to refresh, but it was that I should not look upon their army (for so they were pleased to call it) till they had marshalled it rightly. At length I was mounted and led along the rear of both horse and foot, and thereafter I was brought to the front of the battle, where I did not let the opportunity slip to reckon them. I found their horse did consist of four hundred and forty, and the foot of five hundred and upwards, besides the party of horse which was at Lanark, and some other small parties which they had sent abroad to plunder horses. . . . The horsemen were armed for most part with sword and pistol, some only with swords. The foot with musket, pike, scythe, fork, and sword; and some with staves great and long. There I saw two of their troops skirmish against other two (for in four troops their cavalry was divided), which, I confess, they did handsomely, to my great admiration. I wondered at the agility of both horse and rider, and to see them keep troop so well, and how they had come to that perfection in so short a time."—"Memoirs," pp. 166, 167. In the evening they marched to Lanark, about six miles farther, and crossed the Clyde near the town, a blunder that William Veitch, in his "Memoirs," deplores, as in the month of November, and from the heavy rains, so long as the royal forces were on its north side and

they on the south, it was a barrier between them that prevented a sudden surprise. Next day, Monday, November 26, they renewed the Covenants. The foot were drawn up about the stairs of the Lanark tolbooth, where John Guthrie of Tarbolton, brother of William Guthrie of Fenwick, "did stand; the horse at the head of the town," where Gabriel Semple and John Crookshanks, an Irish non-conforming minister, preached. Semple in his sermon cited and applied much to the stirring up of his hearers the words, Prov. xxiv. 11, 12—"If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain; if thou sayest, Behold we knew it not; doth not He that pondereth the heart consider it? and He that keepeth thy soul, doth He not know it? and shall He not render to every man according to his works?" The same day they issued a Public Declaration, in which they stated the object of their rising in arms. It was still as at Dumfries—the redress of grievances.

Their numbers were now about 1500, and all in good spirits. Their wisdom would have been to have remained in the neighbourhood of Lanark, a district known to them, and not far from the moors, and to have waited the advance of the royal troops and given them battle; but diversity of opinion, so often hurtful to the cause of Presbyterianism in Scotland, had sprung up among them, and deceived by the hope of gaining additions to their numbers in the Lothians,

and led away by the representations of friends in Edinburgh, especially James Stewart, one of the authors of "Naphtali," and Lord Advocate after 1688, it was carried that they march eastward. That day they gained a considerable addition to their number, but it was the last reinforcement they received. As they marched onwards their numbers lessened and lessened. Towards nightfall they met for the first time with the royal troops, a strong body of whom appeared on their rear, but as it grew dark they fell back. They reached Bathgate, a march of nearly twenty miles, about seven or eight at night, but here they found no shelter; and the weather was that of November in its roughest mood, rain and sleet and snow in turns; and the roads were what those of several generations before Macadam must have been at such a season of the year—long pools of mud, rather than the hard surfaces known to us. The leaders got into a house, and, after prayer, deliberated what was to be done, when it was resolved to proceed early in the morning towards Edinburgh. Their deliberations had scarcely come to a close when an alarm was given of the near approach of the enemy; and it was immediately resolved to resume their march at midnight, which they actually did, though wearied with the toils of the day; and the night itself, says Wallace, was "one of the darkest nights, I am persuaded, ever any in that company saw. Except we had been tied together, it was impossible

to keep together; and every little burn was a river." In this terrible night they marched eleven to twelve miles, until they came to Newbridge, a mile to the south of Kirkliston, as the daylight began to appear. "But oh, what a sad sight," exclaims Wallace, "it was to see the condition we were in—so scattered and utterly undone." They had scarcely reached Newbridge when an alarm was raised that the enemy was hurrying to secure the bridge before them. The alarm turned out false, but they resolved to push on to Colinton, a march of seven to eight miles, where they would be within sight of Edinburgh, and have the Pentlands close behind them for defence and safety. They reached Colinton in course of the day, November 27. Here they rested, and a letter, at the entreaty of Lawrie of Blackwood, representing their grievances, was sent to Dalziel.

By this time Wallace had evidently arrived at the conclusion that their cause was hopeless. No relief had come from Edinburgh. The march of the last two days had lessened their numbers from 1500 to 800 or 900 men, mostly without arms, and discouraged in mind and wearied in body. He seems, therefore, to have resolved that the best course was to go round the north-east end of the Pentlands, so as to put them between his worn-out followers and the enemy, and under their cover leisurely and quietly to disperse.

The night was "a sore night of frost and snow,"

but next day, November 28, was "a fair frosty day," and favoured by its absence of storm, he succeeded so far in his resolution that he had turned the Pentlands, got as far as Rullion Green, had for greater safety brought the whole body together, and encamped on the higher grounds, when the report came, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, that the royal forces were near, and that, instead of taking the road they had taken, they were coming through the glen from Currie, in order to intercept their flight if they took to the hills. On going two or three paces farther up the snow-clad hill, their cavalry were seen advancing on the other side of the glen through which we had just passed. The cavalry tried to cross, but the glen was too deep. A detachment of about fifty now retraced their steps, in order to cross over where the glen was less steep. Preparations were immediately made to receive their attack. The ministers exhorted them to be of good courage, and they prayed and sang the psalm that the pious Hebrew had sung as he saw Mount Zion laid waste by the enemies of God—

"O God, why hast Thou cast us off?
Is it for evermore?
Against Thy pasture-sheep why doth
Thine anger smoke so sore?
O call to Thy rememberance
Thy congregation,
Which Thou hast purchased of old;
Still think the same upon:

"The rod of Thine inheritance,
Which Thou redeemed hast.
This Sion hill, wherein Thou hadst
Thy dwelling in times past.
To these long desolations
Thy feet lift, do not tarry;
For all the ills Thy foes have done
Within Thy sanctuary.

"Do Thou, O God, arise and plead
The cause that is Thine own:
Remember how Thou art reproach'd
Still by the foolish one.
Do not forget the voice of those
That are Thine enemies:
Of those the tumult ever grows
That do against Thee rise."

At the same time Wallace ordered about an equal number of horse, mostly from Galloway, under the command of Captain Arnot, to follow them, and prevent their crossing. They had not far to go when both advanced on each other, and fired and closed, and "for a considerable time stood dealing with swords. At last the enemy runs; and if they had not retired by a way that there was no dealing with them—alongst the side of a steep hill—it is like there had not many of them gone home." Cheered by this victory, Wallace sent a party of foot to where they had retreated, on the west side of the glen, but they retired, and crossed over to the east side, where they remained until their infantry came up, each

unable conveniently to come at the other. When the infantry arrived, the whole army, amounting to more than three thousand well-equipped men, drew up in battle array, "thinking," says Wallace, "to provoke us to quit our ground, and to fight them on even ground." But Wallace was too good a soldier to give them such an advantage, and he remained where he was. Dalziel now attempted to dislodge them. He sent a party of horse, flanked with infantry, to attack them on the left wing, as they were posted on the higher ridges of the glen. Wallace had so stationed the Covenanters that they might have declined battle till nightfall, and escaped under cover of darkness; but, after prayer, it was resolved that, as they were put to it, they should put themselves in the Lord's hand, and quit themselves of their duty. Major Learmont now met Dalziel's advance, and fired, and the two closed with each other in hand-to-hand combat. The issue was as it had been—"Our foot party makes theirs run; immediately their horse runs likewise." Dalziel now sent a second body of horse and foot, but it too, after a similar contest, had to retire. A larger squadron of horse next coming up, Learmont drew back to his post on the hill.

In these three contests several hours had been spent, and in all the Covenanters had been successful. Dalziel's object had evidently been to turn their left wing, get in between their main body and the hills, and then fall upon the right wing, posted on the

lower ground. In the first part of his aim he had ingloriously failed. He now tried the second. The sun had set when he advanced his whole left wing upon the right of the Covenanters, situated on the lower ridges of Rullion Green, and commanded by Barscobe. Here Wallace had only thirty horse, and they were soon driven back by the royal cavalry. Encouraged by this success, Dalziel now advanced on the left wing, "where," says Wallace, "we had no more but a matter of fourscore horse." They made a spirited resistance, "but being oppressed with multitude we were beaten back; and the enemy coming in so full a body, and so fresh a charge, that having us once running, they carried it so strongly home that they put us in such confusion that there was no rallying, but every man runs for his own safety. If the Lord had not in providence so ordered that we had greatly the advantage of the ground, being at a pretty height above them, and that it was growing dark, and close upon the edge of Pentland Hills, whither we fled, in all probability there had been a greater destruction than there was."

About fifty of the Covenanters were slain, as many more were taken prisoners by the soldiers, and about thirty more were brought in by the country people, who showed little mercy to them in their retreat. Indeed, several are said to have been shot in their flight, and were buried in Penicuick and Glencorse churchyards. The Session minutes of Penicuick

contains the following entry: "Dec. 9th 1666 Disbursed to John Brown belman for making Westlandman's graves 3s. 4d."

The prisoners were taken into Edinburgh and put into Haddow's Hole, a part of St Giles, afterwards used as a church, but which the alterations of forty years ago removed away. The great body of them had surrendered on promise of quarter, and if the advice of the law officers had been taken, they would have been treated accordingly; but the influence of the bloodthirsty recreant, Archbishop Sharp, prevailed at the Council, and very speedily they were proceeded against as criminals.

The loss of the royal troops was never stated, but it must have been considerable. The bodies of the Covenanters that were killed lay for a night and day unburied, and were stript of their clothes, says Wallace, "by the soldiers and the barbarians of Lothian, as if the victory had been gotten over Turks; but the godly women of Edinburgh came out the morrow with winding sheets, and buried them." Most of the bodies are said to have been buried near where the monument now stands. Dr Simpson of Sanquhar, in his "Voice from the Desert," says that an ancestor of his, a John Gill or M'Gill, possessed after the Revolution the farm of which Rullion Green is a part. He was the first that ploughed the scene of the battle. The bones that were turned up were all carefully collected and buried together.

It is not now known by whom the monument was first erected. As might be expected from its date, 1738, it is not found in the first edition of the "Cloud of Witnesses," issued in 1714; but the fourth edition of 1741 gives, as one of its enlargements, "The Epitaph upon the gravestone of the noble patriots who fell at Pentland Hills."

Wodrow has a full account of the battle, and of the sufferings and execution of the prisoners. Dr M'Crie published a deeply interesting volume in 1825, "Memoirs of Mr William Veitch," etc. Veitch joined the rising at Galston. He was sent from Colinton to Edinburgh to see what assistance could be given by their friends. He made several hairbreadth escapes from capture both in going and returning. He lived to be minister at Peebles, and then of Dumfries, after the Revolution. Dr M'Crie has given in the same volume Colonel Wallace's "Narrative of the Rising at Pentland." It is an unpretending but well written paper. Mr Dodds, in his "Fifty Years' Struggle of the Scottish Covenanters," has gone to the State-Paper Office in London, and added to formerly published materials, extracts from the letters of Mein, the postmaster of Edinburgh, to the authorities in London. These extracts bring out very plainly the Royalist estimate of the military skill of Wallace, and the endurance and bravery of the Covenanters. "All the army," writing on 30th November, "affirm they never saw men fight more gallantly and abide better

than they did, the General being forced to use stratagems to break them." And again, on 4th December, "I have spoke to most of the officers in the army, and all of them agree that they never saw men fight more courageously than they did for three several charges." Sir James Turner, in his memoirs published in 1829, occupies about fifty pages with a somewhat minute account of how he was treated during the march, for he was carried prisoner from Dumfries to Rullion Green, and was only free when the defeat left him without his guards. Upon the whole he was well looked after. His account of the Covenanters is creditable both to him and them, and his opinion of them quite agrees with that reported by Mein.

In Scott's "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," and in Aytoun and Maidment's "Scottish Ballads," there is a ballad of forty-four lines, entitled "Rullion Green." It is obviously the production of a Royalist, and is of indifferent merit, by no means equal to the ballads in the same collection on "Loudon Hill" and "The Battle of Bothwell Bridge." We give its latter verses, which, Royalist as they are in their sympathies, yet give a correct view of the aim of the Covenanters:

"General Dalyell, as I hear tell,
Was our lieutenant-general;
And captain Welsh, wi' his wit and skill,
Was to guide them on to the Pentland hill.

"General Dalyell held to the hill,
Asking at them what was their will,

And who gave them this protestation,
To rise in arms against the nation?

"'Although we all in armour be,
It's not against his majesty:
Nor yet to spill our neighbour's blude,
But wi' the country we'll conclude.'

"'Lay down your arms in the king's name,
And ye shall all gae safely hame;'
But they a' cried out wi' ae consent,
'We'll fight a broken covenant.'

"'O well,' says he, 'since it is so,
A wilfu' man never wanted woe;'
He then gave a sign unto his lads,
And they drew up in their brigades.

"The trumpets blew, and the colours flew,
And every man to his armour drew;
The whigs were never so much aghast,
As to see their saddles toom sae fast.

"The cleverest men stood in the van,
The whigs they took their heels and ran;
But such a raking was never seen,
As the raking o' the Rullion Green."

In Maidment's note on the ballad it is said, "the 28th of November is observed by the Cameronians, who annually enjoy the luxury of a field-preaching on that eventful day." Maidment's volumes were issued in 1867, and he writes as if it were a present practice. But Maidment is not original, save in his sneer at

field-preaching. He merely borrows from Sir Walter Scott's "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," in the note to the ballad on the battle: "The battle was fought on the 28th November 1666; a day still observed by the scattered remnant of the Cameronian sect, who regularly hear a field-preaching upon the field of battle." Sir Walter Scott gives no authority for this statement. No such practice now exists, or has existed within living memory. We have spoken with intelligent members of the Edinburgh congregation, whose memory goes back for fifty years, and they never heard of such a thing, and they have no recollection of ever hearing their fathers make the slightest reference to any such practice.

## CHAPTER II.

### DRUMCLOG.

THERE are two roads to Drumclog from Glasgow—one by Strathaven, and another by Galston and Darvel. We chose the latter. It was on the last Thursday of May, two days before the anniversary of the battle, that we set out to visit the scene where it was fought. We entered into the vale of the Irvine by the road from the north that skirts, on the west, the policies of Loudon, and then, as it reaches the level ground, turns due east, keeping always a full half-mile from the castle, whose stately form is every now and then seen through its diverging rows of magnificent trees. One of the Earls of Loudon, in the middle of last century, had seen much in other lands, and brought home with him much knowledge of the trees that abound in foreign parts. The result of his travels is the noble avenues and the quantities of trees of many different kinds, full a century old, that now adorn the grounds around

Loudon Castle, and make it, to a passer by, one of the most beautiful baronial residences in the south-west of Scotland. For two miles or so the road, more or less shadowed over by tall trees, runs nearly east. To the south, two hundred yards or so away, and on the opposite side of the Irvine, is the Newmilns branch of the Glasgow and South-Western Railway. The occasional tall chimney, and the noise of the coals as they fall into the waggons, tell we are still in the coal district. The trees that have so long lined the road at last clear away. The Irvine nears the road, and as it turns in we come at once upon the houses of Newmilns. Many of them are newly built, and as we look in through their unusually large windows for a Scotch town, we see the Jacquard looms, and learn that Newmilns and Darvel are seats of the prosperous window curtain manufacture. The Newmilns weavers have the air of people thirsting for novelty and desirous to add to their knowledge, whatever it may be, for when a stranger drives through, numbers of them will always be found coming to their doors to see what passes by. We had on a former occasion visited the graves of the martyrs whose remains rest in Newmilns, so that we speedily passed over its roughly paved streets. As we left, the road, by a gentle ascent, rises about a hundred feet, and at its height gives a fine view of Newmilns and the wooded ground beyond. As we get out of the cutting, Loudon Hill becomes

the chief object before us that arrests the eye, while to the south, rising up on the brae face, are the woods in which Lanfine is embowered. A mile and a half from Newmilns and we are entering the long village of Darvel, a village formed, like the "lang touns" of Kirkcaldy and Prestonpans, of a single street. This street has been so laid down that the tree-clad and rocky height of Loudon Hill is the central object eastward, as we go onward between its two rows of houses.

Darvel is the name it gets from strangers, but its inhabitants call it Derval, a pronunciation which would connect it with the French town of Derville. In Pont's map of Cunningham, a map engraved in Amsterdam in 1654, it is spelt "Dornvail." In its present form the village dates from the latter half of last century. A hundred years ago it contained four houses only. The land on which it is built belonged to the order of Knights Templars, the grand order of Christian soldiers which sprung up in the first crusade, and for the two centuries of its existence never ceased in its efforts to rescue the Holy Land from the hand of the infidel. Poverty was one of the vows of the order when first instituted. The name they took, and a name long given to them, was *Pauperes Commilitones*, Poor Soldiers of the Temple of Solomon. But they were soon led to cast their poverty aside, for the order rapidly rose in public esteem. Members of the leading families in Christendom sought admission

into its ranks, and speedily it acquired possessions in almost every country in Europe. A considerable part of the sixth volume of the splendidly illustrated re-issue of the "Monasticon Anglicanum" of Dugdale is occupied with a long list of their possessions at the close of the twelfth century in this country and England. Every visitor to London is familiar with the Temple, where they first settled when they crossed the English Channel, and the Temple Church, one of the finest specimens of the architecture of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries that England possesses. The story of their suppression by Pope Clement V., who was urged on by the determined and revengeful Philip IV. of France, is one that may still be read with interest. They were charged with immorality and heresy, but modern investigators—and the question has been largely discussed in modern times—are all but unanimous in pronouncing the particular charges on which they were condemned to the flames as for the most part unfounded. Though it is more than five centuries since the order was suppressed, the people of Darvel retain the memory of their connection with the brave red cross Knights of the Temple, in the name "Temple Street," which they have given to a small offshoot from the main street.

At Darvel manse, situated in the very centre of the village, we were reinforced by the company of its excellent minister, and soon proceeded through its long street. Near its end it slightly bends northward,

and thus, to a large extent, prevents its being swept by the east wind as it courses through the valley. About a quarter of a mile from the village, the Irvine water, that flows down the valley and forms the dividing line between Cunningham and Kyle, comes close in upon the road, and then crosses it for the north side. For two miles it kept near the road, but always getting smaller and smaller, until it was lost to us in the glen, down which it comes little better than a burn from Loudon Hill. At the glen the road trends to the south-east, and enters, always rising higher, a narrow pass, that goes by the names of Windy Hass and Windy Wizen. The day was everything that could be desired in the end of May. The sun shone unclouded, and there was a breath of wind stirring now and then, just enough to keep the heat from reaching sultriness, but as we entered the pass a breeze played about us, justifying its name as the Windy Hass. The Windy Hass is the water-shed, and as soon as it is gone through—and it is of no great extent—we enter on the dale of the Avon, a tributary of the Clyde. At the end of the Hass, on the north side of the road, where it runs again eastward, and on the hill face, is Wallace's Cairn—a mound about thirty yards in length and two or three in breadth at the base. Its form and name, and place at the entrance to a pass, confirm the popular tradition that it is the resting-place of the dead. Very likely it was at this spot that William Wallace successfully

attacked a detachment of English, under the command of Sir John Fenwick, on the way from Carlisle to Ayr. Sir John was slain, and according to Blind Harry,

"A hundred dead in field were leaved there,"—

and a large amount of booty fell into the hands of the victors.

"Ten score of horse they wan that carriage bare,
With flour and wine as meikle as they might fare."

Blind Harry's account of the encounter occupies the whole of the opening chapter of his Third Book, and is one of the best parts of his fine old poem. Barbour, the contemporary of Blind Harry, in his "Life and Acts of King Robert Bruce," records another battle to have been fought in this neighbourhood—the battle of Loudon Hill. He says the English under Sir Aymery were three thousand strong, and the Scotch under King Robert Bruce were seven hundred. The Scotch were again successful.

"They dang on them so hardily
That in short time men might see by
At erd an hundred and well mare
The remanand so flayed were
That they began them to withdraw."

Sir Aymer did his utmost to stay their retreat, but it was of no avail. None

"for him would turn again
And when he saw he tint his pain

He turned his bridle for to go
For the good king them pressed so
That some were dead and some were tane
And all the lave their gate are gane."

About a quarter of a mile from Wallace's Cairn, Ayrshire ceases, and we passed into Lanarkshire; and in another quarter of a mile, near the mile-stone, three miles from Darvel, we turned off the main road to Strathaven, and struck due north for Drumclog. A mile and a half's drive brought us to Stoboside. We passed Loudon Hill about half a mile or more to the west. As seen from the Darvel side, Loudon Hill looks like a grassy hill covered with trees, but from the east it is a bare trap-rock with a solitary tree here and there. Although at least two hundred feet above the surrounding country, a spring of delightful water rises near its summit. At Stoboside we left our conveyance and walked about two hundred yards to Drumclog schoolhouse. We had several times, since we left the Strathaven road, passed the heather growing on the moor, and seen the peats lying newly cast, but the ground round the schoolhouse has all been under the plough. And the tall chimney of a coal-pit about half a mile to the south, and the broken limestone with which the road was macadamised, and the limestone rock itself cropping up through the road, told very plainly that the aspect of the country was likely to be still further changed from what it had been in the reign of Charles II.

Drumclog school is a two-story house. From its door were heard sounds as if instruction in at least the art of reading was going on within, and soon the schoolmaster himself appeared.

Over the door there is the following somewhat bombastic inscription :

1839.
On the battle field of Drumclog,
This seminary of education was
Erected in memory of those
Christian heroes, who on
Sabbath, the 1st of June, 1679,
Nobly fought in defence of
Civil and religious liberty.
Dieu et mon droit.

Eight names, the names of the Committee who built the schoolhouse, are appended to the inscription. A few yards to the east of the schoolhouse, railed in from the surrounding pasture, so as to keep the sheep or cattle at a respectful distance, is a granite obelisk, with the following inscription on its south face :

IN COMMEMORATION
OF THE
VICTORY
OBTAINED ON THIS
BATTLE FIELD
ON SABBATH THE 1ST OF JUNE 1679
BY OUR
COVENANTING FOREFATHERS
OVER GRAHAM OF CLAVERHOUSE
AND HIS DRAGOONS.

On the north face :

ERECTED IN 1839.
REBUILT IN 1867.

The monument erected in 1839 was struck by lightning a few years after it was put up, and split nearly in twain. The inscription occupied its four sides, and was remarkable for the manner in which it celebrated all who had been concerned in its erection. One worthy farmer told us, when it was put up his advice was that the inscription should be short—"the maist sense in the fewest words,"—and that no names of contributors to its erection should find a place in it, but he was outvoted; and the minister who preached the sermon when a collection was made to erect it, and a contributor to the extent of £25, had their names on the west face; the proprietor, who gave the stones lordship free, had the north face devoted to a celebration of his liberality; and on the east face were the twelve names of the committee concerned in its building. Altogether there were 370 words upon the stone, and the whole had very much the appearance of a monument to the memory of the fifteen worthies who had contributed for, or had taken charge of its erection, rather than a memorial of the brave men who fought the battle of Drumclog. It was, therefore, with general satisfaction that a movement was made in 1866 for the building of a new monument with a more becoming and suitable

inscription, and the result was the chaste obelisk before which we now stood.

The monument stands up two hundred yards to the north-west of a small burn, from which the ground gently rises on either side. The monument side is that which was occupied by the Covenanters. The opposite side was under grass, but evidently well-drained, while down from where we stood to the burn had the appearance also of drainage, and the one-half of its surface had borne oats last year, and was now pasture, and the other half was preparing for turnips. It was very different when the battle was fought. Drainage was then unknown in Scotland, and agriculture of the rudest description; and the well-tilled fields that lay before us would then be souring under stagnant water, and the burn would flow through what was little else than a morass in wet weather, next to impassable for horses. In such an undrained state it was not difficult to see that the men who had selected Drumclog as the spot on which to resist the royal troops must have had the discerning eye of soldiers who had seen more than one well-fought campaign, for it is on a rising ground that commands a view of the country for miles. On the north it is protected by the moor, and is only approachable by crossing the burn and climbing up its somewhat steep face. Its distance of two hundred yards from the burn, and four hundred yards to the height on the side occupied by the Royalists, would be nothing in these days of Martini rifles and

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Armstrong guns, but was more than enough for a well-fought encounter when rude flint guns and swords, and, it may be, scythes and pitchforks, were the chief weapons.

But the story of Drumclog will be better understood if we remember what the Government had for some years past been doing to the Presbyterians. Since 1670 conventicles—as meetings for Divine worship by preachers other than the indulged ministers were called—had been forbidden by law, and in 1678, in a Convention of Estates, an Act was passed to take steps for the raising of sufficient forces to put them down, and a national assessment, known as the Cess, was levied for the maintenance of the troops. Nevertheless conventicles were held, and the people flocked to them in great numbers. Garrisons were placed in the chief towns in the west and south-west of Scotland, and the soldiers had power to scour the country in search of field meetings, and summarily to put to death all that offered resistance. The consequence was, that the men who came to the conventicles came armed. Mr Dodds has ferretted out of the State Paper Office a letter of August 6, 1678, to some one in Carlisle, in which the writer says, at a conventicle held the previous Lord's Day in Carrick, there were above six hundred well-appointed men in arms, and adds—"I am informed that there is many a man in Galloway, if he hath but two cows, he will sell one cow for a pair of pistols." * It is not difficult to

* "Fifty Years' Struggle of the Scottish Covenanters," chap. vii.

account for the attractions of these conventicles. The Cess had been levied by a Convention of Estates, a body that had no right to levy taxes—a right that alone belonged to Parliament; but the advisers of the Crown were afraid to summon Parliament, lest it should first proceed to seek redress of grievances before it voted away money. To frequent the conventicles was, therefore, to the friends of liberty, a practical way of protesting against an unlawful act on the part of Government. Moreover, the services were of a deeply interesting nature. The preachers, stirred by the large audiences that hung upon their lips, and by the circumstances of danger in which they met together, and often, it may be, by the wild aspect of Nature around them in the upland solitudes in which they had been compelled to assemble, spoke with a power, and a freshness, and a freedom not to be enjoyed under the ministrations of the indulged. The conventicles were held occasionally in various parts throughout the moorland that, in the seventeenth century, formed so much of the south of Scotland; but it was in the large stretches of moor that lie in the higher ranges of Renfrewshire, Lanarkshire, and Ayrshire, that their gatherings mainly took place. Drainage and the plough are rapidly bringing these stretches under cultivation, but they are yet large enough and undrained enough to show how well-fitted they were for these meetings. There is none of them but what is within an easily walked

distance from some village or some main road; they are all more or less unfitted for horsemen riding over them; and in most of them there are glens or hollows in which a large number of people might assemble, and yet be unnoticed on the moor itself. On the wild district between Lanark and Ayr a series of meetings had been held, from the beginning of February 1679, for no less than twenty Sabbaths in succession. Oftener than once they were approached by the soldiers, but their number and their armed condition kept them at bay. As the season advanced the attendance increased, and the people came more and more provided with arms. At last it was resolved to take steps to vindicate their conduct, under the hope that their vindication might put courage into their own hearts, and, it may be, cause the enemies of their liberties to pause in their arbitrary and persecuting courses.

On Sabbath, 25th May 1679, the conventicle was held in a moor in Avondale. The sermon was preached by Thomas Douglas. Douglas had studied at Edinburgh, and had taken the degree of A.M. in 1655. He was ordained to a charge in London, which he seems to have left some time after the Restoration. In Act of Council, August 3, 1676, he and fourteen others are denounced for not appearing before its members, in July 1674, to answer to the charge of being present at field conventicles, and a letter of intercommuning is issued against them—a

letter charging the lieges not to presume to reset, supply, or intercommune with them. After Bothwell Bridge he again returned to England. When the Revolution brought back security he came back, and in 1690 was appointed minister of Wamphray, where he died in 1695. Patrick Walker characterises him and M'Ward as singular worthies.

After sermon, it seems to have been resolved that something further should be done as a testimony against the iniquity of the times. Next day Hackstoun of Rathillet; Robert Hamilton, afterwards Sir Robert; John Balfour of Kinloch, better known as Balfour of Burley, went to consult with Donald Cargill. The result was, that it was agreed to issue a public Declaration. On the following Thursday, 29th May—a day then kept as a holiday, and kept down to our own time, to commemorate the restoration of the tyrant and debauchee, Charles II.—a conventicle was held not far from where that of the previous Sabbath had taken place. Douglas again preached, and a conference was held regarding the proposed testimony. At the close of the meeting Robert Hamilton, with eighty horsemen, set off to publish the document in the most public manner; for, as Dr Hill Burton, in his admirable "History of Scotland," has pointed out, "there was no taint of conspiracy in their doings." Their first intention was to issue it in Glasgow, but it was too strongly guarded, and so they rested at the market-cross of the royal burgh of

Rutherglen, then a place of more importance than it is now. The declaration they issued styles it "the chief burgh of the Nether Ward of Clydesdale." A psalm was sung, and prayer offered by Douglas, who next gave an address, and was followed by Hamilton. The Testimony was then read. Rutherglen, in its exuberant loyalty, was that afternoon blazing with bonfires. Into these fires they cast the Act Rescissory, that had annulled the Acts of Parliament from 1640 to the Restoration; the Act of Supremacy, asserting the king to be supreme in all causes, civil and ecclesiastical; the Declaration condemning the Covenants; the Act for overturning Presbyterian Church government, and establishing Prelacy; the Act that cast out of their charges three hundred ministers; and the Act for appointing that day, the 29th of May, as a commemoration of the Restoration, "giving thanks for the setting up of an usurped power destroying the interest of Christ in the land."

When these Acts were reduced to ashes in the flames, in retribution for having "burnt our holy covenants through several cities of these covenanted kingdoms," a copy of the Testimony was affixed to the market-cross, a psalm was sung, and prayer offered, and the party left Rutherglen as they had entered, and returned back to Avondale, where Douglas was to preach next Lord's Day.

The Declaration they had thus issued will be found in the appendix to the "Informatory Vindica-

tion."* It occupies little more than a page, and chiefly consists of a testimony, in by no means strong language, against the Acts that had been cast into the flames. But comparatively mild as is the language of the declaration, it alarmed the Government. Two days after it was published, John Graham of Claverhouse, armed with full powers, set out in search of its publishers. Claverhouse was now in the thirtieth year of his age. He is said to have studied at the University of St Andrews, and to have made some proficiency in mathematics, but in his after-life he gave no evidence of a college education. His letters —very different from those of his contemporary, the youthful martyr, James Renwick—are destitute of literary grace; and their spelling, says Sir Walter Scott, is like that of a chambermaid. He served first in the French, and then in the Dutch army. Refused

* "An Informatory Vindication of a Poor, Wasted, Misrepresented Remnant of the Suffering, Anti-popish, Anti-prelatic, Anti-erastian, Anti-sectarian, true Presbyterian Church of Christ in Scotland; United together in a General Correspondence; by way of Reply to Various Accusations in Letters, Informations, and Conferences given forth against them," was first published in 1687. The first eighteen or perhaps the first thirty of its 108 pages were evidently written by Alexander Shields, who afterwards went out in the Darien Expedition and died at Port Royal, Jamaica, June 14, 1700, but the remainder came from the pen of James Renwick. It is Catholic in its sympathies, and terse and clear in its style, and is by far the ablest document issued by the persecuted Presbyterians.

the command of a regiment, he left the Dutch service and returned to Scotland, and in 1678 had been given the command of a troop of the Life Guards, under his kinsman, the Marquis of Montrose. The pencil of Sir Peter Lely has preserved his portrait to our time. It is that of a man of fashion, with but little of the air of a soldier. The countenance is not unpleasing; but unless Lely be to blame in giving him the cast of feature that so characterises his pictures in Hampton Court of the frail beauties of that degenerate age, it is that of a sensualist of the school of Charles II., and just the man who would evince the fierceness and the cruelty tradition assigns to him when purity and holiness, in the person of a Covenanter, fell into his hands.

His first service in Scotland was to surprise a conventicle in Galashiels, chiefly attended by the ladies of the district, with a few of their dependants; and he had the uncavalier-like distinction to report to the Council their names, and that of the minister, Thomas Wilkie, soon sent to the Bass for thus preaching the Gospel. His next exploit was that of Drumclog. He arrived at Hamilton the evening—Saturday, May 31st—of the day of his appointment. He and his soldiers commenced to plunder through the town, and in the course of this plundering he surprised John King while in bed. Seventeen country people who had come with the minister, or were going to the meeting next day, were also taken prisoners.

John King may be supposed to be the prototype of the Rev. Gabriel Kettledrummle in the fiction of Scott. John Howie, in the appendix to the "Faithful Contendings," has given the notes of a sermon by King, and "Naphtali" contains his last speech before execution. The sermon is from the notes of a hearer, and so likely to be an imperfect rendering of what he said. It is, however, very far from being in the manner of Kettledrummle, and still less is this the case with his last speech, which is really worthy of the occasion, and says a great deal both for his tact, his ability, his piety, and his appreciative acquaintance with evangelical truth. The novelist, therefore, when he drew the portrait of the fanatic Covenanting preacher, drew from his powerful imagination, and certainly not from the facts known of the martyred John King.

With the capture of King, Claverhouse seems to have heard of the conventicle to be held in the neighbourhood of Loudon Hill. Some of his friends tried to persuade him not to go near it, as it would be attended by a good many resolute men-in-arms; but he fancied he had soldiers enough to overmatch them. With his own troop of Life Guards, and two others of dragoons, and a few foot soldiers, he started early on the Sabbath morning from Hamilton to Strathaven, a distance of about seven miles to the south. His eighteen prisoners, happily for them, were taken with him, and, bound two and two, were driven on before

by his soldiers. At Strathaven, Claverhouse got tidings that Thomas Douglas was preaching in the neighbourhood of Loudon Hill. The conventicle had assembled at Glaister Law, about two miles to the east of Darvel and eight from Strathaven. The ground slopes gently down from Glaister Law, and is just the very spot for an out-door sermon, while from the Law a view is commanded of the surrounding country. Whether Claverhouse and his soldiers were seen in the distance from the Law, or some one had run on before to warn the congregation, is not recorded, but Douglas had begun his sermon when the firing of a gun by a watchman on the height behind gave the alarm. Douglas at once stopped his discourse and said to his audience, "You have got the theory, now for the practice." A consultation was held. The result was, that it was resolved that, "for the relief of the prisoners, their own defence, and the defence of the Gospel, they would put their lives in venture, and, through the Lord's assistance, go and meet the cruel raging enemy." The men who had weapons and were willing to fight were drawn out, and they were found to be about fifty horsemen, indifferently armed, fifty footmen with guns, and an hundred and fifty with halberts and pitchforks,—two hundred and fifty in all. Robert Hamilton was called to take the command. Hamilton was the younger son of Sir Thomas Hamilton by his first marriage. The second wife of Sir Thomas was the sister of Bishop Burnet

the historian, under whose training Hamilton was brought up. "He was then," according to Burnet, "a lively hopeful young man." About his twenty-fifth year, four years before Drumclog, he was led to attend the preaching in the fields, and was so attracted by what he heard that he cast in his lot with the persecuted Presbyterians. His character has been described in the most opposite terms. According to his enemies he was "a bloody-thirsty ruffian," while according to his friends he was of a loving gentle nature, extremely averse to the shedding of blood. His friends had certainly the best opportunity of knowing him. We may be ready to think the result of Bothwell Bridge did not say much in his favour, but they who were best acquainted with the difficulties he had there to contend with, had ever afterwards full confidence in him. He was the dear friend of James Renwick, to whom Renwick's most affectionate letters are written; and the Societies, without misgiving or qualification, appointed him as their representative to the Reformed Churches on the Continent. And he was ever ready to undertake duty whatever might be the danger or expense. His letters and papers still extant show that he was a well educated man. The disinterestedness of his character, his zeal in the good cause, his education and his social position as the heir to a baronetcy—all, doubtless, induced the Covenanters to invite him to be their commander. Under him were associated as his officers David Hackstoun of Rathillet,

Henry Hall of Haughhead, John Balfour of Kinloch, William Cleland, Robert Flemming, and John Brown. Henry Hall of Haughhead had long borne a good name for piety and valour; Hackstoun of Rathillet had been a spectator, and Balfour had taken a chief part, at the death of Sharp at Magus Moor; William Cleland was then in his eighteenth year, and a student at the University of St Andrews, but in all probability by his poetry he had already attracted notice, and given evidence of the ability that ten years afterwards was so signally displayed at Dunkeld, when, under his command, the Cameronian regiment defeated five thousand Highlanders. Of Flemming and Brown nothing is known but their names.

With these two hundred and fifty horse and foot, Hamilton and his associates in command set out to meet Claverhouse. Hamilton gave orders that no quarter should be given. In his letter to the Societies, Dec. 7, 1685, "Faithful Contendings," p. 201, he says—"I being called to command that day, gave out the word that no quarter should be given." Sir Walter Scott, in his note upon "The Skirmish at Drumclog," in "Old Mortality," says, that the principle upon which Hamilton and his friends acted in giving this command was, "that they conceived themselves a chosen people sent forth to extirpate the heathen, like the Jews of old, and under a similar charge to show no quarter." But the novelist had forgotten that his favourite hero Claver-

house was empowered to kill and destroy all found in arms at any field meeting, and that before setting out for Drumclog he had given out as the watchword, "No quarters." When we remember what Hamilton and others had suffered for simply trying to abide by principles that the king himself had sworn to maintain, we can see why they may have been provoked to give forth such an order, for "oppression maketh a wise man mad;" but that Government should have anticipated them by a similar command, cannot be defended or apologised for in any manner whatsoever.

Drumclog is fully three miles to the north-east of where Douglas had been preaching. Hamilton and his little army must have reached it before the arrival of Claverhouse, and taken up their position, for when he came in sight of them he found them drawn up and prepared to resist his advance. Sir Walter Scott's description of what must have met his eye cannot well be surpassed, and he visited the district when it was in its primeval wildness, untouched by the hand of agricultural science, just as it must have been when the battle was fought. He says:

"The brow of the hill, on which the royal Life Guards were now drawn up, sloped downwards (on the side opposite to that which they had ascended) with a gentle declivity, for more than a quarter of a mile, and presented ground, which, though unequal in some places, was not altogether unfavourable for the manœuvres of cavalry, until near the bottom,

when the slope terminated in a marshy level traversed through its whole length by what seemed either a natural gully or a deep artificial drain, the sides of which were broken by springs, trenches filled with water, out of which peats and turf had been dug, and here and there by some straggling thickets of alders, which loved the moistness so well that they continued to live as bushes, although too much dwarfed by the sour soil and the stagnant bog-water to ascend into trees. Beyond this ditch or gully the ground arose into a second heathy swell, or rather hill, near to the foot of which, and as if with the object of defending the broken ground and ditch that covered their front, the body of insurgents appeared to be drawn up with the purpose of abiding battle."

The novelist next gives a description of their army, but it is obviously overdrawn. With a view to cover the defeat his hero sustained, he describes them as better armed, more scientifically drawn up, and four times more numerous than they really were. He says, "The total number of the insurgents might amount to about a thousand men."

"Their infantry was divided into three lines. The first, tolerably provided with fire-arms, were advanced almost close to the verge of the bog, so that their fire must necessarily annoy the royal cavalry, as they descended the opposite hill (the whole front of which was exposed), and would probably be yet more fatal if they attempted to cross the morass. Behind this first line

was a body of pikemen, designed for their support in case the dragoons should force the passage of the marsh. In their rear was their third line, consisting of countrymen armed with scythes set straight on poles, hay-forks, spits, clubs, goads, fish-spears, and such other rustic implements as hasty resentment had converted into instruments of war. On each flank of the infantry, but a little backward from the bog, as if to allow themselves dry and sound ground whereon to act, in case their enemies should force the pass, there was drawn up a small body of cavalry, who were in general but indifferently armed and worse mounted, but full of zeal for the cause, being chiefly either landholders of small property, or farmers of the better class, whose means enabled them to serve on horseback."

The tradition is, that as the Covenanters took up their position on the brow of the hill, with Claverhouse and his soldiers in view, they sung, to the tune of "Martyrs," in the Scotch Version, the grand lyric of Asaph over the destruction of the Assyrian host, contained in the seventy-sixth psalm:

"In Judah's land God is well known,
His name's in Isr'el great:
In Salem in His tabernacle,
In Sion is His seat.

"There arrows of the bow He brake,
The shield, the sword, the war.
More glorious Thou than hills of prey,
More excellent art far.

"Those that were stout of heart are spoil'd,
They slept their sleep outright;
And none of those their hands did find,
That were the men of might.

"When Thy rebuke, O Jacob's God,
Had forth against them past,
Their horses and their chariots both
Were in a dead sleep cast.

. . . . .

"By Him the sp'rits shall be cut off
Of those that princes are:
Unto the kings that are on earth
He fearful doth appear."

The commencement of the battle was made by Claverhouse. After he had viewed the ground, and seen the "stank" that lay between him and the Covenanters barring his advance, he ordered twelve "well mounted troopers or dragoons" to advance, and to fire. The Covenanters did the same. Both sides fired but without results, and both detachments retired to their respective main bodies. Claverhouse now ordered other twelve to advance and fire. At their approach the twelve of the Covenanters returned, and both again fired, but as before neither fire took effect. A third time Claverhouse ordered twelve to fire. The twelve mounted Covenanters again returned reinforced by Balfour and six on foot. Both sides fired, and one of Claverhouse's men fell wounded from his horse. Claverhouse now ordered some thirty dragoons to

alight on foot and fire. Cleland advanced and returned fire, when the first of the dragoons was killed it is said by a shot from Cleland himself. A second detachment of dragoons next advanced and fired on Cleland's foot, who at Cleland's command, on seeing preparations for firing, fell flat on the ground behind a peat dyke. The volley went over them unhurt, save a John Morton who would raise his head up to see what was going on, when a ball pierced his windpipe, came out at the back of his neck, and left him dead. Claverhouse now advanced with his horse as near to the "stank" as he could safely come, and "fired desperately." His fire threw the Covenanters into some confusion, when their leaders noticing the inability of the royal soldiers to get over the stank, and the floundering of some of their horses, cheered up their followers by ordering an advance on the left flank. Cleland with the foot armed with guns led the way, and Balfour with horse followed, while those who had only pikes and swords came close behind. The advance was successful. Their fire brought down two officers, a Cornet Crawford and a Captain Blyth. Claverhouse's horse was disembowelled with a pitchfork, and the whole body of the Royalists got into disorder, and turned and fled as fast as they could run, pursued by Balfour's horse for two miles, and indeed they never seem to have thought of rallying till they reached Strathaven, five miles away.

John Morton was the only man the Covenanters

lost on the field of battle—a monument marks his grave in Newmilns Churchyard; but five others died afterwards of their wounds—Thomas Flemming, buried in Loudon Churchyard; John Gebbie, in Newmilns Churchyard; William Dingwall, in Strathaven; James Thomson, in Stonehouse; and Thomas Weir, in Lesmahagow. Gravestones mark the spots in the different churchyards where their remains rest.

The Royalists' loss was five or six times greater. The tradition is that it was about forty; and Claverhouse's despatch implies that it could not have been much less. The worthy farmer at Meadowfoot, a farm adjoining Drumclog, told us that about fifty years ago a mound on the battlefield was levelled, and in it the bones of about twenty-eight horses were found. A number of prisoners were taken, but after disarming them they were dismissed without further injury. John King, and the seventeen taken by Claverhouse at Hamilton, were relieved. Claverhouse had commanded the soldiers on guard to shoot them in the event of defeat, but when it came they had their own lives to look after, and so the prisoners escaped.

Claverhouse's despatch to the commander-in-chief is in existence. Its poverty and vulgarity of expression, and its lawless spelling, make it quite a curiosity in its way. Professor Aytoun, in his "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," styles Claverhouse "one of the most accomplished men and gallant soldiers of his age." We suspect this age of School Boards will

entertain a very different opinion of a man who could write a despatch no better than the following :

FOR THE EARLE OF LINLITHGOW.

[*Commander-in-Chief of King Charles II.'s Forces in Scotland.*]

GLASKOW, *Jun. the* 1, 1679.

MY LORD,—Upon Saturday's night, when my Lord Rosse came into this place, I marched out, and because of the insolency that had been done tue nights before at Ruglen, I went thither and inquyred for the names. So soon as I got them, I sent our partys to sease on them, and found not only three of those rogues, but also ane intercomend minister called King. We had them at Strevan about six in the morning yesterday, and resolving to convey them to this, I thought that we might make a little tour to see if we could fall upon a conventicle; which we did, little to our advantage; for when we came in sight of them, we found them drawn up in batell, upon a most advantageous ground, to which there was no coming but through mosses and lakes. They wer not preaching, and had got away all there women and shildring. They consisted of four battaillons of foot, and all well armed with fusils and pitchforks, and three squadrons of horse. We sent both partys to skirmish, they of foot and we of dragoons; they run for it, and sent down a battaillon of foot against them; we sent threescore of dragoons, who made them run again shamfully; but in end they percaiving that we had the better of them in skirmish, they resolved a generall engadgment, and imediatly advanced with there foot, the horse folowing; they came throght the lotche; the greatest body of all made up against

my troupe; we keeped our fyre till they wer within ten pace of us: they recaived our fyr, and advanced to shok; the first they gave us broght down the Coronet Mr Crafford and Captain Bleith, besides that with a pitchfork they made such an openeing in my rone horse's belly, that his guts hung out half an elle, and yet he caryed me aff an myl; which so discoraged our men, that they sustained not the shok, but fell into disorder. There horse took the occasion of this, and purseued us so hotly that we had no tym to rayly. I saved the standarts, but lost on the place about aight or ten men, besides wounded; but the dragoons lost many mor. They ar not com easily af on the other side, for I sawe severall of them fall befor we cam to the shok. I mad the best retraite the confusion of our people would suffer, and I am now laying with my Lord Rosse. The toun of Streven drew up as we was making our retrait, and thoght of a pass to cut us off, but we took courage and fell to them, made them run, leaving a dousain on the place. What these rogues will dou yet I know not, but the country was flocking to them from all hands. This may be counted the beginning of the rebellion, in my opinion.

I am, my Lord,

Your lordship's most humble servant,

J. GRAHAME.

My lord, I am so wearied, and so sleapy, that I have wryton this very confusedly.

In Sir Walter Scott's "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" there is a ballad, not without merit, entitled, "The Battle of Loudon Hill." Sir Walter does not

mention from what source he had derived the ballad. It is obviously from a Covenanting pen. We give its first sixteen lines. They are a fair specimen of the whole, which extends to fifty-six lines.

" You'll marvel when I tell ye o'
Our noble Burly, and his train
When last he march'd up thro' the land
Wi' sax-and-twenty westland men.

" Than they I ne'er o' braver heard
For they had a' baith wit and skill
They proved right well, as I heard tell
As they cam' up o'er Loudon Hill.

" Weel prosper a' the Gospel lads,
That are into the west countrie
Ay wicked Claver'se to demean
And ay an ill dead may he die!

" For he's drawn up i' battle rank
An that baith soon an' hastilie;
But they wha live till summer come,
Some bludie days for this will see."

## CHAPTER III.

### BOTHWELL BRIDGE.

BOTHWELL lies about eight miles to the south-east of Glasgow. It may be reached in summer by an omnibus that plies on the road, and at all seasons by the Hamilton or the Motherwell branches of the Caledonian Railway. We took the Hamilton branch of the railway, and came out at Blantyre station, from which Bothwell is a mile's walk. In five minutes after leaving the station we came upon the vale of the Clyde. We then descended down some eighty or a hundred feet, passed the Blantyre Works, and crossed the river by a suspension bridge. From the bridge the banks are still steep. The path goes up from them to Bothwell through a field, and then into a road lined with the trees of the villas that here bestud the country. Bothwell itself is a small village, but the villas and palatial residences of the Glasgow merchants make it little short of a town. Its most prominent object is

its parish church, a modern building, erected in 1834, with a square tower of no particular beauty—defaced, indeed, by buttresses that buttress nothing. At its east end is what remains of the old church, now used as a burying place. Its ancient looking doors and windows, of a Norman type, take it back far before Reformation times. It is said to have been founded in 1398. The churchyard is dotted over with tombstones apparently all of this century. The inscription over the mortal remains of a Robert Stobo, a blacksmith, though not exactly poetry, has the merit of appropriateness. It is—

> My sledge and hammer lies declined,
> My bellows pipe has lost its wind;
> My forges extinct, my fire's decayed,
> And in the dust my vice is laid,
> My coals is spent, my irons gone,
> My nails are drove, my work is done.

From the church the road runs to the south-east. In a quarter of a mile or so an older road is seen diverging to the right. Along this road the excellent young friend who was acting as our guide now led us, for it is the old road to Bothwell Bridge. In about two hundred yards' walk the vale of the Clyde comes into view, and as we advance the river itself is seen flowing peacefully along. The road descends some thirty feet in the next hundred yards, and, as it descends, turns nearly half round, and runs parallel for some fifty yards to the Clyde below. At the end

of the fifty yards it joins the new road, which at once leads on to the bridge. Bothwell Bridge has experienced more than one change since the battle. At that period it was a bridge of the old type, rising high in the middle, and narrow, for it was only twelve feet in breadth. About the centre of the bridge was an arched gate, which rose some ten or twelve feet above the parapet. At its south end were about half-a-dozen houses, surrounded by a few trees, and a wall ran between them and the river. Away south from the bridge was the treeless waste of Hamilton Moor. All this, which made the bridge, with the modes of fighting practised in the seventeenth century, a position that in the hands of a few resolute men, well armed, might have kept an army at bay, has passed away. Since this century began the bridge has been widened by an addition of twenty feet to its east side, the declivities at the ends have been filled up, and the road so raised that it is now gone along on a level. Four years ago the roadway was further widened to the full width of the bridge, and an outer overhanging pavement of iron run along each of its sides.

We passed along the bridge, and from its centre looked down on the water fully twenty feet below. It was the first week of July. There had been showers the previous day, but June had been nearly rainless, so that there was nothing to raise the water from what it usually is in midsummer. From the

swimming of a large setter dog that a butcher's boy had sent into the water, it was evident the river was at least about four feet deep, and the current of strength sufficient almost to carry the dog down with it. Once across the bridge we turned into a road to the right, which speedily brought us down to the water's edge, and we could look up to the four arches and see, from the seams that run along between the old bridge and the new additions made to it, how narrow it had been, and what a posture of defence it must have been to those who held its straitened passage.

The country on either side, although in one sense the same, yet, in another, is as much altered as the bridge itself. The spade and the plough have changed its aspect. The moor on which the Covenanting army encamped is moor no more, but is now well-drained fields, with villas here and there, embowered in gardens. The five or six houses at the end of the bridge have disappeared, and a plantation of trees, running down to the water's edge, now occupies their place. The north side, from which the royal troops approached, is still more bestudded with villas. Indeed, from the water's edge to the village of Bothwell there is a succession of abodes occupied by the prosperous merchants of Glasgow.

We visited Bothwell Bridge again in a later part of the year—on a delightful day in the close of October, —under the guidance of an esteemed elder of the Church from Glasgow, and with the pleasantest of

BOTHWELL BRIDGE.

company in addition. On the way to the bridge we again looked in at the parish churchyard. The church doors were open, and the beadle at hand, and we readily got our way into the old church, and found it well worth the visit. Hugh Macdonald, in his interesting "Rambles Round Glasgow," gives a sad account of the "shamefully neglected condition" in which he found the old church. We were delighted to see that this account was now entirely a thing of the past. The church has been made scrupulously clean, the walls and stone roof carefully pointed, the windows glazed, and the whole put into such a state that the venerable building is likely to enjoy a new lease of existence. The stone groined roof is perfect, and the beautiful arches in the small crypt-like room, where possibly the vestments and sacred vessels were kept, is in like preservation. Several monuments of early date line the walls. A stone, said to be brought from the base of the old spire, bears written in mediæval letters the name "Magister Thomas Dron," who, according to tradition, was the builder of the church. Another is to the memory of Archibald, Earl of Forfar, born in 1653, and died in 1712, and a third is to a successor to this title, now extinct. From the old church we mounted to the top of the tower, which rises to the height of a hundred and twenty feet. The magnificent view all around amply rewarded our toils. The distant horizon was somewhat indistinct, but the country, for ten or twelve miles round, from

the smoke of Glasgow to the heights of Tinto, lay stretched about us. Here and there the white trail the steam-engine was leaving as it ran along, marked out the network of railways that so characterises the Motherwell and Bothwell district, and the chimneys up and down all over the country, as we looked with our backs to the sun, indicated the stores of iron and coal that have so enriched the west of Scotland. From the tower we walked to the bridge, and after carefully looking at it and the height of the rising ground on each side of the river, we were more persuaded than ever of how easily a few resolute men could have defended it against a multitude, when the weapons were such as were in use in the seventeenth century.

From the bridge we retraced our steps to Bothwell. On the way we turned aside to Woodhead, a residence delightfully situated on the banks of the Clyde. The banks here rise still higher than at the bridge. By a descending winding walk, thickly strewed with the leaves, and here and there an acorn, of the common British oak—*Quercus pedunculata*,—we got down near to the river's edge. There had been a frost of some five degrees below the freezing point for the preceding three or four nights, and it had well nigh stripped the oak bare. The hazel—*Corylus Avellana*,—however, still largely retained its foliage, and the wood-sorrel—*Oxalis Acetosella*—still showed its fresh green among the withered and shrivelled leaves around it. The object of our descent was to see what was said to us

to be Burley's grave. It was a large flagstone, rising almost perpendicularly out of the ground. No inscription could be seen upon it. Indeed its sides still retained their original roughness, unsmoothed by the hand of man. Whatever the stone may mark, it does not mark the spot where rest the mortal remains of Burley, for he, some time after the battle of Bothwell Bridge, went to Holland, where he remained until the Prince of Orange came over in his expedition that ended in the happy Revolution of 1688. Burley was in the train of the Prince, but he died on the voyage, and his body was committed to the deep.

But it is time to tell the story of the battle. Claverhouse, when he reached Strathaven with the scattered remains of his troops, after his rout at Drumclog, met with rather a cold reception from its people, who plainly sympathised with the victors; and so, in bodily fear, he set off for Glasgow, which he reached that night, and wrote the despatch giving an account of his defeat during the day. His defeat was disgraceful to him in a high degree, for he was not surprised by a sudden attack. The battle was one of his own choosing. The Covenanters would have been too happy to have been let alone to finish their religious services on the Lord's Day in peace. Nevertheless his despatch betrays no feeling of shame. Hence it has been thought to confirm the charge that Burnet brings against Lauderdale and his associates in the government of Scotland at that

time, that they were by no means displeased at the defeat, as it furnished them with a reason for organising measures entirely to crush Presbyterianism in the west—an object they had been long eager to secure.

Be this as it may, the Council in Edinburgh met two days after the battle, and at once issued a "Proclamation against rebels in arms in the west," in which their rising is branded as "an open, manifest, and horrid rebellion, and high treason," and they are commanded within twenty-four hours after its publication, to deliver themselves up to the Commander-in-Chief, otherwise they would be "proceeded against as incorrigible and desperate traitors," "incapable of mercy and pardon." On the 5th of June a second proclamation ordered the militia to be in readiness. On the 7th, a third proclamation called the heritors and freeholders, in nineteen of the thirty-three counties, to meet "with their best horses and arms," and "as many of their servants and followers as they can bring out upon horseback," for the "suppressing of the rebels." At the first meeting of the Council a letter was also sent to Lauderdale, who was then in London, which brought back a reply by "a flying packet," in which the King approves of what had been done, and promises to assist them with forces from England and Ireland, and recommends them to avoid an engagement till supplies came. The King's reply to the councillors, of date June 11, is couched in much milder language than the proclamation from

Edinburgh; and so is a letter, ostensibly from Lauderdale, but evidently the production of one of wider sympathies, in which mention is made of the troops to be sent from England—three regiments of foot, with three regiments of horse, eight hundred dragoons (in the seventeenth century an arm of the service that was regarded rather as belonging to the infantry than to the cavalry, for the dragoon was at first a soldier who made his way to the field of battle on a horse, and then alighted to use his weapons), and three troops of grenadiers; of the appointment of the Duke of Monmouth as Commander of the Forces, and of the expenses to which the King would be put by this expedition—£500 sterling a day.

The comparatively mild language of the letters from London, and the appointment of the Duke of Monmouth, were due to the Whigs, who for a short period, after having turned out Lord Danby, were then in power, under the leadership of Lords Essex and Halifax. Monmouth was reputed to be of a mild and gentle nature, and he had gained a reputation for bravery and skill in his command of the contingent furnished to Louis XIV., when Charles and he united their armies against the Dutch. The Council in Edinburgh would have preferred Dalziel, of battle-of-Pentland memory, persuaded that, from his antecedents, he would have made short work with the Presbyterians; but the milder Whig counsels in London prevailed, and Monmouth was sent.

The duke reached Edinburgh, from London, on the 18th of June, and was admitted a Privy Councillor on the day of his arrival, and intimated his determination to go westward to the army next morning. While in Edinburgh he seems to have taken care to let it be known that he was of a different spirit from the Council, and was ready to hear what the Presbyterians had to say in their behalf. Monmouth overtook the army on the 19th, near the Kirk of Shotts, a moorland parish about twelve miles to the east of Glasgow. He found the army to consist of about ten thousand men, but sadly in want of provisions. On the following day—Friday, the 20th—provisions came in, and the duke made preparations to march. Early on Sabbath morning, June 22, with his forces increased by militia until they were fifteen thousand men, he arrived at Bothwell Moor, and the advanced guards appeared before Bothwell village.

After the victory at Drumclog the Covenanters pursued Claverhouse to Strathaven, when he fled for Hamilton, and they, with Sir Robert Hamilton at their head, in hot pursuit. Here they were joined by friends, who persuaded them to wait until their numbers were increased by the expected arrival of Thomas Weir of Greenridge, with a considerable body of horse and foot. Claverhouse, meanwhile, never rested until he arrived that night in Glasgow. He at once told Lord Ross of his defeat, and of the advance of the victors; and when the Covenanters, reinforced to

nearly double what they had been when they came to Hamilton, reached Glasgow, between ten and eleven o'clock in the forenoon of next day, they found the soldiers ready for them. A barricade, formed of carts and boards and whatever was suitable for the purpose, had been thrown up at the Cross to bar their progress. They came in two detachments, one under Sir Robert Hamilton, along the Gallowgate, and the other by the College, and, flushed with the victory of the preceding day, boldly made for the barricade. The soldiers fired from the windows and from behind the barricade. The fire was returned by the Covenanters, but at great disadvantage, for they were without shelter, and many of them were on horseback, which only made them a better mark to the soldiers. Still they pressed on, while the soldiers wavered, and had there been officers to lead them they might have carried the day, but nothing is said of any one leading them on, and so they found themselves compelled to retire, but not until seven of their number had been killed and several wounded; while, according to Russell, the loss of the soldiers was three times as great. They retired in good order, and formed upon Tollcross Moor, about a mile or so to the south-east of Glasgow. Two hundred cavalry came out after them; but Hackstoun of Rathillet and Balfour of Burley headed a few horsemen, and dashed upon them, when they turned and went back in haste to Glasgow.

That night the Covenanters, disheartened by the

fruitlessness of the day's work, and somewhat lessened in numbers through desertion, retreated southwards, crossed the Clyde at Bothwell Bridge, and encamped upon Hamilton Moor.

Next day—Tuesday, June 3—they held "a council of war," at which a paper was given in for the regulation of the army. In substance it desired that all who were guilty of any of the sins of the time be neither made officers nor received even as soldiers. The paper was agreed to, and inquiry was made into the failure of the preceding day, and it was concluded that one chief cause of the Divine displeasure was the presence of Thomas Weir of Greenridge, who had been a trooper under Dalziel at the battle of Pentland. A minister and several elders were sent to speak to him and to require him publicly to confess his sin in serving under Dalziel. Whether it was the tone in which the request was made, or that Weir felt that it was idle to go back to an offence inquiry into which was proscribed, because committed thirteen years before, and for which his regret was self-evident by his then taking part against the Government, the result was that, "after some high words," "he desired to be excused giving his mind" in the matter. The council rejected him, and he and his followers went away and set up a party of their own, "whereupon," as might have been expected, "there was a great confusion in the army." No account is given of measures taken by the council for drilling their untrained followers,

or gathering arms or ammunition, or selecting a general or officers. Their strength seems to have been spent in discussing the case of Weir. While yet engaged in these discussions, an alarm was given that the enemy was approaching Bothwell Bridge. Hackstoun was sent, with twenty-four horsemen to reconnoitre. He discovered that a detachment of soldiers was in ambush behind some bushes, ready to fall upon him should he advance. He sent back to the army for further assistance; but all were in disorder consequent on Weir's withdrawal, and the only reinforcement he could get was Balfour, with twelve horsemen. But the thirty-six were sufficient. Their bold front prevented further advance, and the soldiers fell back on the main body in Glasgow, and must have given an exaggerated report of the resistance they had met with, for Lord Ross and the troops under him marched that very day out of Glasgow to Kilsyth, and next day came near to Falkirk, where they were ordered to remain until they were joined by the forces from the north, when they were to march eastward in a body.

The night after their first council was spent in marching six or seven miles to Strathaven, and next day in a like marching to the wild moor of Kype-ridge, three miles farther south. They returned in the evening, and encamped between Strathaven and Kilbride.

Thursday, June 5th, was spent in Kilbride, and

a second "council of war" was held, in which some officers were chosen and a Declaration drawn up.

Next day—Friday, June 6th—as tidings had come that the royal troops had withdrawn from Glasgow, it was resolved to despatch three hundred foot under Cleland, and eighty horsemen under Balfour, with a Captain Brown, an old soldier, in command of the whole, to search for arms, of which many of their number were sadly in need. When within a mile of Glasgow, it was reported that the royal troops were entering the town from the east end, and Brown grew alarmed, and would advance no farther. But there were seven less afraid, who went into the town, with Balfour at their head, and meeting with no resistance, sent word back to the main body, who all entered, and drew up before the Tolbooth. The town was searched, and a few arms found. The Declaration of the preceding day was read and affixed to the Tolbooth. It affirmed their purpose and endeavour to be in vindication and defence of the true reformed religion in its profession and doctrine, as they stood bound thereto by the National and Solemn League and Covenant, and the acknowledgment of sins and engagement to duties made and taken in the year 1648,—"declaring against Popery, Prelacy, Erastianism, *and all things depending thereupon.*" After the Declaration had been proclaimed, the whole body withdrew, and marched some three or four miles to the south.

On Saturday, June 7th, they returned to within a mile of Glasgow, and held a third "council of war," in which it was agreed afresh to abide by the resolution of Tuesday, that no one be admitted into their number guilty of "the public sins and defections of the time," such as accepting the Indulgence, or paying the cess for the maintenance of the royal troops to suppress the free preaching of the Gospel, and that nothing be done regarding the whole army until agreed upon by the entire council. They had now been a week in arms, and their numbers had multiplied more than tenfold from what they had been at Drumclog. Accessions had come in from all parts of the south of Scotland, and more were promised. Ure of Shargarton, not a very warm admirer of the rising, says—"Our forces about this time were about two thousand foot and seven troops of horse;" but Sir Robert Hamilton, who should have known well, corrects this computation, and adds—"We were betwixt five thousand and six thousand, horse and foot." All were full of confidence in the goodness of their cause, and seemed to be of one mind, and resolved, after the coming Sabbath's rest, at all hazards, to prosecute it to a successful issue. Had they done so, and pushed on and met the royal troops while they were yet disorganised, and somewhat afraid of them, they might have carried all before them, as at Drumclog. But that night discord appeared in their camp, in the arrival of John Welch

with about one hundred and forty horsemen and three hundred foot from the south of Ayrshire, and Thomas Weir of Greenridge, the rejected of the preceding Tuesday, with a troop of horse. Welch had been minister at Irongray; he had been outed by the Act of Council in 1662; he was at Pentland, and was declared a rebel, and his estate forfeited to the Crown. He continued to hold conventicles throughout the country, but when persecution waxed hot he used to retire into Northumberland. Howie has printed, from the notes of a hearer, a preface, a sermon, and two table addresses by him at a communion in Maybole in August 1678. They give a favourable idea of his ability, and of his power as a preacher. For some time previous to Drumclog there had sprung up among the persecuted Presbyterians a good deal of discussion as to whether or not they might hear the indulged ministers, or accept of preachers licensed by them. This discussion was, after the manner of the time, keen and hot. Welch, although no admirer of the Indulgence, took the affirmative. Hamilton, and those associated with him, held the opposite opinion, and had given it expression in the Declaration affixed to the Tolbooth. A good deal could be said for the part taken by Hamilton and his friends. The Indulgence, in both its forms of 1669 and 1672, was Erastian, and was designed by its framers to divide and weaken the Presbyterian interest; and its acceptors helped to strengthen, although in many cases

unwillingly, the hands of the Government in their endeavours to crush the cause of freedom. Nevertheless, as in a contest such as they now embarked upon, numbers were all important, and as its success would take away the Indulgence itself, and restore matters as they ought to be, it would have been wisdom to have waived all discussion, and accepted assistance from any quarter, provided that it were offered in good faith. This was not done. Hence, when Welch and his friends arrived, and were shown the Declaration, exception was at once taken to its closing words, "Erastianism, and all things depending thereupon," and they wished that they should be struck out; but to this Hamilton and his friends objected.

Next day—Sabbath, June 8th—many of those who thought with Hamilton met in the morning, and resolved not to receive Welch and his associates into the army until they owned the Declaration. But Sabbath morning as it was, Welch's friends had also been busy. They contrived to send Hackstoun and Henry Hall of Haughhead, and the clerk of the council, Walter Smith, and one or two others, acting as officers, to Glasgow, with orders for John King, the rescued after Drumclog, and Captain John Paton, who were there with a body of men. When the orders were opened it was found that they were to go to Campsie to disperse a gathering of militia. When they arrived at Campsie nobody was to be found.

King, however, had been kept out of the way, while Welch, at Rutherglen, where the main body were encamped, preached in his stead a sermon of a very different nature from what he would have done, and in direct opposition (according to Sir Robert Hamilton) to the terms of the Declaration.

On Monday, June 9th, a council of war was held in Glasgow, at which Welch and his friends were present, when the resolution of the preceding meetings was again discussed. After long debate, both agreed to state the case in a new Declaration, when a draft of one was proposed by Cargill, and another by Welch; but neither party would agree to the other, and the discussion was adjourned to next day.

On Tuesday, June 10th, the council again met in Glasgow, when the merits of the Indulgence were fully discussed. On the one side it was urged, that the acceptance of the Indulgence to preach in such places and with such limitations as pleased the civil power, was a direct homologation of the ecclesiastical supremacy usurped by the Crown—was submitting to the Erastianism that had been abjured, along with Popery and Prelacy, by the Church of Scotland; while on the other it was maintained, that as the Indulgence had not been declared sinful nor Erastian by a General Assembly, it might be accepted—a plea that would have justified the first stages of any departure from law. Out of the discussions on the Indulgence arose another more serious theme. The Declaration

proclaimed at the Tolbooth had cautiously avoided saying anything of the reigning monarch, as evidently the advanced party of the Presbyterians were beginning to entertain the views to which Cargill gave expression in the Torwood Excommunication, and which the nation adopted at the Revolution of 1688. With much wisdom the drawers up of the Declaration had abstained from any reference that might call forth dissatisfaction from those who saw in Charles a tyrant, who had broken every pledge that he had given before his restoration. But this silence did not satisfy Welch and his friends, who were deeply imbued with the respect for kings, be their personal character or tyranny what it may, so characteristic of Presbyterians in the seventeenth century. They would have the King's authority owned as it had been done by the previous generation in 1643 in the Solemn League and Covenant. It was pleaded that the King had acted, for the last nineteen years, in opposition to the terms of the Solemn League. He had claimed and exercised an Erastian supremacy over the Church; he had overturned the Presbyterian polity; he had set up Prelacy in its stead; he had put himself above the Parliament, and levied taxes by other means than those sanctioned by the Parliament; and he had persecuted to the death all who sought to act in accordance with the constitution of the country when he was called to the throne. In deference to the opinions of Welch and his friends, nothing had been

said either for or against the King; but to put in a clause in his favour would have been in opposition to the convictions of the very best of their number, who had proved their valour by the victory at Drumclog. Such were some of the arguments that were urged on either side. The whole day was spent in the discussion, evidently to the exclusion of every other matter, and at nightfall they were no further on than when they begun—each party firm in its convictions, and resolved not to yield to the other. While the council was thus engaged in hot debate, the army came into Glasgow, took down the heads of those who had been executed for being at Pentland, and gave them honourable burial. After the burial they returned again to Tollcross.

On Wednesday, June 11th, the tidings of the fruitless discussions came to the army, and, in fear that Welch's views might prevail, not a few withdrew, and the first lessening of their number began. That night the army went back to Hamilton.

On Thursday, June 12th, a fifth "council" was held, when the discussion upon the Declaration was again very warm and protracted. Welch proposed a Declaration embodying his views. It was put to the vote and rejected, and Cargill appointed to state the opinions of the majority, when Welch and David Hume, intercommuned minister of Coldingham, went out of the council, declaiming against what had been done, in "great fury."

Next day—Friday, June 13th—while they were encamped on Hamilton Moor, an alarm was given that a detachment of the enemy had attacked the advanced guard stationed at Bothwell Bridge. The alarm turned out to be false; but ere this was known, a party was sent to defend the bridge, commanded by officers who sympathised with the views of Sir Robert Hamilton. No sooner were these officers out of the way than Hume and Welch took steps to proclaim the Declaration outvoted in the council the preceding day, and would have succeeded had not a Major Carmichael, acting under Sir Robert Hamilton, prevented them at the point of the sword. When Hamilton returned from Bothwell Bridge, Welch and Hume, and some others, besought him to allow their Declaration to be published, as, until this were done, they affirmed some friends would not join their ranks. They promised, if it were published, that they would faithfully preach against the Indulgence; and if once their friends joined them they would be quite content to have it afterwards altered so as to express Sir Robert Hamilton's views. Hamilton, overcome by their entreaties and promises, consented, and the paper was published at Hamilton Cross, and shortly after in Glasgow, Lanark, Ayr, and Irvine, and was henceforward known as "The Hamilton Declaration." At its publication, however, by Welch, the condition was not observed that public notice be given of what had been promised, and, in addition, Welch and Hume

each made speeches owning the King. This assertion of the views of the minority as if those of the whole army, was in the highest degree offensive to Hamilton and his friends, and a council of war was immediately called, in which the new Declaration was disowned, and Cargill and Hall of Haughhead, with Walter Smith as clerk, were appointed to draw up a new Declaration, as well as a statement of the causes of God's wrath against the land; an appointment, however, they were unable to fulfil. That night the army marched four or five miles to the north, and encamped in the parish of Old Monkland.

On Saturday, June 14th, a council of war was held, at which it was agreed that Welch and Hume be asked to preach against the sins of the time, a request which brought back an ill-humoured reply to leave the ministers to choose their own subjects, and that, in seeking to control them, Hamilton and his friends, while contending against one supremacy, were setting up another.

Next day—Sabbath, June 15—the army met at Shawhead Moor, Old Monkland, for public worship and hearing sermon. More than any of the previous days it was one of debate and consequent confusion. Hamilton, and those who thought with him, wished to prevent Welch and Hume, and the ministers who favoured the Indulgence, from preaching, unless they would come under a pledge to declare the whole counsel of God. This pledge Welch refused to give.

A good part of the day was spent in wrangling, and in the ministers of the one party trying to prevent those of the other from preaching; and it was far gone ere the proper work of the Sabbath was begun. In the evening a council of war was called, at which a proposal was made to hold a day of humiliation and fasting for the sins of the time. The officers were unanimous in accepting the proposal, but the ministers were divided, and keenly discussed its propriety. Ultimately, the consideration of the matter was postponed till the following Tuesday. With the Lord's Day spent in such a manner, little good could be expected to be done during the week. On Monday and Tuesday "councils of war" were held, at the latter of which six general officers were chosen for the army, among which were Captains Paton and Cleland; but as the ministers had all stayed away, nothing was done about the day of fasting.

On Wednesday, June 18th, the "council of war" met, along with Cargill, Douglas, King, and George Barclay, and it was agreed that next day be held as a day of fasting, and the ministers and four elders were appointed to draw up a Statement of the Causes of Fasting, when the eight retired to a neighbouring farm to fulfil their appointment. Meanwhile Welch came to the council and protested against the proposed fast, and affirmed, since he had not been consulted, he and his friends would withdraw. From the council he went to the barn, and the result was that

the begun draft of the Causes, which will be found in Wodrow, was laid aside, and nothing was done. These dissensions in the council had spread to the army, and caused great confusion, and seem to have broken it up very much into a congeries of fierce debating societies. That night, after three days' encampment at Shawhead, they marched "in great disorder," about two miles to the north-east, to Airdrie. But here the place of encampment was found not suitable, and they retraced their steps and marched by Bothwell Bridge to Hamilton Moor, where they remained until the battle began.

On Thursday, June 19th, wearied with the preceding day's march, they rested in the forenoon. In the afternoon the Declaration was again discussed by the officers, when tidings came of the approach of the royal army, and Balfour and three troops of horse were sent out to reconnoitre, and at nightfall came upon the soldiers of the advanced guard and put them to flight.

The tidings of the approach of the royal army seem to have had no effect in healing their divisions, for next day—Friday, June 20th—on the arrival of a large number of friends from Galloway that Welch had written for, the discussion on the Declaration was again resumed, and a draft was proposed by Welch, but rejected by the majority, as owning, says Wilson, "the malignant interest of that perjured tyrant, Charles II." That night the advanced guard of the

enemy was again encountered at a ford east from Hamilton, and a James Cleland killed on the side of the Covenanters.

On Saturday, June 21st, a council of war was held on Hamilton Moor, when the proposed Declaration was discussed with such warmth, that Sir Robert Hamilton, Hackstoun, Hall, Captain Paton, Balfour, Cleland, Donald Cargill, and nearly all those who had been at Drumclog, rose in a body and left. Welch and his friends immediately chose another president and clerk, and a Supplication was drawn up to be sent to the Duke of Monmouth. After Hamilton and his friends had left, it was resolved to send for them, and to assure them they should have all the satisfaction they desired. They returned, but it was not long until they parted again. A second time they were sent for, but hot discussion arose, and for a third time they parted in anger. The whole day was spent in these worse than useless discussions, and it was late before the officers were back at their posts in the army.

Three weeks had now elapsed since the battle of Drumclog. These three weeks the Royalists had improved to the best advantage. They had moved away out of sight of the Covenanters until their forces were recruited to fifteen thousand men and four pieces of artillery; they were under the charge of officers who allowed no discussion; and the Duke of Monmouth, a general of fame, known to be disposed to milder

measures than the Council in Edinburgh, had arrived from London to take the chief command. More than two-thirds of their number were militia, and perhaps not much better armed than the Covenanters, and altogether destitute of enthusiasm in the cause for which they fought; but they had not been distracted by hot discussions, led by their officers, as to the propriety of the course they had taken; and they had alongside of them four or five thousand of regular soldiers to keep them in countenance as they advanced against their countrymen. The whole army seems to have been well supplied with provisions and ammunition.

With the Covenanters the three weeks had been spent in the worst possible manner. Both of the sections into which they had divided were full of enthusiastic belief in the goodness of their cause. They must have known, however, that the confidence of right was not sufficient in itself to gain a victory over their foes; that training, arms, ammunition, and stores of provisions, not to speak of unity of counsel among their leaders, were indispensably necessary, if ultimate success were to be achieved; yet in these three weeks not one of these requisites had been secured, and they had argued and discussed matters that might have been safely left to the future, until their spirits were wearied and chafed, and they were become nearly as bitter against each other as they were against the common foe. They

had no leading mind, of military skill, to rule over them; and they do not seem ever to have realised the need an army has for a general to give commands that none in its ranks can oppose. Their officers appear to have spent their days in discussion and their nights in useless marches from place to place. Nothing more strikingly shows their deep conviction of the misrule and the tyranny Charles and his counsellors had exercised for the last nineteen years than that, after three weeks so fruitlessly spent, there should yet have been four or five thousand men, many of them with little respect for the other, encamped on Hamilton Moor, resolved to venture their lives rather than submit any longer to what they had endured in the past.

It is doubtful if on Saturday night the Covenanters expected a general engagement next day, but Bothwell Bridge was held by Hackstoun and Hall, and an Andrew Turnbull, in command of three troops of men.

On Sabbath, June 22, at the break of day, some of the outlying scouts came to the bridge with the report that they had encountered a considerable body of the enemy. At these tidings the three troops, with their captains, advanced as far as Bothwell village, when they discovered the enemy lighting their matches—for the matchlock had not yet been altogether supplanted by the musket—and they retired upon the bridge, and an express was sent to Sir R. Hamilton to send down

relief from Hamilton Moor. The bridge they had barricaded, and on the garden wall or fence which ran along the river's edge in front of the houses, a single brass cannon was in position, and near it the rest of their band, amounting to about three hundred men. Meanwhile, in the grey of the morning, another movement had been going on. Welch and his friends had resolved to present their Supplication to the Duke of Monmouth, and sent John Blackadder (formerly minister at Traquair) with it to Sir R. Hamilton to obtain his signature, and to state at the same time that Cargill begged him to subscribe it. Without reading the paper, and believing that Cargill had really desired him, which, it turned out afterwards, was not the case, and that he had never heard of it, he signed it, and gave orders to the officers at the bridge to endeavour to have the Supplication conveyed to the Duke of Monmouth. They succeeded, and a Laird Murdoch, a gentleman from Galloway, and Hume, were admitted, and presented their Supplication, in which they asked to be allowed the free exercise of religion, to attend religious services conducted by their Presbyterian ministers, a free Parliament, and a free Assembly, and that all those in arms be indemnified. The Duke heard them patiently, told them the King had given him no express instructions on such matters, but, on his honour, he would do his utmost to get their desires granted; meanwhile he could do nothing until they laid down their arms, and trusted to his

mercy; that they must go and tell their friends the terms he proposed, and within half-an-hour they must be back, otherwise his army must advance. Whilst this negotiation was going on, the brave three hundred at the bridge suspended fighting, but the royal forces were gradually taking up their position, and examining the force with which they had to deal. Away on the moor there appears to have been the same cessation of preparation as at the bridge, save that their internal discussions seem still to have been going on. The Supplication ended in nothing. Ure of Shargarton reports that when Sir Robert heard the terms proposed by the Duke of Monmouth, he laughed at them and said, "And hang next."

At the close of the half-hour, or, as some reports say, before it, the royal troops opened fire upon the bridge. They had planted three cannon behind a parapet that had been thrown up during the cessation from fighting, but their firing was too high, and went over the heads of the Covenanters, who, with their one piece, replied so effectively that they killed several of the Royalists and drove them from their guns. A David Leslie, Russell records, shouted after them as they fled, "Would they fleg for country fellows?" but still they ran; and the cannon would have been taken had not the barricade on the bridge barred the way for bringing them over. New troops were brought and renewed the attack, but still without success—the three hundred bravely defended the

bridge. For three hours they stood unflinchingly. The reinforcements they sent for to Hamilton Moor never arrived, their ammunition ran short, and messengers were despatched for more, when the answer came that there was none to spare, and that they must retire to the main body on the moor. "With sore hearts" they withdrew, for they felt that the bridge was everything, although Hamilton believed it was wasting time to defend it, and that the best course would be to let the enemy form on its south side, and then drive them into the Clyde. They fell back in good order, and the royal troops at once crossed the bridge and formed upon the moor. When Rathillet and his brave companions retired to the main body he found them, he says, well drawn up, and very hearty, and all ready to march down upon the enemy. For the moment their divisions had ceased, "and every one seemed to encourage the other." Wyck's picture of the battle presents them as drawn up in eleven different squares, with six standards, two detachments of horse, one cannon, and a body of skirmishers in front. All appeared in a measure prepared, as they assured Hackstoun, for a battle "with hand strokes," when, just as they had begun to advance, a cry got up, which ran from company to company, that their leaders, who seem largely to have been friends of Welch, had disappeared. To some extent the report was true, for Paton and Cleland were then doing their best to find officers to take their

place. But there was no time to reason, for while the cry was running through the army, the horse, under Weir of Greenridge, made a movement of their own from the centre to the front of the left wing. The officer in command ordered them out of the way, but they cried out that they would not, as they had been placed where they had been to be cut off, and then, as if struck with some sudden madness of fear, they wheeled about, one hundred and forty horse, and dashed through the left wing, broke it in pieces, and carried it away in their flight. At that moment the cannon of the Royalists began to play, and their line made an advance, but there was no fighting; only fifteen men were slain on the field of battle. The panic on the left spread to the right, and it speedily fled in like manner, Sir Robert Hamilton among the foremost, "leaving the world to debate," says one who was there, "whether he acted most like a traitor, coward, or fool." The royal troops, that stood in awe so long as there was any opposition, at once advanced when they saw their opponents flee without fighting, and eagerly gave chase, and slew nearly four hundred of the fugitives as they fled before them. No quarter seems to have been given save to twelve hundred who surrendered in a body, the story of whose sufferings in Greyfriars' Churchyard, where they were confined for many weeks, will be told in the next chapter. Tradition points out Whistlebury Burn, a small stream that flows into the Clyde from

the south near the bridge, as the place where the chief slaughter of the fugitives took place. Two miles up the burn, and not far from its banks, is a well that goes by the name of "Mary Rae's Well." Her betrothed was among the Covenanters, and was sorely wounded. She sought, and found him half dead, and parched with burning thirst. The well was at some distance, he could not move, and she had nothing in which to carry water so far, so she lifted him up and carried him on her back to the well, laid him down, washed his wounds, quenched his thirst, and lived to see him strong and well—her husband—ever grateful for the life she had saved.

Ure of Shargarton's "Narrative of the Rising at Bothwell Bridge" was published by Dr M'Crie in 1825, in the volume that contains the Memoirs of Veitch and Bryson. Ure was one of the brave men that took a chief part in the defence of the bridge. His narrative vividly shows the fatal effect of the divisions that rent the Covenanters. Dr M'Crie has annotated the narrative with great care. In his Notes he has incorporated those of Sir Robert Hamilton. On pp. 459-460, he shows the groundlessness of the charge that Sir Walter Scott reproduces in his "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," and in "Old Mortality," that the Covenanters set up a gallows in the middle of their camp to hang the royal soldiers. The gallows was one that usually stood on Hamilton Moor, the ordinary place where criminals were executed by order

of the Sheriff-Court of the Lower Ward of Lanarkshire. It seems to have been then the practice in Scotland, as it is still in Ireland—as for instance in Drogheda and Armagh—to keep the gallows standing at the place of execution; but the Covenanters never used it in any form. One of their number was condemned to death, but he was shot, not hanged.

Russell's Narrative, transcribed from the Wodrow MS. Collections, has been printed by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharp, in the same volume with Kirkton's History. Sharp has characteristically entitled it, "Account of the Murder of Archbishop Sharp," although the narrative of the death of the traitor occupies less than a third of the whole. Sharp's notes are of a very different character from those of M'Crie. They are not merely worthless, but profane or obscene wherever he can make them so.

Sir Walter Scott has printed in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" a ballad, entitled, "The Battle of Bothwell Bridge;" and extracts from another, much inferior in quality, will be found in the Notes to "Old Mortality." Maidment has one in his Scottish Pasquils, "The Whigs' Welcome." Its first line will suffice as a specimen of its doggerel:

"Ye're welcome Whiggs from Bothwell Briggs."

The ballad preserved by Sir Walter Scott is not without its pathos:

"As e'er you saw the rain down fa',
Or yet the arrow frae the bow—

Sae our Scottish lads fell even down,
An' they lay slain on every knowe.

. . . . . .

"Alang the brae, beyond the brig,
Mony brave man lies cauld and still,
But lang we'll mind, and sair we'll rue,
The bloody battle of Bothwell Hill."

## CHAPTER IV.

### GREYFRIARS' CHURCHYARD, EDINBURGH.

THE name Greyfriars at once takes us back to pre-Reformation times, when the Churchyard formed part of the gardens of the Monastery of the Franciscans or Greyfriars, founded about the year 1436 by James I. The monastery itself stood on the south side of the Grassmarket, and its entrance was nearly opposite the foot of the West Bow. At the Reformation it was suppressed, and its property reverted to the Crown. About this period it seems to have been felt that the churchyard round St Giles was too small, and that it was desirable, for sanitary reasons, that "a burial place be made farther from the midst of the town." In 1562, the Town Council petitioned Queen Mary to grant "the yards of the Greyfriars and the situation thereof, to be used in all time coming as a public burying-ground." The petition was readily granted. The first occasion on which the churchyard seems to have been used was in

the close of 1568, when the visitant that so often desolated the towns of Scotland in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries—the plague—visited Edinburgh, and committed such ravages that the eighteenth meeting of the General Assembly had to be adjourned without having almost ever met. But the first person of note that was buried within its precincts was GEORGE BUCHANAN, the scholar that, since the invention of printing, has perhaps been the most successful in reviving the language of ancient Rome.

Like many scholars of that age, facilitated by the possession of a common language, George Buchanan spent much of his life in wandering from one foreign land to another. He took his degree of Bachelor of Arts in St Andrews, and that of Master of Arts in the Scots College in Paris, where he struggled with poverty for two years, until he obtained the office of Regent in the College of St Barbe, and taught grammar for nearly three years. For five more years he remained abroad as tutor to the Earl of Cassillis. In May 1537 he returned home, but the publication of some of his minor poems, in which he reflected on the ecclesiastics of that time, then rapidly filling up the measure of their iniquity, moved their wrath, and he was seized as a heretic. He managed to escape to England, where he had again to battle with poverty. After a short stay in England he went to Paris, but Cardinal Beaton had arrived there before him, and so

he readily accepted the place of Regent in the College at Bordeaux. In three years he had again to remove, for Beaton had succeeded in stirring up the ecclesiastics of the place against him. He sought refuge in the University of Coimbra, in Portugal, but after a year's stay, on the death of his friend the Principal, the Inquisition assailed him, and shut him up in the cell of a monastery. Excluded from the outer world, he beguiled the tedium of his imprisonment by writing the first portion of his version of the Psalms. After a time he regained his liberty and set sail for England, but only to find it on his arrival advisable again to return to France, which he did in the beginning of 1553, and for seven years he was Professor in a French College, and then tutor to the son of Marshal Brissac. During all this period his pen seems never to have been idle. He laboured at his translation of the Psalms, and wrote several of his minor poems. The overthrow of Romanism, and the establishment of a purer faith in 1560, recalled him to his native country. In 1562 he became classical tutor to the young Queen Mary; and the "Epigramma" prefixed to his version of the Psalms, addressed to his royal pupil, is one of the most beautiful Latin poems of that century. At the same time, it strikingly shows how often the fondest hopes of a teacher may be blasted; for no monarch that has sat on the throne of Scotland ever so belied the fair promise that Buchanan believed he saw in her when he addressed her:

"Nympha, Caledoniae quae nunc feliciter orae
Missa per innumeros sceptra tueris avos
Quae sortem antevenis meritis, virtutibus annos
Sexum animis, morum nobilitate genus."

Honours now flowed upon him. He was chosen Principal of St Leonard's College, St Andrews, and in 1567 Moderator of the General Assembly, the first and the only layman, it has often been said, that ever filled this office—but erroneously—as there is good reason to believe that Buchanan, as Principal of the University, is to be regarded as an ecclesiastic.

He died at Edinburgh, September 28, 1582, while his history was passing through the press, rich in fame and reputation for learning, piety, indefatigable industry, and transcendent ability in every field in which he chose to labour, but poor in purse, through his many acts of charity and kindness to others; so poor, indeed, that he was buried at the public expense.

George Buchanan is a remarkable instance of the learning and ability so characteristic of the Reformers in every country into which the Reformation penetrated; and what a power for good, learning and ability possess when on the side of truth, and in alliance with faith in God. With all his scholarship he had yet that simplicity of character and readiness to do good to others, even to the humblest, that add attraction to the noblest powers. James Melville, in his autobiography, lovingly tells, that when his uncle, Mr Andrew Melville, heard he was ill, they went over to Edinburgh

to see him. They found him sitting in his chair, teaching his young man that served him in his chamber to spell a, b, ab; e, b, eb; etc. After salutation, Mr Andrew said, "I see you are not idle." "Better this," replied Buchanan, "than stealing sheep, or sitting idle, which is as ill."

Buchanan's "History of Scotland" was issued shortly after his death. He regarded it as his greatest work, but his memory is most likely to live in his version of the Psalms, which up to the beginning of this century was largely used as a schoolbook in many parts of Scotland, and still merits study as the happiest reproduction, in the language and metres of Catullus and Horace, of a poet more than their equal in genius, and infinitely surpassing them in loftiness of aim and purity of thought.

George Buchanan was interred on the east side of the churchyard. Two small stones, inscribed with the initials of his name, mark the spot where his body lies. No monument was erected over his remains. As in the case of two mightier men, Calvin and Knox, his contemporaries seem to have thought that no monument was needed to perpetuate his fame.

Right opposite the grave of Buchanan, on the other side of the churchyard, rest the remains of ALEXANDER HENDERSON. He was born in 1583, the year after Buchanan died. He studied at St Andrews, and to such purpose, that when he had taken his degree he was chosen Regent, or, as we should now phrase it,

Professor of Philosophy and Rhetoric, and taught for several years with great success. About the year 1613 he was settled at Leuchars, a quiet country parish in the east of Fife. Very different from George Buchanan, he had no sympathy in his early days with evangelical truth or popular rights. He allied himself to the party that were seeking to undo the work of Knox in the preceding century, and to bring the Church of Scotland under the yoke of Prelacy. He was thus, like Paul, and Luther, and Calvin, and even Knox, unwittingly to himself, made thoroughly acquainted with the system he was yet so effectively to checkmate and destroy. But he was not permitted to remain long in the ranks of the enemies of freedom. At an unexpected time, when he had gone in disguise, and placed himself in a dark corner of the church in a neighbouring parish, to hear Robert Bruce, then banished from Edinburgh, a man in whose principles he did not in any way agree, but an able minister of the New Testament, the truth reached his heart by the simple reading of the text of the sermon. The change that had come over him speedily appeared in his espousing the cause he once sought to overturn. Little is known of him during the twenty years of his life that followed. He was at the Assembly held at Perth in 1618, which sought in its Five Articles to authorise some superstitious observances that have ever been hateful to evangelical Presbyterianism;

and in the following year, before the Court of High Commission, he vindicated his opposition to the innovations with such ability that the bishops found it their wisdom to let him alone; but, except these public appearances, he seems quietly to have done his duty as a Christian pastor in his own parish—studied, read, and preached the Gospel, and resisted every attempt made to transfer him to other and more important fields of labour. At last the events of 1637 drew him from his retirement. The Archbishop of St Andrews charged him to purchase two copies of the New Liturgy for the use of his parish. He immediately came to Edinburgh, stated his objections before the Privy Council, and sought that the charge be suspended. To this petition, and several of a similar nature from other parts of the country, the Council gave a favourable answer, and sent to London reports of the general opposition to the proposed measures.

The skill and tact with which Henderson advocated his case before the Council attracted notice, and henceforward he took, or was called to take, a leading part in all that was done in Church and State till the near approach of his death. The remodelling of the National Covenant was his work, the subscription of which, in March 1638, by thousands gathered from all parts of Scotland (said to have taken place upon a stone, one of six within an iron railing, to the south-east of the church in this very churchyard) did

so much to encourage the friends of freedom. He was called to preside over the Assembly in Glasgow in November 1638—an Assembly summoned at one of the most critical periods in the history of the Church of Scotland; and he presided in such a way as to win the admiration of his friends, and call forth fear, if not respect, from his enemies. This Assembly sent to the winds all the innovations that the bishops and their supporters had laboured to introduce, and laid the foundation for the events that ended in the execution of Charles, and the Lord Protectorship of one who, in spite of his destruction of much of the machinery of liberty, was in his time one of the noblest and most energetic spirits that has ever ruled over Great Britain. In the negotiations made necessary, by the perverseness of Charles I., for common action between the English Parliament and Scotland, he took a leading part, and he so acted that the Solemn League and Covenant, originally drawn up by him, was entered into, and the Westminster Assembly called for ecclesiastical reformation and union. In this Assembly Henderson was a commissioner, and was nearly as prominent in its deliberations as he had been in his own, of which he had been chosen moderator each year since 1638.

His last days were largely occupied—much against his own will, but his countrymen left him no option in the matter—in negotiations with the King for the abolition of the Prelacy that had been the source

of so much tyranny in the Church, and for the ratification of Presbyterian government. The negotiations were fruitless. Charles seems actually to have believed in the divine right of kings to rule as they chose, and no amount of persuasion could persuade him that the nation had rights and liberties as well as the ruler, and must have no mean voice in the administration of affairs.

The strain on his mind, uninterrupted for the last nine years, during one of the stormiest periods in British history since the Reformation, and the prominent place he had been called to occupy in the business of Church and State, at last became too much for him, and in August, when he left Newcastle, after a farewell interview with the King, the hand of death was upon him. He arrived in Edinburgh worn out in body. What little he was able to say was comforting to his friends. In his confession written in his own hand, as the expression of his dying thoughts, and found among his papers after death, he declares himself indebted to Divine grace, that had called him to believe the promises of the Gospel, and to be a preacher of these promises, and an instrument in the great and wonderful work of reformation, which he besought the Lord to bring to a happy conclusion.

He died on 19th August 1646, in the sixty-third year of his age, and was buried where the monument, erected by his nephew, now stands. The in-

scriptions tell how his loss was felt. One of them runs:

> Reader, bedew thine eyes
> Not for the dust here lyes—
> It quicken shall again,
> And aye in joy remain
> But for thyself, the Church and States
> Whose woes this dust prognosticates.

ALEXANDER HENDERSON'S MONUMENT.

These woes soon came. In 1649 Charles I. was executed; and the battle of Dunbar, September 3, in the following year, brought Scotland under the iron, and yet, as contrasted with that which followed, the not unkindly rule of Cromwell.

Henderson's monument bears marks of the troublous times that succeeded his death. Shortly after the Restoration the inscriptions on its sides were effaced by the order of the Earl of Middleton, and traces of the bullets fired by the soldiers sent to execute this command are still to be seen in the indents on the stone. After the Revolution the effaced inscriptions were again restored, and have continued to the present day, although the whole stand much in need of renewal.

To the south of Henderson's monument, in the corner of the churchyard, is an enclosure within an iron gate—the gate put up when it was formed. The enclosure was made in 1636, and is still known as the COVENANTERS' PRISON. Here the prisoners taken at the battle of Bothwell Bridge, June 22d, 1679, were confined when brought to Edinburgh. Upwards of twelve hundred were brought in from the field of battle, and about two hundred from Stirling, who were taken as they were coming south to assist their friends. All were put within this enclosure, now somewhat narrowed by the tombs that have been erected in it, but then open from end to end. Here they had to sleep in the open air, on the cold ground, let the weather be what it might,—many of them scantily clothed, for they had been all but stripped naked when taken prisoners. Their provision was no better than their accommodation—four ounces of bread daily to each person, and this sometimes de-

ficient in weight. The people of Edinburgh were not wanting in effort to supplement this miserable allowance, but the soldiers often put obstacles in their way, and would not suffer the women who came with provisions—for men were not permitted to come near them—until near nightfall.

After some weeks the greater number were set free, on subscribing a bond not to take up arms against the Government. About four hundred either refused to subscribe, or an opportunity for subscription was not afforded them, because regarded as ringleaders. Of these, ultimately about a hundred managed one way or another to escape, either by climbing the walls, or by getting out disguised in women's clothes. The rest remained, with no shelter but a few rough huts which they were allowed to erect as the winter set in, until the 15th November, when, early in the morning, without previous intimation either to themselves or to their friends, two hundred and fifty-seven—apparently all that survived, for many had died—were hurried down to Leith, and put on board a vessel lying in the Roads. The vessel was so small that they endured dreadful horrors before they sailed, which was twelve days after they left the shore of Leith.

During this interval, friends in Edinburgh collected upwards of £1000 sterling for their use when they reached America, but the greater part never needed it, for after being tossed about for a fortnight,

they got no farther than the Orkneys; and on the 10th December they cast anchor off the island of Mainland. During the night a storm sprung up, the ship drifted, and was driven on a wild headland, familiar to the voyager to Kirkwall—the Moul Head of Deerness. The seamen got ashore, but the captain had battened down the hatches, and was deaf to all the entreaties of the prisoners to open them, so that of the two hundred and fifty-seven, forty-eight alone managed to get ashore on boards of the ship as it broke up, and two hundred and nine perished, as certainly martyrs for the cause of truth and liberty as if they had suffered at the stake.

Right opposite the Covenanters' Prison, in the north-east corner of the churchyard, is the spot where rests the dust of those who suffered at Edinburgh as "Witnesses for the Crown Rights and Royal Prerogatives of Jesus Christ" during the twenty-eight years' persecution. The place where they lie, dear as it is now to every pious visitant, was once the place of infamy — the corner of the churchyard where the bodies of criminals were interred. But the tradition is, that while the orders of Government were that the martyrs be buried in this place of shame, the gravediggers, who secretly favoured the cause for which they had suffered, took care that it should be in a corner of the churchyard that had hitherto been undisturbed by any criminal that had died at the hands of justice; where, indeed, no corpse had yet been

laid. The two have thus never in any way intermingled.

The monument where they lie, like many of those throughout the country that mark where the bodies of the martyrs rest, is not the first one erected. Shortly after the Revolution, steps were taken to erect monuments over the graves of the martyrs. At a General Meeting of the Societies, held at Crawfordjohn, October 29th, 1701, it was resolved, that "all the Correspondences provide and make ready stones, as signs of honour to be set upon the graves of our late martyrs as soon as possible." The Records of the Town Council of Edinburgh, under date August 28th, 1706, mention the granting of a memorial for the erection of the monument. The memorial states that in Glasgow, and other places of the nation, monuments had already been erected. James Currie, a merchant in Loanhead, was the person chiefly concerned in its erection. He himself had suffered much during the persecution, and oftener than once had narrowly escaped capture, as he has detailed in a short account of his trials, written with much simplicity, entitled, "Passages in the Life of James Currie." In one of these passages he says—"In this year, 1685, I renewed my covenant with the Lord, wherein I dedicated the tenth of all that the Lord had given me to His people—His use and service." Quite in accordance with this resolution was his erection of the Martyrs' Monument, which was a slab of freestone,

MARTYRS' MONUMENT, GREYFRIARS'.

three feet three inches by two feet ten inches, half the size of the present one. Its inscription is :

Halt passenger take heed Q$^{t}$ thou dost see
This tomb doth show for Q$^{t}$ some men did die,
Here lyes interr'd y$^{e}$ dust of these who stood
'Gainst perjury resisting unto blood
Adhering to the Covenants and Laws
Establishing the same which was the Cause
Their lives were sacrific'd unto the Lust
of Prelatists abjurd though here their dust
Lys mixt with murderers and other crew
Whom justice justly did to death pursue.
But as for thir in them no cause was found
Worthy of death but only they were found
Constant and stedfast, zealous, wittnessing
For the prerogatives of CHRIST their King
Which truths were seal'd by famous Guthri's head
And all along to Master Ranwick's blood
They did endure the wrath of enemies
Reproaches torments, deaths, and injuries
But yet they're these who from such trobles came
And now triumph in glory with the LAMB

From may 27 1661 that the noble Marquis of Argyle suffered to the 17 february 1688 that M$^{r}$ James Ranwick sufferd were execut at Edin burg about ain hundered of Noblemen Gent lemen Ministers & others noble martyres for JESUS CHRIST—the most part of them lys here

This tomb was erected anno 1706

Who penned this inscription is not certainly known.

There was a Hugh Clark, a poet of some merit, at that time connected with the Societies. Along with Alexander Marshall, the first probationer licensed by the Reformed Presbytery, he was concerned in the editing of the "Cloud of Witnesses." He died in 1724, in his thirty-sixth year—which would make him eighteen at the erection of the monument, an age not too young to have written the rugged yet vigorous lines of its inscription. That he had the ability to write them will not be doubted by the reader of his "Meditations upon the Love of Christ in the Redemption of Elect Sinners." A few verses taken at random from his poem will show at once his capabilities.

"Oh Saints, who share this love, in Him be glad
Who loved you, ere you a being had!
Why should you doubt His love to you, because
You cannot in yourselves perceive the cause?
'Twas not your worth of goodness could deserve
That He at first from death should you preserve;
Nor will your worthlessness nor vileness make
Your loving Lord your souls again forsake.
It was the goodness of His sovereign will,
Engag'd Him first, and will engage Him still,
And since He lov'd you from eternity,
Believe He'll do the same eternally:
Lay by your doubtings then, ye Saints, and raise
Melodious songs to your Redeemer's praise."

The present monument was erected about 1771, and the old inscription, with some verbal changes,

was transferred to it as it now stands. The old monument fell into the hands of the stonecutter—a Charles Fairnington, who erected the new one—because, it is said, through the confusion arising out of the Protestant riots in Edinburgh about that period, the Committee was broken up, and he had received no payment for what he had done. As some recompense for his labour he carried away the old stone, and deposited it in his building yard in Charles Street. Here, in the lapse of time it was forgotten, till, about the year 1814, it was discovered under a heap of ashes and other refuse that had been thrown over it. It was disinterred and put into a cart, and conveyed to where it at present is—into the house of a representative of the stonecutter,—now a venerable lady, and in her hands it has been kept with religious care.

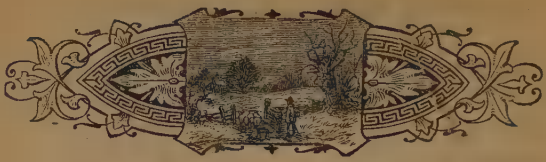
The inscription on the monument states that there were executed at Edinburgh about an hundred of noblemen, gentlemen, ministers, and others, noble martyrs for Jesus Christ, and that the most part of them lie in the Greyfriars. In accordance with this statement, "Naphtali" contains the testimonies of about thirty who suffered at Edinburgh, and the "Cloud of Witnesses" about fifty. The first of these was the Marquis of Argyle, and the last the youthful James Renwick, and between them were men such as Hugh M'Kail and Donald Cargill, and the heroic women, Isobel Allison and Marion Harvey.

Their names have long been familiar as household words, and their deeds embalmed in the memories of the pious people of Scotland; while the royal prerogatives of Jesus Christ, for which they witnessed and suffered, have long been recognised by the evangelical Churches in the land as precious truths. Yet there have been people disposed to treat them very much as Claverhouse himself would have done —to blight their fair fame among their countrymen by heaping on their memories almost every conceivable reproach. Chief among these enemies has been one, of whom Scotsmen, for many reasons, are justly proud—Sir Walter Scott. By the force of genius, Sir Walter Scott has made fiction appear as if true, and in "Old Mortality" has called up not the form of things unknown, but very flesh and blood.

That the persons presented in this novel are portraits, somewhat exaggerated after the fashion of such literature, no one acquainted with our fellow-countrymen will deny; but that they are photographs of the heroes who watered with their blood the tree of liberty, of which we now eat the pleasant fruits, no one acquainted with the religious literature of the times in which they lived will for a moment grant. The marvellous inventive power of Sir Walter Scott is unquestioned, but his accuracy in depicting the men of the times he sought to reproduce is another matter. The truth is, he has taken oddities, to be found, it may be, here and there, among

Presbyterians at the close of last century and the beginning of this, and with the view of casting ridicule on the cause of freedom and evangelical truth, called them Mause, Macbriar, Mucklewrath, and Rumbleberry, and depicted them as if they were specimens of a people—of whom the world was not worthy.

Happily for the reputation of the martyrs, their letters, their testimonies, and their sermons, to a large extent, are yet in existence. They are to our generation, as might be expected, somewhat dry reading, but only because of their adaptation to the times in which they were produced. But dry reading as the writings of the martyrs may be to us, they stand in favourable contrast with much of the literature of their century; and they assuredly prove that the Covenanters had, at least, a full average share of the education of their day, and that, if they often had no more, it was not that they despised learning, but that the troublous times in which they lived, and the persecutions which they had to endure while contending for the rights of God and man, from the predecessors of their modern slanderers, gave them little opportunity for the quiet, peaceful, and protracted study by which eminence in literature can alone be attained.



## CHAPTER V.

### CATHCART, EAGLESHAM, AND LOCHGOIN.

ON a pleasant day in the month of August, we set out for Lochgoin. Soon after leaving Glasgow the road to Eaglesham begins to rise, and we reach Crosshill, a suburb that, both from the fine view it commands, and its proximity to the South Park, bids fair erelong to be one of the most attractive spots around the western metropolis. When Glasgow was a small provincial town, not the vast city it now is, Crosshill was the seat of its first Secession congregation. Here, in the open air, in 1741, James Fisher was inducted. Both Ebenezer and Ralph Erskine preached on the occasion. The sermon of Ralph Erskine is among his published works, and a good specimen it is of the evangelical preaching that made his discourses favourite reading with pious people for nearly a century in Scotland. Under Fisher's ministry the congregation largely increased, and the Secession took the firm

hold it has retained of Glasgow from that day to this. Like all the early Seceders, Fisher preached short sermons. Sometimes he would not be longer than a quarter of an hour, and he rarely exceeded forty minutes. Indeed, brevity was one of the secrets of the popularity of the Fathers of the Secession. Like the good preacher of whom Luther speaks in his "Table Talk," they knew when to leave off. Brown of Inverkeithing, a noted minister in the United Secession Church in the beginning of the century, was once asked by a young man, looking forward to the ministry, for advice as to his future work, and the answer was, "Be short, begin well, go on, and when you see the people all eagerly listening, close, and be certain that what you have said will be remembered." Fisher was the principal author of the Synod's Catechism, a book that did much to mould the theology of Scotland for his own and the succeeding generation. It is little read now, but, excepting the peculiar views of the Seceders which it sets forth, on the deed of gift and the mediatory dominion of Christ, and one or two strong statements, characteristic of the time, about witches and toleration, it would be difficult to say where a better exposition of the Shorter Catechism is to be found.

At Crosshill we pass out of Lanarkshire into Renfrew, and we are now in sight of the battlefield of Langside. On the right, the clumps of trees on the heights are said to mark out the disposition of the

army of the Regent Murray previous to the battle. Murray's forces were smaller than those of Queen Mary, but they were better disciplined and under more skilful command. Mary's came from the direction of Cathcart, where tradition points out the tree, under whose foliage she viewed the engagement. The military skill of the Good Regent soon routed the forces of Mary, and sent her on the flight to England, which ended in her twenty years imprisonment, and the tragedy of Fotheringay Castle,—events which, ever since they happened, have done so much to call forth sympathy for, and warp the judgment in its decisions upon, the demerits of this fascinating but abandoned woman.

Turning from Langside, we have, on the east side of the road, the parish church of Cathcart; and on the hill, among the trees, is the village of Old Cathcart. In the churchyard, at its west end, not far from the entrance to the church, lie the mortal remains of Robert Thom, Thomas Cook, and John Urie, shot at Polmadie, to the south of Glasgow, not far from Rutherglen Bridge, on May 11, 1685, the same day that witnessed the murder of Andrew Hislop in Eskdale Muir, and Margaret Maclachlan and Margaret Wilson at Wigton, whose story has been so much the theme of discussion in recent days. Thomas Cook and John Urie were seized at the loom, and Robert Thom, a labourer, shortly after, by Major Balfour and a company of soldiers. They were asked, would they

pray for King James VII.? They answered they would pray for all within the election of grace. "Do you question," said Balfour, "the King's election?" The reply was, "Sometimes they questioned their own." Three musketeers were drawn out. Cook and his two companions knelt down; they were blindfolded with cravats taken from some of the country people that stood by, and within an hour after they had been apprehended, their blood was lapped up by the dogs. Lord Macaulay tells their story, as he does that of the other martyrs who suffered from the fury of the persecutor on the same day, with the vivid power for which his noble history is so remarkable. Unfortunately, in introducing the narrative of their murder, he gives expression to the prejudices against Calvinism which he shared in common with so many of the literary men of our time. Reviewers* took exception to his anti-Calvinism, and showed that his allegations were neither the teaching of Calvinism, nor warranted by the narrative of Wodrow. In the edition of the history which he annotated shortly before his death, he attempted to defend himself by a quotation from Wodrow. But the defence is a failure. The passage quoted substantiates the statement of the reviewers, but certainly not his own. Lord Macaulay's note will be found in the latter part of his fourth chapter, and is a curious instance of how little Calvinism is understood by many of whom better things might have been expected.

* See *Reformed Presbyterian Magazine* for March 1855, p. 87.

A monument marks the place where the bodies of the three witnesses lie. It is a single flat stone, six feet and a half in length, by three and a half in breadth, and is raised a few inches from the ground. It is in good preservation. The inscription, which was becoming illegible, has been retouched some years ago, and is easily made out. It is :

THIS : IS : THE : STONE : TOMB : OF : ROBERT : THOM : THOMAS : COOK : AND : JOHN : URIE : MARTYRS : FOR : OUNING : THE : COVENANTED : UORK : OF : REFORMATION : THE : IITH : OF : MAY : 1685.

THE : BLOODY : MURDERERS : OF : THESE : MEN :
WERE : MAGOR : BALFOUR : AND : CAPTAIN : METLAND :
AND : UITH : THEM : OTHERS : UERE : NOT : FREE :
CAUSED : THEM : TO : SEARCH : IN : POLMADIE :
AS : SOON : AS : THEY : HAD : THEM : OUT : FOUND :
THEY : MURTHERED : THEM : UITH : SHOTS : OF : GUNS :
SCARCE : TIME : DID : THEY : TO : THEM : ALLOU :
BEFOR : THER : MAKER : THER ' KNIES : TO : BOW :
MANY : LIKE : IN : THIS : LAND : HAVE : BEEN :
WHOS : BLOOD : FOR : WINGANCE : CRYES : TO : HEAVN ·
THIS : CRUELL : WICKEDNESS : YOW : SEE :
WAS : DON : IN : LON : OF : POLMADIE :
THIS : MAY : A : STANDING : WITNESS : BE :
TUIXT : PRISBYTRIE : AND : PRELACIE :

Three miles from Cathcart bring us to the Sheddings of Busby. From Busby the road runs with a wearisome straightness till we reach the little hamlet of Waterfoot. Here we cross the Earn, a stream on whose banks Professor John Wilson ("Christopher North") when a boy, spent some of his happiest days. The road now resumes its straightness, and for two good miles rises and rises, until at the Bell Craig, about five hundred feet above the level of the sea, we catch sight of the parish church of Eaglesham. Arrived at Eaglesham, we rest and look about us, and secure our guide. Eaglesham is one of the few villages in

Scotland that has a pleasing appearance. It owes its present form to Alexander the tenth Earl of Eglinton, who, at the same time that Darvel was laid out as it now is, by the Marquis of Lothian, gave the ground which its two streets and gardens occupy, and turned the site of the old village into an open area of some two hundred yards wide, by four or five hundred in length. This area, or park, as it would be called in the city, is dotted here and there with trees, and through it dashes the stream that drives the cotton-mill that stands in the midst. The old village dated from a very early period. Its name, Eaglesham—*i.e.*, Kirk hamlet, or Kirk-town—carries its history perhaps as far back as the times of Columba, in the sixth century. In the twelfth century the parish was gifted to a Robert de Montgomerie, one of whose descendants in the fourteenth century married a Sir Hugh Eglinton. Sir Hugh was at the battle of Otterburn, and took Percy prisoner. Percy was afterwards ransomed, and with the ransom Sir Hugh built Polnoon Castle. The site of the castle is a mile to the south-east of the village, within the county of Renfrew, and not Ayrshire, as is stated in Sir Walter Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather," and Maidment's "Scottish Ballads." The older inhabitants of the village say that a considerable part of the castle was standing in their youth. It is now a grass-grown mound. The coat of arms that stood over the entrance is all that remains of its grandeur. It was taken away out of the ruins, and

built into the wall above the door of the chief inn in the village—the Cross Keys—where it is still to be seen. Eaglesham, however, has an older history than the Montgomeries of the twelfth century. Cairns, or traces of them, are found in different parts of the parish, as on the top of Ballagioch; behind Kirktonmuir, a farm about a mile to the west of the village; on a small wooded hill marked "Tumulus" on the Ordnance map, half-way on the road from the village to the Mearns; and at Crosslees, half-way between this tumulus and the village itself. At Crosslees the great stone that covered the cist is built into the wall, and is readily seen on the east side of the road.

In the fourteenth century the church of Eaglesham was attached to the Cathedral of Glasgow. For some time after the Reformation it had no minister. In the dearth that existed of properly qualified men the people had to be content with a reader. In the Register of Ministers and Readers in the year 1574, "Maister Johnne Colvile" is entered as minister to "Kilbride, Torrens, Curmanok, Egleschame;" and "Maister Patrik Wodruif" as "reidare at Egleschame," with a stipend of 20 merks, *i.e.*, £1, 13s. 4d. sterling. In the list of those who suffered by the Act of 1662, Wodrow gives the name of James Hamilton as minister of Eaglesham, and marks his name with a "C," as confined to his parish. During the long years of persecution much suffering was endured by the people. The house is still pointed out—that now

occupied by the parish schoolmaster—in which an Alexander Hume, or Sheriff Hume, probably because he was sheriff-depute, or was employed by the sheriff, resided, who did much to harass and track out the sufferers. If tidings of a field-preaching within his district reached his ears, there he was sure to be. Richard Cameron was to preach at Mungo Hill, near the mineral well, entitled St Mungo's Well, of no mean local fame, about three miles to the south of Eaglesham, and one of the wildest and most sequestered spots in a parish affluent to riches in such places. The report came to the ear of Hume, and he and one of his retainers were soon at the spot. They immediately began to pull down the tent, on the plea that it was on Eglinton's grounds. Tradition says Richard Cameron interfered, and told them that he was upon the ground of the great God of heaven, unto whom the earth and its fulness did belong, and charged them in his Master's name to forbear. Hume, though at first a man of large means, and, according to the "Cloud of Witnesses," "a great exactor," came to poverty, and died a dependant on the charity of those whom in the days of his prosperity he persecuted. A story is told of his going with the wooden bowl used for the porridge or broth in olden times, before plates of earthenware were introduced into this country, to a farmer whom he had greatly wronged in the years of persecution, and begging from him. The farmer took pity on his

former enemy, and filled his dish with meal. Hume thanked him by saying, "Thou art heaping coals of fire on my head." Upon Hume's grave, says John Howie's informant, writing in 1780, the schoolboys cast their ashes, till it became a kind of dunghill, and so remains to this day.

Notwithstanding Hume's vigilance, the moors to the south of Eaglesham were a favourite place for preaching during the persecution. Indeed, their vast extent, and the dangerous footing the moss affords for cavalry, made them comparatively safe. Still horsemen did sometimes attempt to traverse them in pursuit of the Covenanters, but it was often only to come to an untimely end in some treacherous bog. "I have been told," said an old man to us, "that some years after the Revolution a King's horseman, and his horse beneath him, were found in a flow in the moss away in the moor back from Mungo's Well." They had sunk, and the soft moss had sucked them in, and they died.

In the churchyard, at the north-west corner, near where the ministers of the parish have been buried since, is the grave of two martyrs, who were shot by a party of Highlandmen and dragoons, under the command of Ardincaple, on May 1, 1685—a day also memorable as that on which John Brown, the Christian carrier, was murdered by Claverhouse at Priesthill. Their names are not in Wodrow. The tradition in the parish is that they had been at a

conventicle, and were on their way home, when they were overtaken by Ardincaple coming from the west. The one was shot at Cowplie, a farmhouse that stood at the foot of Melowther Hill, about three miles to the south-west of Eaglesham village. The other escaped, but the soldiers overtook him about a mile farther on the road—at Sparrow Hall, a farmhouse, which, like Cowplie, has long ago fallen into ruins and disappeared. After the Revolution a flat stone was put over their grave. About thirty years ago, as the stone was mouldering away, a monument was erected close by it, and the old inscription, with the text of the sermon preached on the occasion, reproduced. It is:

PSA. CXII. & VI. THE RIGHTEOUS
SHALL BE IN EVERLASTING REME-
MBRANCE.

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HERE LIE GABRIEL THOMSON
AND ROBERT LOCKHART
WHO WERE KILLED FOR OUNING THE COVEN-
ANTED TESTIMONY BY A PARTY OF HIGH-
LANDMEN AND DRAGOONS UNDER THE
COMMAND OF ARDENCAPLE 1ST MAY 1685.

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THESE MEN DID SEARCH THROUGH MOOR AND MOSS,
TO FIND OUT ALL THAT HAD NO PASS—
THESE FAITHFULL WITNESSES WERE FOUND,
AND MURDERED UPON THE GROUND
THEIR BODIES IN THIS GRAVE DO LIE,
THEIR BLOOD FOR VENGEANCE YET DOTH CRY
THIS MAY A STANDING WITNESS BE
FOR PRESBYTRY GAINST PRELACY—

When the old stone was lifted, and the foundation dug out for the present monument, two skulls were found about the length of a man from each other, not far from the surface, lying "heads and thraws," *i.e.*, in opposite directions. No trace of a coffin was to be seen. The probability is that the bodies had been carried down under the cover of night to the churchyard by friends, a shallow grave had been hastily dug, and, through lack of time to make it large enough, they had been put in "heads and thraws."

Like many villages in Scotland, Eaglesham is overchurched. Its four different places of Protestant worship, besides a chapel for the adherents of Rome, afford accommodation for every man, woman, and child in the parish. Forced settlements, during the iron rule of Moderatism, have succeeded in dividing the people into sects, and alienating from the Church of Scotland the best of her children. In April 1767 the Presbytery was appointed to meet at Eaglesham, for the ordination of a Mr Clark, the presentee to the parish, but a man whom the parishioners detested. When Principal Leechman and a few others came to the village, a crowd was in waiting for them. At the church every avenue was found guarded by the people, armed with sticks, resolved to dispute possession to the last; and when they tried to enter, they were hooted and pelted with dirt and stones until they had to flee for refuge to a neighbouring house. But their difficulties were not over. There were several

ministers belonging to other Presbyteries, but not the three needed from the Presbytery of Glasgow. The court could not be constituted. Great was the joy of the people when they learned the ordination could not take place. When the baffled intrusionists came out, they were received with shouts of derision, and were followed by the mob in full cry, until, at the Bell Craig, the road downhill enabled their steeds to carry them beyond the reach of their pursuers. In June following, Mr Clark was ordained, but with the aid of a detachment of soldiers. He came to an untimely end. The spot is pointed out in the south side of the village where, some few years after, he fell from his horse, and was killed. The last forced settlement was that of Mr Davidson, in 1816. In a large parish, three only—the baron-bailie, the game-keeper, and another—were found to sign the call. Dr Chalmers, who had shortly before come to Glasgow, was present at the moderation, but all he did was to ask if there were no more to sign the call. The three were left alone, and in due time Mr Davidson was ordained.

Mr Davidson's settlement led to the formation of the Reformed Presbyterian congregation. One of its founders was a worthy elder, dead some forty years ago, of the name of James Young. Dr Simpson, of Sanquhar, in his "Voice from the Desert," tells the story of the troubles two ancestors of the elder—a William and an Andrew Young—had to endure during the years of

persecution. In substance we have heard the story from persons in Eaglesham, who never read his volume. The brothers lived in High Craig, a farm about two miles to the south-east of the village. Here, or in the neighbouring farm of Stonebyres, their ancestors are said to have lived for six or seven hundred years. On one occasion the soldiers visited High Craig, drove away the cattle, and set fire to the house. At another, they surprised Andrew as he was ploughing in company with his brother William's young son. The soldiers bound Andrew with ropes, and were proceeding to carry him away, when William appeared, a tall, strongly-built man, with a loaded musket in his hand. He demanded that his brother be set free, and told his son to loose the ropes. The boy hesitated, through fear of the soldiers, when the father firmly said, "Loose him, and let me see them dare to touch a hair of your head." Whether the soldiers were overawed or not by his threats is not related, but the result was, the brother was set free. The soldiers soon afterwards appeared in greater force, and William had to hide himself; and the tradition is, that he lay hid for six weeks in a peat stack, and that food was supplied to him, when an opportunity could be found in the absence or during the sleep of the soldiers, by removing a peat, which was immediately replaced. William was at Bothwell Bridge. In the flight after the battle, he and three companions were pursued, and had a narrow escape. Both brothers were out-

lawed, and Andrew was at length seized, and taken to Glasgow jail, out of which, however, he and several others managed to escape. Andrew was again caught, and was banished to Virginia, where he remained till the Revolution, when, returning home, he died on the voyage. William survived the Revolution, and his remains rest in Eaglesham Churchyard.

In number the Reformed Presbyterian congregation is not large, but small as it is, at least seven of its families can trace their lineage to ancestors who suffered during the years of persecution. A touching story is told of the wife of one of these sufferers. Her husband, a John Watt, was at a prayer meeting, when it was broken in upon by a party of soldiers. All escaped, but shots were fired. Nobody was hurt, but John Watt had one side of his long hair carried away—the love-locks as they were then called—which he wore in imitation of more fashionable people. John took this as a lesson not to walk in the ways of the world, and he had the rest of his hair cut, after the manner of his more sedate friends. His escape did not bring him security. He soon discovered he was a marked man, and so he fled to Holland, where he found the freedom denied him in his native land. He remained abroad for six or seven years, during which, for some reason or another, no tidings of him reached his wife's ears. From the long silence, she sorrowfully concluded he must be dead. The Revolution came, and a year or more passed; still no

tidings of him; when one day—and it is said it was a day of bright sunshine—she and a neighbour were standing at the house door, talking of the ways of the world. Suddenly the neighbour notices a man coming over the rising ground, about a mile away, and says, "Yonder's a man coming over the hill uncommonly like John Watt." "Impossible!" replied the wife; "it cannot be him; he's dead long ago." The winding of the road soon hid him from view, but it was not long until he again appeared, and within a hundred yards of his own door, where the two were still talking. For a moment Mrs Watt fixed her eye upon the approaching stranger, and then exclaimed, "Keep me, it's my man!" and fell to the ground. She had fainted away for joy. John was little changed with his long exile, but grief for his supposed loss had silvered his wife's hair. A sword—an Andrea Ferrara—that belonged to Watt, is in the possession of the writer. The family of the Watts is said, according to tradition, to have come into the parish of Eaglesham some six or seven hundred years ago.

But our guide is waiting for us, and so we start. We go up the long street of Eaglesham, and hear, as we pass, the click of the handloom, and learn that handloom weaving, at miserably low wages, and with long hours, employs some two hundred of its population. Half-way up the street, at the west end of the mill, is a mound that, in the memory of the oldest inhabitants, has borne the name of "the Mote,"—it

may be because the place where the affairs of the district were discussed in olden times. But we soon reach its highest point, which we leave behind us, and a treeless, waving tract of pasture-land stretches before us. On the left are the three reservoirs, the Picketlaw, the Mid-dam, and the High-dam, whose waters drive the immense wheel of the Eaglesham cotton-mill. On the right, about a hundred yards from the village, we pass the road that leads to Moorhouse, the birthplace of Robert Pollok, the author of "The Course of Time."

A mile from the village of Eaglesham the road again rises steadily. Half-way up the ascent, on the left, is the old road to Lochgoin; but for the next mile, to obtain a better view of the country to the north, we keep on the highway to Kilmarnock. As we near the top of the brae, we leave, at the height of eight hundred feet above the level of the sea, the signs of cultivation behind us, and enter upon Eaglesham Muir, a large stretch of waste ground, upon which the villagers have the right of casting peats and pasturing a single cow. When we have reached the summit, nearly another mile of table-land lies before us. It is still moor, and the heather is in the full bloom of its autumn dress. We hear the pees-weep, but not the peculiar whir and cock-cock of the grouse. It is the 16th of August, and the murderous weapons of the sportsmen since the 12th have sadly thinned their numbers. We are now at the foot of

Ballagioch, a hill that rises before us to the height of perhaps two hundred feet from the road; but the beautiful map of the Ordnance Survey tells us it is a thousand and eighty-four feet above the level of the sea. The view from its summit is very fine. It and the trackless moor to the south were the favourite places of resort of the author of "The Course of Time," when he stayed at Moorhouse. Both are celebrated by him in his poem in the well-known passages in the fifth book. At its base, on the north side, not far from the farm of Lochcraig, the coal measures crop out, and in the blocks of shale that rise up through the moss are to be found abundance of specimens of the strange flora of the carboniferous age, the *sigillaria*, so remarkable for their beautifully sculptured stems, and their not less singular roots, the *stigmaria* of the fossil botanist.

But our course now took us away from the road to Kilmarnock. We went through the meadow, and close by the farmhouse of the hospitable tenant of the Greenfields, a large farm of some thousand acres, to the south and west of Ballagioch, until, at the Blackwood, we were on the straight path to Lochgoin, which we caught sight of standing in its solitude, fully two miles away. Our route now lay through a long tract of mossy ground intersected with sheep drains. Here and there the fresh cuttings disclosed trees embedded in the moss, telling of a time when this now treeless country must have been covered

with waving forests. The trees are generally hazel, and often they have a foot, or even several feet, of moss beneath them, showing that the moss must have existed anterior to the hazel. It is only when we come to the bottom of the moss that we find the oak and the pine, the remains of the ancient Caledonian forests. How long the moss may have taken to grow, it is not easy to say. An old man, upwards of eighty, once told us that he had cast peats twice in the same place, in the west of the Carse of Stirling; and his opinion was, that in favourable circumstances the peat would grow from twelve to eighteen inches in a century; but such circumstances are rare. The vast numbers of sheep and cattle now to be found in our moorland districts, that live upon the material out of which the moss is formed, and the drainage now taking place everywhere over Scotland, make such rapid growth a thing of the past.

Although the day was fine, and the breeze sufficient to moderate the heat of a summer's sun, a haze hung over the distant landscape, so that we had to content ourselves with noticing the sheep of the blackfaced breed, and the well proportioned Ayrshire cattle, with their wild eye, fear-inspiring to travellers from the city, yet withal more peaceful than the quieter-looking Tees-water, oftener found near the busy haunts of men. The moor has few flowers, but there was enough for us in the heather, the bell heather, the blue bell, the tormentil, with its small bright yellow

cruciform flowers, whose roots country people prize for their astringent qualities, and the bogbean, with its bitterest of leaves, so bitter, that one does not wonder that the Swedes use them for hops. We looked for adders but found none, although we afterwards learned at Lochgoin that fifteen had been killed this season on the bent over which we were travelling. As the heather was in full bloom, the air was musical with the hum of the wild bee, two species of which, a brown and a dark coloured one, both much larger than the bee of our hives, are common upon the moors. The brown, *Bombus muscorum*, called in Scotland the *foggie*, or moss bee, makes its hive down in the *fog*, or mossy grass. A mower told us that this year their hives were more plentiful and larger than ever he had seen them. Out of one hive which he had come upon while mowing, no less than four horn-spoonfuls of honey had been taken.

Watching the bees, and talking of the times when the wild country around us was the refuge of the noble men who, at the price of many privations, and not seldom their own lives, secured for us our present liberties, we came in view of the site of the loch that bears the name of the house we were soon to visit. Lochgoin Loch was an irregularly shaped sheet of water, covering about one hundred and forty acres. It was entirely artificial, and was first formed in 1828, for the purpose of supplying the mills at Kilmarnock with water. Some four or five years ago it was tapped

dry, as the embankment was supposed to be insufficient, and its peaty bottom traversed by surface drains. The loch which formerly bore the name of Lochgoin lay some two hundred yards to the west of the one lately drained. It was drained about forty years ago, and is now a fertile meadow, but of no great size, as indeed its name Lochgoin—*i.e.*, loch for the stirks—indicates. As we left the site of the loch behind us on the left, our path became less trackless, and gave signs that we were nearing the object of our visit. From being little better than a sheep-walk it took the form of a road, with a ditch on either side that seemed to tell of all but unfathomable depths of peat moss. Soon we came to a gate, and a small burn that forms the frontier between the two shires, and we had the pleasure, in turn, of having one foot in Renfrew and the other in Ayrshire. We had now entered the parish of Fenwick, the scene of the labours of the well-known William Guthrie, the author of the "Christian's Great Interest." About forty yards to the south, close upon the wire fence, the march that divides the shires, a small mound rises two or three feet from above the surrounding moss. It marks the place where lie the remains of a poor famished wanderer o the name of Miller, who came begging to Lochgoin, two hundred years or more ago, during one of the famines that were not uncommon in the early ages of Scottish history. He received food, and left for Eaglesham ; but his hunger had been so great, that

from the full meal he had taken, he became ill on the road, and died on the spot where his body lies buried. Leaving the march behind us, a few hundred yards further in Ayrshire brought us to the house which some of our party had come far to see, and we were now at Lochgoin.

The present house is a roomy, commodious abode, well suited for the purposes of a moorland farm. It was built in 1858, on the site of the old house, which, through age, had become quite unfit for the abode o man. On the lintel, as we enter, several dates are inscribed, telling of the changes that have taken place, either upon the family or their abode. The first, 1178, is the year when three brothers of the name of Hoi, or Hoy, now Howie, came from one of the Waldensian valleys to escape the fury of the persecutor, and found refuge in Lochgoin. It would have been interesting to have known what were the reasons, in a century in which not a little was done for the evangelisation of the north of Europe, which led them to make Scotland the country of their adoption. But they have left no record behind them. The first of the family of whom we have any printed notice is James Howie, the great-grandfather of the writer of the "Scots Worthies." He lived during the twenty-eight years' persecution. From his known sympathies and its inaccessible nature, Lochgoin became a favourite place of resort to the persecuted remnant. Twelve times was his house harried by the

JOHN HOWIE'S FARM, LOCHGOIN.

soldiers, and once all his cattle were carried away. A narrative of his sufferings is appended to John Howie's (of the "Scots Worthies") autobiography. It is short, for it does not occupy more than seven pages, but it is so full of stirring incidents, that are a sample only of what he could have told us, that one regrets the writer had not told us more. Indeed, what he does tell is given merely because the autobiography fell short of the pages specified in the proposals.

Noted as Lochgoin was for a place of refuge during the years of persecution, it yet would not have been better known to us than many a farmhouse in the south-west of Scotland that afforded shelter to the persecuted, but for its connection with the writer of the "Scots Worthies." John Howie was born at Lochgoin. "I had a religious education," he says, "and my grandfather and grandmother, with whom I was brought up from the time I was a year old, were reputed in the place where they lived for honest, religious persons." But at first his religious training little profited him. Indeed, his early life was such as reflected no credit upon a religious profession. It was not until he was married for the second time, that the seed sown in youth produced fruit. His second wife, Janet Howie, a cousin of his own, was a pious woman, and her piety was the making of her husband. He died January 5, 1793, after a lengthened illness, which, there is reason to believe, was brought on by

his too great devotion to literary pursuits. From childhood the lives of the martyrs and the stories of their sufferings were his delight, so that he was only following early predilections when he began to write about them. "I took up," he says, "a resolution to collect what materials I could obtain, and write a kind of lives of a number of them, which I did at leisure hours, with small views that ever anything I could do should merit the publishing of them." The result was the "Scots Worthies," which was published in 1775, and in a second and improved as well as enlarged edition in 1781 or 1782. It soon asserted for itself a place among the books of a Scotch household. Indeed, few books are better known in the country districts of Scotland. This it owes both to the national interest of its subject, and the unpretending matter-of-fact style in which it is written. Its lives are well told. It possesses, to a large extent, the happy art of telling of a man the leading points in his life and character, without wearying the reader by minute details. A number of other works followed the "Scots Worthies." The most important of them are his collections of lectures and sermons by Guthrie, Bruce, Cameron, Livingston, and others. But for him, there is too much reason to fear that the manuscripts from which he copied them would have perished. In the preface to the earlier collection, he says that the "discourses were collected from ten or twelve volumes, mostly in an old, small, cramp hand.

Some of them, I suppose, were wrote by famous Sir Robert Hamilton and worthy Mr Robert Smith." Like the books of the Sibyl, these volumes have been destroyed, or have disappeared, save three. The handwriting of two of these volumes, to a practised eye, is not difficult to make out. One of them contains eleven sermons by Guthrie of Fenwick, four of which are printed in the earlier collection, while the other has a sermon by Bruce, also printed, and six by Cargill. The third volume is nearly illegible. On comparing the printed sermons with the manuscript note-book, it will be found that considerable liberties have been taken with the text. In his preface, John Howie says he has put some of the old-fashioned words, or expressions, into more proper English. It may be questioned if the changes are improvements. In the close of the eighteenth century, when the influence of Samuel Johnson was all powerful, it may have been thought better to replace plain Saxon by Latinised English, but the severer taste of the present day prefers the words actually spoken, however homely they may be. A single instance out of many that might be given of the changes Howie has made, may suffice. On page 14 of the earlier collection, in a sermon by William Guthrie on the words, "For what is a man profited if he should gain the whole world," etc., we have, "Ye that cast your souls at your heels, and undervalue them, and spend more time and pains on the poor

perishing things of the world, would ye be called Christians? Nay, rather limbs of the devil, worldly worms, and moles of the earth." But in the manuscript it is, "Ye that cast your soul at your heel, and undervalue it, and spend your time on poor perishing things of the world, would ye be called Christians? Nay, rather devil's limbs, worldly worms, and moudiwarks."

Long as is the list of books which John Howie published, it does not comprise all that he prepared for the press. In May 1792 he issued proposals for an edition of Stevenson's "History of the Church and State of Scotland," in two octavo volumes of "upwards of 1100 pages," "price of the volume sewed in blue paper, 2s., to be paid on delivery," to which he was to add "a postscript or supplement," "from 1649, where Mr ANDREW STEVENSON leaves off, to the RESTORATION, 1660," "Subscribers to pay in proportion for it, as they pay for the above two volumes." Stevenson's "History" was published in 1753. Its title-page announces that it will be in four volumes, the fourth to embrace from 1649 to 1660, but three only appeared. It is said that the manuscript of the fourth was destroyed by fire. Howie died before the supplement was sent to the press. Part of the manuscript exists, but it does not contain anything of value.

After his death a book was published by his son James, entitled, "Memoirs of the Life of John Howie."

In the body of the work John Howie gives it a different name—"A Brief Narrative of some Religious Exercises," etc. This latter title aptly describes the character of the book, for it gives us little of the history of his life. Its main interest lies in the insight it gives us into the religious exercises of a pious Scotsman in the closing half of last century, as well as in the illustrations it gives us of the evangelical character of the preaching of the fathers of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, and of how much good men like John Howie profited under it. Like many diaries that good men have kept, it shows that his religion did not give him all the comfort it ought to have given him. But for this he had himself to blame. He was too much given to spiritual analysis—to looking inwards, when he should have looked outwards to the cross of Christ. Had he spent the time in meditating on the perfection of Christ's work that he did in looking into his own heart, he would have been a happier man.

In 1809 a pamphlet, now very rare, entitled, "Humble Pleadings, etc.; or a Representation of Grievances for the consideration of the Reformed Presbytery, by John Howie," was issued by John Calderwood of Clanfin. Notwithstanding Mr Buckle's fancy that Scotsmen are given to fasting on set occasions, Calderwood is almost the only Scotsman that ever we heard of in this century that rigorously abstained on fast-days from all manner of food. Our

informant, who served under him, assured us that not a bite of meat was used by him and his housekeeper, or given to others, from Wednesday night till Friday morning, when the sacramental fast came round. "As for me," he added, "I could not stand it; but, on the way to the kirk, I went to a neighbour's and ate the breakfast I had taken the precaution to secure the night before; but I am certain John did not touch meat." He became a non-hearer. For forty years he did not enter a church door, and ultimately took such dark views of mankind, that when he was desirous of marrying a second time, he could find no minister of Christ upon earth correct enough in doctrine and practice to marry him, and so the good man had to remain unmarried. He published a number of pamphlets, and prefaced "A Collection of the Dying Testimonies of some holy and pious Christians who lived in Scotland before and since the Revolution;" one of which Lord Macaulay declares to be one of the most curious of the many curious papers written by the Covenanters of that generation. By a slip of the pen Macaulay calls him George, but his Christian name was John. In his postscript to the "Pleadings" Calderwood evidently claims John Howie as a non-hearer, but there is no evidence for this in the brief narrative. The passage in which Howie speaks of his attendance upon the Supper, is worth quoting. "For the Sacraments, particularly the Supper, I durst but scarcely partake of it, and that with much fear,

and but seldom, not only on account of the terms of Church communion, which I and others looked upon to be somewhat difficult, but also on account of my own unworthiness, diffidence, and want of suitable exercises and frame; so that I may say my case in this was similar to those mentioned by the apostle, 'Who were all their lifetime kept in bondage through fear.'" These are manifestly the words of doubting and fearing, but not those of a non-hearer. Much as John Howie speaks of the decay of vital religion among professing Christians in the prefaces to his different works—and there was much in the condition of the Church in the close of last century to lead him thus to speak—he was not so left to himself as to become a non-hearer, and die out of the communion of the visible Church.

One characteristic of Howie ought not to be overlooked. In all his publications he has one object in view. It is not to gratify an antiquarian taste, or to gain fame, but to advance the interests of what he believed to be truth. Several of his books must have cost him great labour, but the desire to perpetuate and spread the principles of the Reformation carried him through, and enabled him to surmount obstacles that, to one living so far from public libraries, would at first sight have seemed such as he could not overcome.

As might be expected from its history, and the interest John Howie took in all that related to the

Scots Worthies, there is much in Lochgoin that recalls the times of persecution. There are :

*Captain John Paton's Bible.*—Captain John Paton is well known to the reader of the "Scots Worthies." His life is one of the best in the book. The Bible is a 24mo, dated "London, Printed by the Company of Stationers, 1653." The captain's autograph is on the blank side of the title-page. The inscription on the inside of one of the boards tells its history. It is :

CAPT^N JOHN PATON'S BIBLE,
WHICH HE GAVE TO HIS WIFE FROM OFF THE
SCAFFOLD WHEN HE WAS EXECUTED FOR
THE CAUSE OF JESUS CHRIST,
AT EDINBUGH, ON THE 8TH OF MAY, 1684.
JAMES HOWIE RECEIVED IT FROM THE
CAPTAIN'S SONS DAUGHTERS HUSBAND
AND GAVE IT TO JOHN HOWIE HIS NEPHEW.

The book, through visitors pilfering its leaves, was rapidly disappearing, but a kind friend in 1873 got it handsomely bound, the missing leaves being supplied by blank pages, and put in its present oaken case. The last pages have been torn out, so that the book somewhat strikingly ends with Rev. xii. 11, "And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony; and they loved not their lives unto the death."

*Captain John Paton's Sword.*—It is twenty-seven and a half inches in length, and is sadly worn away by rust. Although the tradition is that it has seen

serious work, it is too light to have been of much service. Another sword, an Andrea Ferrara, forty inches in length, and in excellent preservation, in the possession of Thomas Rowatt, Esq. of Bonnanhill, Strathaven, a descendant of Captain Paton, has been handed down in the family from generation to generation as belonging to their ancestor. It is a formidable weapon, and in the captain's hand was quite capable of the exploits Howie records were performed by it.

*A Drum*, said to have been at Drumclog.

*A Flag*, made of linen, and six feet in length by five and a half in breadth. Little is known of it save that it has long been in possession of the family. Forty years ago it had become very dirty, from the peat reek common in houses where the fire is in the middle of the floor. It was washed, and has been so, till lately, once a year ever since. This has made it cleaner, but it has deprived it of the darker hues that suggest antiquity. The spelling of "Fenwick" as "Phinigk" is very old. In the "Act rescinding the forfeitures and fines past since the year 1665," an Act made in 1690, it is always spelt "Phinnick," evidently a newer form than "Phinigk." We give its inscription :

*An open Bible.* — *A Crown and Thistle.*

PHINIGK FOR GOD — C℧NTRY
AND COVENANTED WORK
OF REFORMATIONS.

The blank in the first line, between "FOR GOD"

and "CWNTRY," would imply that it was made at a time when there was uncertainty about who was the ruler, so that it is not improbable it may be as old as Drumclog. Our publishers have permitted us to use the correct and neatly engraved illustration of the relics at Lochgoin, which appears in their illustrated edition of the "Scots Worthies."*

*A Horn*, made out of a bullock's horn, used as a trumpet, but from its appearance, more likely to have been a powder horn.

In the youth of Thomas Howie, who died at the age of eighty-four, in the summer of 1863, *the pistol holsters of Balfour of Kinloch, or Burley*, were shown to visitors, but they have long ago disappeared.

*Coins.*—To many these will be the greatest source of attraction. Originally they belonged to the James Howie who suffered so much during the persecution. One day, when the alarm had been given that the soldiers were coming, he took up his purse and fled. Lest he should be overtaken, he hid the purse in the ground, expecting to get it again after the soldiers were gone. But he never was able to come upon it again. A servant man about the house was blamed with having secretly gone out and stolen its contents. This he stoutly denied, but the theft was laid to his charge till the day of his death. About fifty years

* The "Scots Worthies," by John Howie, of Lochgoin. Revised from the Author's Original Edition, by the Rev. W. H. Carslaw, M.A., 1870. Edinburgh: Johnstone, Hunter, & Co.

RELICS AT LOCHGOIN.

ago, on a Sabbath morning, James Howie, the son of the author of the "Scots Worthies," was driving the cattle out to the moor, when one of the cows, in jumping over a *sheuch, i.e.*, a ditch or furrow, sent one of its heels into a small hillock, and disclosed something bright, which glistened in the rays of the sun. It was a silver broad piece. "He picked it up," said a John Waterston to us, who was then a boy serving at Lochgoin, "and as many more as he could lay his hands upon;" but he did no more at the time, as it was the Lord's Day, than mark the spot—a spot not above fifty yards to the west of the house. Next morning he came with a spade and dug about until he came upon an old green purse and the rest of its contents. In all there were about forty dollars and several smaller coins. Of these twenty-two only now remain. Nineteen are dollars. All are more or less clipped. The milling, the grand preventive of clipping—an improvement which, in this country, we owe to the genius and resolution of four of England's greatest names, Somers and Montagu, Locke and Newton—had not yet been generally introduced. Thirteen of the dollars are coins of the Republic of the Seven United Provinces, whose early struggles for liberty have been so eloquently told in our own time in the pages of Prescott and Motley. The earliest is of Friesland, of date 1597, not long after the seven provinces had united together. Its inscription, "DEUS FORTITUDO ET SPES NOSTRA," *i.e.*, "God our strength

and hope," tells how it was that the youthful republic withstood the might of one of the greatest monarchies the world ever saw. The others are of the years 1620, 1623, 1629, 1631, 1657, 1659, 1660, and five 1662, and have all the inscription, "RES PARVAE CRESCUNT CONCORDIA"—an inscription as instructive to small churches, as doubtless it was to the small States of Holland.

Four are coins of the German empire. There is one of the irresolute and timid Rudolph II., of date 1601; another of the bigoted Ferdinand, the master of the proud Wallenstein, of date 1621; and two of Ferdinand III.—one, a very fine specimen, struck in the year 1648, the year of the Peace of Munster, which closed the Thirty Years' War—and a second, of date 1655.

Two are of the twelve free cities, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort, etc.—one of date 1601, and the other 1659. Its inscription, "DA PAC. DOMINE IN DIEB. NOSTRIS"—"Give peace, Lord, in our days"—affectingly tells of the barbarities the French, under Marshal Turenne, were then perpetrating in Germany.

The three smaller coins are shillings, one of them a shilling of the last year of Elizabeth's reign, and other two of the later Irish coinage of James I.

The large amount of foreign coin in the purse will not seem strange to those who remember how common it was for Scotsmen in that age, like the Swiss in the last century and in this, to serve as soldiers of

fortune in the armies of Holland, of Germany, of France, and even of Spain. The redoubtable Dugald Dalgetty is something more than the creation of fancy. One of the most stirring pages in Schiller chronicles how Henderson, a Scotsman, commanded the reserve at the battle which proved fatal to Gustavus Adolphus, and yet turned out a victory for the Protestant interest, through the impassioned desire of the soldiery to avenge the death of the king, whom they loved almost to idolatry. Captain Paton, whose Bible we have just looked at, received his captaincy for deeds of valour in the service of the Swedish king, and he was born and brought up within sight of Lochgoin. Nisbet of Hardhill, an estate in the neighbouring parish to Lochgoin, one of Howie's Scots Worthies, learned the art of war in foreign countries. And Paton and Nisbet, we may be certain, were not the only Scotsmen in their district who had come home with the titles wherewith Gustavus honoured his brave soldiers, and the more substantial dollars earned in the armies of the wealthy burghers of Holland.

*Manuscripts.*—With the exception of the three notebooks these have all perished. About twenty years ago, a chest containing the papers of John Howie, that had long lain in the loft, was examined. It was found that the mice had reduced its contents, said our informant, "to mulins," *i.e.*, to crumbs, and the whole were committed to the flames.

*Books.*—John Howie had amassed a large collection,

as well as inherited some valuable volumes from his father, of which evidently scarcely the half remain. The most valuable—the broadsides, the last speeches of the martyrs, the pamphlets of the Covenanting period, and the controversial writings that arose out of Mr M'Millan's accession to the Societies—have nearly all disappeared. They have been stolen, or borrowed by people who have quietly forgotten that to keep what belongs to your neighbour is little better than to keep stolen goods. The books now to be seen are somewhat under three hundred in number. Although the best are away, there are still some of interest. There are the "breeches" Bible, Lond. 1599; a black-letter copy of Foxe's "Book of Martyrs," Lond. 1641; and one or two curious old commentaries. On a copy of Irving's "Oracles of God," Lond. 1824, there is the following inscription, in the well-known handwriting of the author:

"To my cousins, the Howies of Loch Goyne, the representatives of a family which has done much, and suffered much for the testimony of Christ.

"EDWD. IRVING."

The most valuable part of the library is the collection of pamphlets. They are chiefly of the middle and close of last century. Like most pamphlets issued at that time, the title-page generally contains as much matter as would now fill an ordinary preface. Some of these title-pages must have cost their authors

no small pains. One of the most striking instances of such loaded pages is to be found in Thorburn's "Vindiciæ Magistratus," Edin. 1773. Its size is octavo, yet it contains not less than fifty lines. In others the great object seems to be to put the sting into the title-page—if possible, utterly to destroy the adversary before the page is turned. Three instances will suffice; and if we are not mistaken, the first and second are both from the same pen:

THE
*Presbyterian Covenanter*
DISPLAYED,
In his POLITICAL PRINCIPLES;
AND THE
IMPOSTOR DETECTED.
Being an Answer to an Extravagant Testimony emitted by a *Presbytery* usurping the title REFORMED &c.

* * * *

DUBLIN
MDCC,LXV.

REMARKS
UPON A VERY
EXTRAORDINARY BOOK,
INTITLED
An Apology and Vindication, &c
EMITTED BY
Still more extraordinary Authors, who design themselves "*A poor illiterate, ignorant, and*

*despicable,*" (not despised) "*handful of the Associate Congregations of Kilmaurs, Beith &c*

BUT NOTWITHSTANDING OF THIS

Their Profession of Ignorance, and want of Learning, have commenced Expositors (rather wresters) of Scripture and Divine Things; belying our Church Standards; arraigning and condemning Church Courts, for not passing Decisions agreeable to their Mind

ALL OF WHICH

Agree very well with the above Description, the Authors give of themselves.

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GLASGOW.
1783.

## *The TESTIMONY Deserted.*

A PLAIN

DISCOVERY

OF THE

DEFECTIONS and SELF-INCONSISTENCIES that Mr John M'Millan, and the People in Communion with him, are guilty of; With the Reasons for which the *True Presbyterians* of the Covenanted Church of *Scotland* cannot own Mr *M'Millan* for their Minister.

* * * *

By WILLIAM WILSON.

* * * *

GLASGOW.
MDCCXLIII.

The first of these is chiefly noteworthy as leading to the publication of the mass of compact and solid thinking that Mr Thorburn of Pentland published under the title of "Vindiciæ Magistratus"—one of a series that the fathers of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in the last century issued, in vindication of the teachings of Scripture upon civil magistracy.

The second is certainly intended to be a stinging title-page.

The author of the third, William Wilson, was a native of Ireland. He settled in this country, and wrote a number of books, the burden of most of which is to show that Mr John M'Millan of Balmaghie, the first minister of the General Societies after the Revolution, cannot be owned for a lawful minister of Jesus Christ. Wilson was an active member of the General Societies, but M'Millan once felt it his duty to rebuke him for drunkenness. Wilson's pride was hurt. He withdrew from M'Millan's ministrations, and gradually adopted such views of the defection of all the branches of the Church that he could find no minister good enough for him. To such a length did he go that he advocated celibacy on the ground that there was no lawful minister of the Gospel in existence who could celebrate marriage "according to the comely order of the Church of Scotland." His pamphlet on the subject is entitled—"A Short Essay pointing out Lawful and Unlawful Marriages, with Reasons against Mongrel Marriages. Written in the month of Feb-

ruary, 1740. By a primitive Presbyterian. Glasgow, Printed for the Author, and published for the Real Benefit of Unmarried Presbyterians." His "Dying Testimony" is contained in Calderwood's "Dying Testimonies." It extends to a hundred and seventy closely printed 18mo pages, and is altogether as carping and self-righteous a document as can well be imagined. He seems to have ransacked his memory and his library in search of every practice that differed from his own, and poured upon it the vials of his wrath. Whitefield is called "a base, enthusiastic, prelatic imposter;" Queen Anne, "that wicked Jezabel, the pretended Queen Anne;" Cromwell, "a sectarian usurper;" and the British Parliament, "the brutish Parliament." The poor people that go about the country with raree shows he calls "base vagabonds that go from place to place with vain shows and pictures." Of the Anti-burghers he exclaims, "O my soul, come not thou into their secret! mine honour, be not thou united unto them." But the chief theme of his testimony is "the sinful ways" of Mr John M'Millan and the Reformed Presbytery. With a vigour and a variety of expression that would fill the Jesuits with envy, he curses him and his followers through eight pages.

Curious as the title-pages of many of these pamphlets are, their contents are not less so. We were particularly taken with one written by James Howie of Drumtee, a younger brother of the author of the

"Scots Worthies," entitled "Folly and Falsehood Exposed," etc., 1782. It is an answer to a William Alexander, a tailor in Eaglesham, who had written a pamphlet of ninety-two 12mo pages, abusing the Reformed Presbytery for not baptizing his child. James Howie ably vindicates the Presbytery, and disposes of the tailor in a very summary way. As an illustration of how incisively controversy was conducted in the keen air of Eaglesham and Lochgoin eighty years ago, we give the following choice *morceau* from its fourth page:

"Had the foolish, self-conceited Taylor planned out his work with the measuring line of wisdom, justice, righteousness, and prudence; had he cut it into its several parts with the scissors of holy Christian love, meekness, and godly fear; had he put on the thimble of ingenuity and sincerity, and taken to him the thread of candour, honesty, simplicity, and meekness, and stitched all his work together with the needle of truth and uprightness, and finally smoothed all its rough and clouted seams with the goose of humility, modesty, self-denial, and Christian charity, there would have been little occasion for this public examination of his sorry piece of wit and learning. But having taken the instruments of a foolish workman, namely, pedantry, causeless prejudice, falsehood and slander, misrepresentation, pride, and impious self-boasting, and, by these means, clouted together his monstrous performance, the wise man's words,

. . . 'answer a fool according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit,' may serve as a justification of the present appearance."

But the atmosphere is getting musty with turning over the pages of forgotten, worm-eaten pamphlets, and so we take to the open air, and look about us. Lochgoin stands high. It is nine hundred and fourteen feet above the level of the sea. Hence it commands a magnificent view of the surrounding country. To the north, in the far distance, are the Highland hills — Ben Voirlich, Ben Ledi, Ben Venue, Ben Lomond, Ben Cruachan. Away to the west is the fertile country round Kilmarnock. Beyond it we have fifteen to twenty miles of sea, and beyond these again the lofty heights of Arran. To the south-west, forty-five miles away, as the crow flies, we have the conical shaped Ailsa Craig. To the south there is a wide stretch of wild moor. Beyond the moor, about seven miles from Lochgoin, rises the round wooded top of Loudon Hill, near which lies the far-famed battlefield of Drumclog. The treeless and wild moorland aspect of the country tells that it owes nothing to the hand of man. It is one of the few districts of Scotland that must be very much the same that it was under the dynasty of the Stuarts.

Lochgoin must have been the site of human habitation for many ages. In 1862, about two hundred yards to the north-east of the house, a flint celt was picked up by the present tenant while ploughing.

About a mile to the west of Lochgoin, on the road to Drumtee, there are a number of green square spots with a slight ridge of earth and turf about them, that are evidently the site of human habitations, but when they were occupied by man has long been forgotten. From these oases in the moor there runs a turf dike, which, it is said, can be traced as far as Strathaven, twelve miles away.

Two hundred yards to the north of the house is a small mound made of peat, called "The Tope." From it, during the years of persecution, when the soldiers were expected, a watch was kept, and oftener than once an alarm was given from it to the inmates of the house, which enabled them to escape in safety. Professor Innes, in the glossary to his "Scotch Legal Antiquities," marks the word "tope" as uncertain in meaning. It is not an unusual word in Fenwick Parish. In the neighbouring farm of Drumtee a similar mound bears the same name.

To the south, lying to the sun, is what John Howie called his "garden of herbs." In a corner of it, sheltered by a turf dike, he wrote a considerable part of his "Scots Worthies." Two of the trees that encircle the garden are said to have been planted by James Howie, in the year of the Revolution, 1688. The rest have been planted since the century began. A small shed, or outhouse, lately pulled down, long stood in the garden, in connection with which a story is told extremely like a page from Defoe's vivid

account of the appalling visitations of the Great Plague in 1665. While the plague was raging in Glasgow, a former nurse came, on an autumn day, from thence to Lochgoin, and brought an apple for the two children. She divided it between them. They had scarcely eaten their halves when both took ill. They had caught the plague. So terrified were the inmates of Lochgoin, that the children were put into this outhouse, and all fled, save one, who handed them in, through a window, what they were supposed to need, on a long stick. The children soon died, and their bodies lay in the outhouse, until some one, less frightened than their friends, was brought from Glasgow to bury them. The place where they lie is marked by a cairn, on the edge of the moor, to the south of the house. About half a mile farther to the south is another cairn, under which repose the remains of six persons who, three centuries ago, were slain in a dispute that arose between the inhabitants of Fenwick and Eaglesham, when settling the boundary line which separates the one parish from the other.

In thus looking about us, and hearing from the present occupant of the farm—the thirty-eighth of his name that has been in Lochgoin—as well as from our guide, stories of days happily gone by, our time passed rapidly away, and we found that, if we would be home by nightfall, we must speedily retrace our steps. In little more than an hour's time we had left the moors behind us, and a cultivated country again gladdened

the eye. But the day's excursion had made an abiding impression upon us. We thought more highly of the fathers who hazarded their lives to secure for us our present liberties. And it made us feel that, with our abundant privileges, we would be guilty indeed if we did not strive to do more even than they did, to spread that Gospel, which nerved their arm in their contests with the tyrant and the bigot, the universal reception of which shall ring the death-knell of oppression and of wrong—the wide world over.*

* Since the foregoing chapter was written, the tenant of Lochgoin has (August 1874) made a cart road into his farm, so that it is now easily accessible. This new road is pointed out in the following chapter.

## CHAPTER VI.

### FENWICK.

ON an unusually pleasant day for the month of November, we left Eaglesham for Fenwick. For the first mile the road is the same as that by which in the preceding chapter we had gone to Lochgoin—a tableland of treeless country spreads out on either side. Forty years ago it was a bleak moor,—the farm through which it passes still bears the name of the Kirktown Moor, and, in the cutting at the roadside, with the black peat at the bottom, we see what a barren waste it must have been—now it is all fertile pasture. Near the road that turns off to Lochgoin the ground begins to rise, until, as cultivation is left behind, another plateau in Eaglesham Moor stretches out for a full mile.

But its aspect is now very different from what it was in August. The heather has laid aside its purple autumnal dress for its russet winter coat, and the

recent frost has made away with the wild flowers. But the lark, that sweetest of our songsters, has not yet laid past its music for the winter; and the sparrow now and then adds its chirruping accompaniment; and six times over the moorfowl, with its peculiar cry, which, once heard, can never be forgotten, has risen at our approach. Soon another mile is gone over, and, at the foot of Ballagioch, the road again rises until we are nine hundred and thirty-three feet above the level of the sea. We turn back for a moment to take a parting view of the fertile lands of Carmunnock, Kilbride, and the lochs of Eaglesham, that lie away from us in the distance. As we advance for the next mile, we find ourselves shut in within an amphitheatre. The ground rises on all sides of us, and the arena is a waste of peat; but no galaxy of beauty, no gazing thousands, throng its sloping sides. Not a creature is to be seen save a few sheep on the hill top, and not a sound is to be heard. The grouse have gone to the lower grounds. All is as still as silence itself. The landscape is robed in dreariness, for the bent has put on its bleak winter hue. Indeed, for bleak desolation, and yet a wild grandeur, the whole formed a scene not easily forgotten.

But we are rising out of the valley, and are again on a hill top. A hundred yards or so to the south of us is the *Queen's Seat*, so called as the resting-place of Queen Mary on her flight after the battle of

Langside. Before us a new country breaks upon the view. We have reached what in Scotland we happily call the *water-shed*,—a term that of late years physical geographers have appropriated as expressive of a meaning which no single term in English had hitherto conveyed. At this water-shed we, too, rest, and refresh the eye by gazing on the landscape that lies before us. For a full mile and more it is moor, but beyond this the moor blends into fields, hedges, trees, and farmhouses, that tell of culture and the abode of man; and farther still, sixteen miles away, lies the sea.

We find that the streams now run with us as we go, instead of against us, as has been the case since we left Eaglesham; and after ascending for so many miles inland, as we now descend, with the sea, glancing in the sun, bursting upon us in full view, the never-to-be-forgotten passage in the prince of ancient writers of narrative, rushes to memory, in which he describes the ascent of the Greeks up Mount Theche. For it would be from a similar height that Xenophon and the Ten Thousand would first catch sight of the sea after their dangerous and toilsome march in a strange land, where there was nothing to remind them of their sea-girt home.

The road now runs for a mile and a half down the hill, in a line as straight as an arrow. Shortly after leaving the summit we pass the spot to the north side of the road where, some sixty years ago, the mangled body of

a woman was found; but how she was murdered, or by whom, has never been known. It is a secret for the Great Day to disclose. A cairn was raised over the place where she was found, and each traveller, as he passed by, added his stone. Not long since, however, the road had to be repaired, and the good people thought, as one of them said to us, that the sight of the cairn made them *eerie;* and, as the stones were good for the use of man, the whole was turned into road metal. A mile from the hill top we pass Greenfield Burn, the boundary between the two shires; and just before we reach it, the new road to Lochgoin strikes off to the south. As we enter Ayrshire, signs of cultivation begin to appear, and we pass from the bent to pasture that has been under the plough. But the farmhouse on the roadside, the first we have seen for two miles, and the decayed trunks of trees, dug up while casting drains, tell us that it was once all like the peat-moss that lies at no great distance behind it. A few trees appear, and at the milestone —which stands where the Romans would have erected a temple to Hecate, at a *trivium*, or place where three ways meet—the road loses its straightness, and we are at Kingswell, the once famous resting-place between Glasgow and Kilmarnock.

The old inn, that had sheltered generations of wayfaring men, has been changed into a quiet farmhouse; and a stillness reigns, where, thirty years ago, all was bustle and activity, for as many as six-

teen stage-coaches sometimes passed by in a day. In older times it was not less the place of resort. The track road ran about twenty yards to the south of the present house, and it may be traced for miles over the moor, something in appearance like an old mill-course partially filled up. The traffic of ages had worn it down at least a couple of feet below the surface. "Along this track road," said the tenant of Kingswell to us, "my grandfather, who died at the age of eighty-four, thirty years ago, told me he remembered fifteen pack-horses regularly travelling between Glasgow and the west country." They came always to Kingswell in a string together, and the first horse had a bell on its neck, to give note of the approach of the cavalcade.

Two centuries earlier than this, one of the Jameses passed through on his way to Sorn Castle, to be present at the marriage of one of his courtiers. His journey prospered until he came to what is now called Kingswell, when he met with an accident, not unusual to travellers in the olden times. In trying to pass over an ugly looking *sheuch*, which still looks as bad as it then could have been, the King's horse got bogged, and he came to the inn asking assistance. The innkeeper, seeing him in such a sad plight, inquired after his horse. "It is stabled," said the King; and so the ditch behind the farm outhouses retains the name of the *King's Stable* to this day. A little from the King's Stable there wells up a spring,

out of which the King drank before he mounted horse again. Hence the name *King's Well.*

About a hundred yards to the south-east of the present house is a green field where, two hundred years ago, William Guthrie of Fenwick occasionally preached. It is still called the *Tent Knowe.* A mile from Kingswell, at the toll bar, on the farm of Hairlaw, is a patch of ground, lying on the water side, which gets the name of the *Dead Holm*, where tradition says a battle once was fought, now long forgotten. In 1862, while making a drain in the Holm, a celt was come upon, three feet below the ground. It is three inches in breadth at its broadest part, and five and a half in length, and is formed of a greenish-looking stone, not unlike a Water of Ayr hone. Some thirty years ago another celt was found in the same place. In 1868 the tenant of Kingswell, while cutting a drain, also came upon a celt, about two feet below the surface. It is about six inches in length.

At the stone which marks six miles from Kilmarnock we turned off from the main road and took to the south, and a mile and a half farther brought us to our resting-place at Waterside, a small village that has gathered round a wool-mill on Craufurdland Water, a tributary of the Irvine. From Waterside we set out for Midland and Fenwick. After a mile's drive we passed Midland, a new house erected on the site of an older one. Here John Nisbet of Hardhill was

taken prisoner. He and Peter Gemmel, George Woodburn, and an old man, John Fergushill,—their names are worthy of remembrance,—had met together for prayer and other religious exercises, on a Saturday evening in November 1685. They had not been long assembled when they learned that a Lieutenant Nisbet, a cousin of Hardhill's, and a party of dragoons, were in quest of them. On the Sabbath morning they resolved to depart; but after they had left the house they were obliged again to return, on account of the illness of Fergushill. The enemy soon came in sight, and spent an hour in searching the house, but failed to find out where the four were concealed. The soldiers left Midland. On the way two men met them, one of whom, it is said, told them "they were good seekers, but ill finders." They again returned, and their renewed search was successful. The four defended themselves as best they could. They had only three charges, which they shot away—save one which missed fire—and they received twenty-four in return. When the soldiers dashed in upon them they kept them at bay with their empty guns, used as clubs. At last, when the soldiers threatened to fire the house, they went out, and Nisbet received six shots in going, while the other three were seized, and shot dead, without trial, upon the spot—a terrible commentary on an Act of Parliament passed a few months before, which we transcribe entire, as a sample of the "excellent brevity" which has always marked the

Scotch statutes (which, in the preceding century, drew forth the admiration of Bacon), as well as of the unmistakable ferocity of the men then in power:

"1 James VII., c. 8.—Our sovereign Lord, considering the Obstinacy of the Fanatical Party, who notwithstanding all the Laws formerly made against them persevere to keep their House and Field-Conventicles, which are the Nurseries and Rendevouzes of Rebellion: Therefore, His Majesty, with Consent of His Estates in Parliament, doth statute and ordain, That all such as shall hereafter preach at such Fanatical House, or Field Conventicles; As also such as shall be present as Hearers at Field Conventicles, shall be punished by Death, and Confiscation of their Goods."

Nisbet was pinioned, and taken to Edinburgh. A well-told account of his capture and examination, written by himself, will be found in the "Cloud of Witnesses." He was sentenced to be executed in the Grassmarket on the 4th of December. The "Cloud of Witnesses" also contains the "Last and Dying Testimony of John Nisbet of Hardhill, which he delivered to a Friend in the Iron house when he was taken out to the Scaffold in the Grassmarket, Edinburgh, Friday, December 4, 1685." It is a document of some length, and shows Hardhill to have been an ardent patriot as well as a lover of his Bible. To a large extent it is made up of Scripture passages. In a MS. quarto volume in our possession there is another, with the following title: "The Testimony of John Nisbet

(who lived in Hardhill, in the parish of Loudon) from the Tolbooth of Edinburgh—1685." It is about a third shorter than the one in the "Cloud of Witnesses." We give one or two of its closing sentences:

"Now, in all I have said possibly some may mistake me, and say that I commend myself. But thus and thus I have said to commend the goodness of God, with whom there is no respect of persons. For I can say, from long and sad experience, that of all that have been privileged to suffer for truth I have been the most notorious sinner; and this I leave under my hand, when I am within seven or eight hours to enter into eternity, that all may wonder and admire the condescension of free grace and rich love so freely bestowed upon me. To the commendation of His matchless goodness He has passed by guiltiness and sin in me beyond many. . . . And now I shall shut up my time and discourse with this. Let all wonder, admire, and praise Him for what He has done to me and for me. (Signed) JOHN NISBET."

John Howie adds a note, which merits quotation for what it tells us of the testimony in the "Cloud of Witnesses:"

"*N.B.*—Let none doubt of the veracity of this testimony . . . although it be not the same as to matter or method with that published first in quarto by his son—a soldier in the Castle of Edinburgh—and now in the 'Cloud of Witnesses.' Perhaps it might be either by him corrected and enlarged, or else wrote at a later time, as the one is more full on his own case and the other less so.

"(Signed) JOHN HOWIE, Jan. 1776."

Hardhill is one of the most interesting of the worthies who suffered during the persecution. His great-grandfather, Murdoch Nisbet, attached himself to the Lollards, the witnesses for the truth in the age preceding the Reformation. In consequence of persecution Murdoch had to flee from Scotland, and took a copy of the New Testament "in writ" with him. "The written New Testament" was preserved in the family till the martyr's time, and was bequeathed to him by his father, a man who is said to have trained up his family in the fear of God *very painfully*. John was of a tall and powerful frame. Like many Scotsmen in that age, he passed his early manhood in foreign service. He returned to his native country shortly after the peace of Munster in 1648, and soon after had the happiness to be married to Margaret Law, a young woman, who, says his son, proved to him an equal, true, and kind yoke-fellow.

He was present at the battle of Pentland, and was left for dead upon the field; yet he revived, and escaped under the cover of night, although it was a year before his wounds were entirely healed. At Drumclog he was sent for, and came up in time, after the firing was over, to lead the successful attack, sword in hand, upon Claverhouse and his dragoons. At Bothwell Bridge, according to Wodrow, he was a captain. He occupied the post of honour at the bridge, and stood as long as any man would stand by him. In the retreat he managed to escape. He was

denounced as a rebel, and three thousand merks set upon his head. His property was confiscated, his wife and children turned adrift upon the world, and all threatened with like punishment who dared to harbour him or his. His wife was a woman of heroic spirit, and though she and her family—like those in ancient times, of whom Inspiration hath declared the world was not worthy—had to wander about in deserts and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth, she sympathised with him, and never, says her son, was heard or seen to show the least discontent with her lot. For more than four years she bore up under her trials, till in December 1683, after an illness of eight days, death brought them to an end. She died in "a sheep's cot, where was no light or fire but that of a candle, no bed but that of straw, no stool but the ground to sit on." It was some time ere the tidings of her death reached her husband. He immediately hastened to the place where she died. When he entered the hut the dead body had been in the grave for several days, and new calamities had fallen upon him. The first sight he beheld was the coffin of his daughter, who had died a few hours before; and, on looking round the hut, in a corner lay two of his sons in the delirium of fever. He spoke to them, but they were unconscious of his presence, at which he groaned, and, in the language of the patriarch of Uz,—language in which pious resignation in the midst of sad calamity has so often found

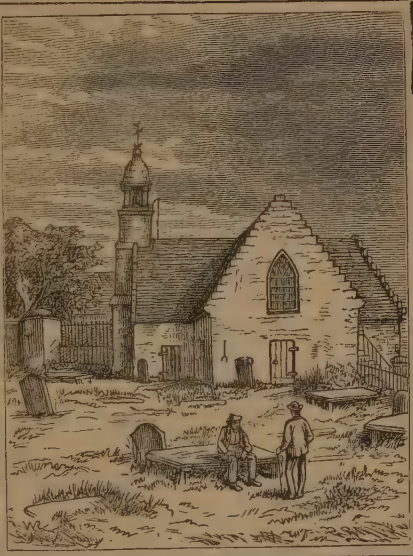
utterance,—said, "Naked came I into this world, and naked must I go out of it: the Lord is making my passage easy." Under the protection of midnight the body of the daughter was buried in Stonehouse Churchyard, as had been done to the mother eight days before. Next day a search was made for the bereaved husband and father, but happily, for this time, he escaped the hands of his persecutors.

"A True Relation of the Life and Sufferings of John Nisbet in Hardhill" was published in 1718 by his son James. It was reprinted in 1847, in the second volume of "Select Biographies," edited for the Wodrow Society by the late Dr Tweedie, of Edinburgh. In substance it appears in the "Cloud of Witnesses," along with several other statements relating to his contendings for the truth, not given by his son. John Howie has given him a place among the Scots Worthies, and from tradition and manuscript sources has told some facts not to be found elsewhere.

Fenwick is little more than half a mile from Midland. It soon came in sight—a long, irregularly built village. We crossed the water of Fenwick, and passed some old-looking houses, the manse garden, well sheltered by trees, and with a fine southern exposure, the manse, a comparatively new building, erected on the site of the old one, in which Guthrie lived, until we came to the churchyard, into which we soon found an entrance. The church is an old-fashioned looking

building. It is in the form of a Greek cross. Each of the arms is of equal length. At the west end there is a small steeple. Above the south door is the date of its erection, 1643. Near it are the *jougs*—the pillory in the old times, when criminals were treated in a much more summary manner, and at a much less expense to the country, than in these days of reformatories and palatial-looking prisons. The *jougs* consist of an iron collar, made of two semicircular pieces linked together at the one end, and at the other made sure with a padlock. The collar is about six inches in diameter, and is attached to a chain of six links, which at the upper end is fastened into the church wall, about five feet from the ground. The *jougs* are still to be seen in different parts of the country. Last century they were a common and much dreaded punishment for small offences. But, like the pillory, a mode of punishment in use within living memory at the cross of Glasgow, and the dressing of a bankrupt in a parti-coloured coat, with BANKRUPT in large letters inscribed on the breast, they have gone into entire disuse, and in country districts are used merely as a terror to disobedient children, that if they do not behave they will be put into the *jougs*.

The church is very much as it must have been in the days of Guthrie, save that some fifty years ago the under part was seated. Formerly it was an open, bare, earthen floor, with a single row of seats at the



FENWICK CHURCH—EXTERIOR.

FENWICK CHURCH—INTERIOR.

wall, and those who wished a seat brought it with them, much as Jenny Geddes must have done when she was able to hurl the stool she had been sitting upon at the head of the liturgy-loving dean, on the memorable day when the Service-book was attempted to be introduced into the High Church of St Giles, Edinburgh. The pulpit in which Guthrie preached still stands, but in his time it was attached to the wall, where the south and west arms of the cross meet. It is now in the west arm. It is made of oak, ornamented with simple carving, and is lined with the green cloth so common in Presbyterian pulpits, both in this country and in France. At its side, upon an iron stand, is a sand-glass, which runs for half an hour. It is part of the duty of the beadle to turn it when it runs down. A glass and a half, he told us, were the ordinary measure for a sermon; two glasses were fully much. He was very careful to turn it when it run down, although one minister in the neighbourhood, who had a tendency to length, complained that he turned it too soon; but he could assure us he always waited until the sand was entirely down. The church has three galleries, one in each of the three arms of the cross. The front of the galleries is of carved oak, that is evidently as old as the date of its building. We were told that it was seated for eight hundred, and from the ease with which the voice was heard within its walls, it was evident that the architect knew what many modern architects have

yet to know—how to construct a church without an echo, as pleasant to speak as to hear in.

Fenwick, for some time after the Reformation, was included in Kilmarnock. About 1640 it was formed into a new parish, which first was called New Kilmarnock. By-and-by it took the name of Phinnick, then Finwick, and now Fenwick. William Guthrie, from whom it derives its chief fame, was its first minister. He was the eldest son of the laird of Pitforthy, an old family in Angus. In early youth he gave signs of more than ordinary ability in the rapid progress he made in the acquirement of the languages of Greece and Rome. He was sent to the University of St Andrews, where he studied philosophy under his cousin, James Guthrie, afterwards minister of Stirling, the first who suffered after the Restoration. Trail's character of James Guthrie, in his "Life of William Guthrie," in few words tells what he was. "Stirling," he says, "where his own cousin, grave Mr James Guthrie, was minister (afterwards Christ's faithful martyr, whom I saw die in and for the Lord at Edinburgh, June 1, 1661)." William profited largely from the instructions of his learned relative.

After he had taken the degree of Master of Arts, he, according to a practice common in that age, without any thought of the ministry, went to the New College to study divinity. Samuel Rutherford was then the professor, who had been recently appointed to the chair by the famous Assembly which met

in Glasgow in 1638. While professor he preached, as well as did the duties of his chair. All accounts bear testimony to his peculiarly winning manner, and Wodrow speaks of him as one of the most moving and affectionate preachers of his time. His works, which extend over the whole range of theology, give ample evidence of how well fitted he was to be a teacher. The effect produced upon Guthrie was, that he resolved to devote himself to the Christian ministry. Although eldest son, yet, that he might be free from civil cares, Guthrie handed over the estate to a younger brother, the only one of his five brothers who was not a preacher of the Gospel. After license he became tutor in the family of the Earl of Loudon. While tutor he had been induced to preach in Galston on the day of preparation for the communion. Some of the inhabitants of the new parish were present, and were so taken with him that they resolved, if possible, to secure him for their minister. In this they were successful. It is said that he and the people chose the site on which the church now stands, and that he preached within its walls before it was finished.

He was ordained on November 7, 1644, a year after the church was built. Like many a young minister, he had great difficulties to contend with in the commencement of his ministry. His parishioners were rude and ignorant to a proverb, but erelong he won his way to their hearts. John Howie has preserved some traditions of his power as a leader of his

people in the right way. One man, whom he had urged to the duty of family worship, had told him he could not pray. "How?" asked Guthrie. He had never prayed, and so could not, replied the man. "Make a trial," urged Guthrie. At last the man, driven to his wits' end, said, "O Lord! Thou knowest this man will have me to pray, but Thou knowest I cannot." "Stop," interrupted Guthrie, "you have done enough," and then prayed himself, to the astonishment of the man and his wife. After prayer was over, the good woman said to her husband, "Surely this stranger is a minister." Before he left he got them persuaded to come to church next Lord's Day, to see what they thought of their minister. When Guthrie entered, they discovered, to their consternation, that the stranger had been no less than the minister himself. By such arts did he reclaim them, until the people of Fenwick became as noted for their holy living as they had been for the opposite.

When the Restoration came, Guthrie was a marked man, and would have been turned out, along with his brethren, but for the Earl of Eglinton and Chancellor Glencairn. Through their powerful interposition he was permitted to remain nearly four years more in his parish. These years were the most successful of his ministry. Deprived of their own teachers, the people flocked from the surrounding parishes to hear him. They would often come from a distance on the Saturday night, and start away home again early on the

Monday morning, amply repaid for the toils of their long journey by the Gospel they had heard. But this increasing popularity stirred up the wrath of the Archbishop of Glasgow, and he was suspended from the office of the ministry. So universally respected was Guthrie, that it was with great difficulty that the archbishop could prevail upon any of his creatures to intimate the suspension. At last the curate of Calder was persuaded. In preparation for his departure, Guthrie and his people kept Wednesday, July 20, 1664, as a day of fasting and prayer. He preached upon the words of Hosea, "O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself." At the close he intimated sermon for next Sabbath morning, very early, before the suspension could be intimated. Accordingly he met with his people at half-past four in the morning, and preached with more than his usual power on the words following his former text—"But in me is thine help." In the course of the day the curate, supported by a detachment of twelve soldiers, came and declared the church vacant. Wodrow gives Guthrie's answer to the curate's intimation. It has much of the serious earnestness and sobriety of thought for which he was so noted. The curate made little of the reward promised him by the archbishop. In a few days afterwards he came to an untimely end. He died of iliac passion, and his wife and children followed him to the grave within a year. Guthrie continued for twelve months in Fenwick after his suspension, but does not

seem again to have preached. In the autumn of 1665 he removed to Angus, to look after his paternal estate, which, through the death of his brother, had again fallen to him. While there he had an attack of gravel, a disease not uncommon in the district. All remedies failed, and, after acute suffering, he died October 10, 1665, at the early age of forty-five. His remains were buried in Brechin.

Guthrie was gifted in many ways. He was a Hebrew scholar, and well acquainted with the learning of his time. His very appearance and manners were captivating. "His voice," says Trail, who knew him well, "was of the best sort, loud, and yet managed with charming cadences and elevations; his oratory singular, and by it he was master of the passions of his hearers." He has left us but one short treatise,—"The Christian's Great Interest,"—first published in 1658, and which was extorted from him by some one printing imperfect notes of a few of his sermons. No production of any Scotch writer of the seventeenth century has been so often reprinted; and, indeed, none has merited it so well. As a composition it is singularly well written. It is alike free from the digressions, subdivisions, and the use of little particles—the "buts" and "fors," that often make the writers of that age so wearisome. It has long been a household book in Scotland; indeed, the treatment of its theme has made it to be prized by good men wherever the English language is known. Of its two parts, perhaps the second is better

than the first. Some of its chapters, such as the fifth, *Objections taken from a man's unworthiness and the heinousness of his sin, answered*, and the sixth, *Of the sin against the Holy Ghost*, it would be difficult, within the same limits, to surpass. Professor Dunlop tells us it was a favourite with a divine whom Oxford will yet regard as one of the greatest of the many great men that have taught in her halls of learning: "You have truly men of great spirits in Scotland," said Dr Owen, when speaking of Scotland,—"There is, for a gentleman, Mr Baillie of Jerviswood, a person of the greatest abilities I almost ever met with; and for divines," pulling out of his pocket a little gilded copy of this treatise of Mr Guthrie's, "this author I take to have been one of the greatest divines that ever wrote. It is my *vade mecum*, and I carry it and the Sedan New Testament still about with me. I have written several folios, but there is more divinity in it than in them all."

The "Christian's Great Interest" is one of the works in the "Library of Practical Divinity," published by Collins, Glasgow, prefaced by Dr Chalmers, who speaks of it as a precious companion to the sincere Christian. Dr Chalmers' preface, in its sonorous diction, is in striking contrast with the homely simplicity of Guthrie. Excellent as Dr Chalmers' introductory essay is, the editor of Guthrie has taken liberties with the text which destroy its value as a reprint. He has occasionally altered a Scotch phrase

into English, without any indication that Guthrie wrote otherwise. Sometimes the alterations are very indifferent renderings of Guthrie's language. Thus "a place of meeting" does not express the meaning of the fine old Scotch phrase, *a trysting-place*, nor yet is "weak" a proper translation of *feckless*.

The editor, however, has only followed the example set him by Trail, who, a number of years after Guthrie's death, issued an edition that has been the model from which all succeeding editions have been taken. In the early editions published in Guthrie's lifetime, the catechism which professes to be, "The whole treatise resumed into a few questions and answers," is placed at the commencement of the book, and the passages of Scripture in many cases are not quoted at length; the reference is simply given, and there is no division into chapters. Trail, however, put the catechism at the end, inserted the Scripture passages in full, and broke up the whole book into chapters and sections, and altered a word here and there.

There is no life, strictly so called, of Guthrie; but in the copies of the "Christian's Great Interest" published in the middle of the last century, there is generally a preface of about fifty pages, made up of material written by no fewer than four different hands—Dunlop, a Professor of Church History in the University of Edinburgh, who died at the early age of twenty-eight; Robert Trail, a well-known minister in London; an unknown editor; and Wodrow. The greater part of

this preface was published by Dr Tweedie in the second volume of the "Wodrow Society Select Biographies." John Howie's sketch in the "Scots Worthies" is a very good one. It contains several stories of Guthrie that had not been previously published.

John Howie, in his "Collection of Lectures and Sermons," has seventeen sermons by Guthrie, and one of his manuscript note-books contains seven more. These sermons are obviously imperfectly reported. They are of very unequal merit. The third, on Isa. xliv. 3, "For I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground: I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring;" and the tenth and eleventh, on Isa. lv. 1, 2, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters," etc., are by far the best; they contain passages that show Guthrie to have been no ordinary preacher. Indeed, they give a higher idea of his powers than his acknowledged treatise, which is calmly written, and never rises into such impassioned pleading as in the two following passages, in the first of which we have followed the MS. rather than the printed copy:

"I say to you, take hold of this promise, *i.e.*, 'I will pour water upon him that is thirsty,' etc., to satisfy all your doubts. But ye say, I know not what I want. Indeed, it is true I know not. Ye must have this meikle and that meikle. I answer, if it be offered unto you to satisfy all your fears, take not another way of it, for God will not be scorned; and if ye take it,

it will satisfy all your desires, want what ye will. There is in Scripture to satisfy them all. I want faith, say ye—welcome then, say I, for He is the Spirit of faith. I want promises—He is the Spirit of promise. I want holiness—then He is the Spirit of holiness. I trow, I want all grace—then He is called the Spirit of all grace and supplication, and of glory too. But I have a passionate spirit—then He is called the Spirit of meekness. But I have no understanding—then He is called the Spirit of understanding, and a Spirit that searches all things, yea, even the hid things of God. I am destitute of counsel, and I am but a fool, I wist not what to choose—then He is the Spirit of counsel and direction. I cannot pray—then He is the Spirit of supplication. I cannot love—then He is the Spirit of love. I am lifeless in all performances —He is the Spirit of life. I cannot unite with the people of God—then heard ye never of the Spirit of unity? I cannot mourn for my wants—then He is the Spirit that makes folk mourn as one doth for an only begotten.

"Water, ye know, is good for washing and cleansing away of all filthiness—for the softening of any hard thing—for refreshing or quenching of thirst—for cooling hot and fiery humours. All these properties are to be found in Christ. Art thou one of the most filthy creatures upon the earth? Then Christ is that fountain opened for washing away your sin and uncleanness. Is the wrath of God burning in thy conscience for thy

sin and guilt of uncleanness? Then Christ brake down the partition-wall, and quenched justice and wrath, and became a curse for us. Hast thou an old hard heart, harder than anything thou ever sawest? I say, Christ can soften it, and pour out the spirit of repentance, and make one mourn for sin, that never mourned for it before. Is thy conscience galled for sin, that thou canst get no rest? Christ is a Prince for this end, to make peace in a soul that is out of peace. Hast thou a desire after Christ, and are all things nothing to thee for want of Him? Then come and venture upon Christ, and thou shalt be satisfied, and filled with Him in such a manner, that out of thy belly shall flow fountains of living waters, *i.e.*, thou shalt have full satisfaction in Him."—Pp. 21, 103.

A small quarto pamphlet of forty-two pages professes to contain—

The HEADS of some
SERMONS
Preached at *FINNICK*
In *August* 1662
By *Mr* WILLIAM GUTHRY.
* * * *
Printed Anno 1680, Reprinted Anno 1713

The sermons are four in number, but they are not of any value, further than showing the pointedness and homely vigour with which Guthrie preached.

Dr Tweedie has appended to the life of Guthrie

"A Sermon on Sympathie," from the words, "Send her away, for she crieth after us" (Matt. xv. 23). In his prefatory note he states that it is printed from vol. xxxi. of the Wodrow MSS. in 8vo, in the Advocates' Library. Both in its matter and completeness it is manifestly either a genuine production of Guthrie's pen, or at least a correct transcript from the original.

But we must leave the church so associated with Guthrie's name, and look through the churchyard. On its west side lie the remains of John Fergushill and George Woodburn. Woodburn's representatives still live in the neighbouring parish of Loudon, at the Mains, a farmhouse about a mile to the north-west of Newmilns, where his sword is still preserved. It is forty and a half inches in length, and has stamped upon it the words "Andrea Ferara." It was lately put to the test which it is said all the swords of Andrea de Ferara will stand. Its point was bent round to the hilt, and on being freed from constraint it at once returned to its wonted straightness. Woodburn had oftener than once been in hiding. It was he who was sent to bring Nisbet of Hardhill to Drumclog. Hence he was a marked man. Tradition relates that on one occasion, when the dragoons came to the Mains in search of him, and soon left without finding him, one of their number, after the rest were gone, returned, and charged the mistress of the house to tell George to cover himself better up the next time he hid himself, for he had seen his foot in the spence, peeping

through the straw. A simple gravestone marks the spot where the two confessors lie. Its inscription is:

HERE LIES
The dust of JOHN FERGUSHILL
And GEORGE WOODBURN who
were shot at MIDLAND by
NISBET and his party. 1685

When bloody prelates
Once these nations pest
Cuntrived that cursed
Self contradicting test
These men for Christ
Did suffer Martyrdom.
And here there dust lies
Waiting till he come.

RENEWED by SUBSCRIPTION
1829.

Not far from the grave of Woodburn and Fergushill is that of Gemmel, their associate in martyrdom, and an ancestor, by the mother's side, of Robert Pollok, the author of the "Course of Time." Hence, doubtless, the name of one of Pollok's "Tales of the Covenanters"—"Ralph Gemmel." The inscription on his monument has been retouched and deepened, while the gravestone of his companions has been entirely renewed. It is:

Here lies
the Corps of Peter
Gemmel who was Shot to death
by Nisbet & his party 1685 for

bearing his faithful Testimony to the
Cause of Christ. aged 21 years.

This man like holy Anchorits of old
For conscience sake was thrust from
house and hold [short
Blood thirsty Redcoats cut his prayers
And ev'n his dying groans were
made their sport
Ah Scotland breach of solemn vows
repent
Or blood thy crime will be thy-
punishment.

The remains of a fourth martyr, James White, lie near those of Gemmel. James White was one of twelve that had met for prayer in Little Blackwood, a farmhouse in Fenwick, now fallen down. They were surprised while engaged in worship. White was the only man who had a firelock—a weapon that had then been recently invented. He fired, but the priming burned away without reaching the charge; and the light caused by the explosion of the gunpowder made him a mark for the soldiery outside. He was shot dead. When the rest were captured, save two who escaped, the captain in command, a ruffian of the name of Patrick Inglis, lifted up an axe, cut off White's head, and carried it to Newmilns, and next day amused himself by playing with it as a football. The gravestone of White contains an inscription on both sides. We give both:

HERE LIES THE BODY
OF
JAMES WHITE
WHO WAS SHOT TO DEATH
AT LITTLE BLACKWOOD
BY PETER INGLES AND
HIS PARTY. 1685.
RENEWED
BY
SUBSCRIPTION.
1822.

This Martyr was By PETER
INGLES Shot.
By birth a Tyger rather
than a Scot
Who that his monstrous
Extract might be Seen
Cut off his head & kick't it
O'er the Green
Thus was that head which
Was to wear a Crown
A foot ball made by A profane
Dragoun.

Besides the monuments to these four martyrs, there is a stone on the wall at the churchyard gate to two natives of Fenwick — Robert Buntine and James Blackwood — who suffered elsewhere. Robert Buntine was hanged, along with three others—John Hart of Glassford, Robert Scot of Dalserf, and Matthew Paton of Newmilns—at Glasgow, December 19, 1666. Blackwood was executed at Irvine the last day of the

same year. Wodrow relates that when Mr Alexander Nisbet, the well-known commentator on Ecclesiastes and Peter, visited Blackwood and his fellow-prisoner, John M'Coul, he found them much cast down at the near prospect of death. He did what he could to cheer and instruct them in the way of salvation by faith in Christ. Nisbet's ministrations were not lost, for, "when the day of execution came, they died full of joy and courage, to the admiration of all who were witnesses."

It was in connection with the execution of Nisbet, and other eight confessors in Ayr, that the remarkable case of William Sutherland, hangman in Irvine, came into notice. The hangman at Ayr fled when he heard of what he must soon set about. Sutherland was by force brought from Irvine to take his place; but all that authority could do, by fair means or by foul, could not prevail upon him to act as executioner. His declaration, and the narrative of his examination, are in Wodrow, who speaks of them as "rude and in a very homely dress." But Wodrow, with all his desire to amass materials for a history, and to do justice to the memory of the confessors and martyrs in Scotland, neither knew a good narrative when he saw it, nor was capable of drawing up one himself. He was simply a painstaking and laborious collector. Sutherland's paper is perhaps, without exception, the most interesting document in the whole of Wodrow's volumes. It gives a better idea of the

OLD MONUMENT TO CAPTAIN PATON.

NEW MONUMENT TO CAPTAIN PATON.

lawless and cruel manner in which the minions of the men then in power conducted themselves, than any other production of that age that we can remember.

On the east side of the church there is a monument, erected some few years ago (instead of an older one which had fallen down), to Captain Paton, whose birthplace, Meadowhead, is in Fenwick parish, and whose story will form the theme of a future chapter. The inscription is modern. It is a piece of fulsome bombast, very different from the simple, yet all the more effective, language found on the monuments over the remains of Fergushill and his companions in tribulation.

To the north of the church is the burial-place of the Howie family, since the middle of the seventeenth century. A large flat stone marks the spot where lie the remains of the James Howie who suffered so much during the persecution. A rough but expressive inscription, in the rhyme common to the martyrs' stones, told the story of his sufferings; but some twenty years ago it was obliterated, in order to give way to a piece of tawdry prose, in the usual nauseous style of a churchyard epitaph. We reproduce the old rhyme as it is found in the Appendix to the now rare book, "John Howie's Life:"

> The dust here lies under this stone
> Of James Howie, and his Son John
> These two both lived in Lochgoin,
> And by Deaths power were call'd to join

This place. The first, November twenty-one,
Years sixteen hundred ninety one
The second, aged ninety year
The first of July was brought here
Years seventeen hundred and fifty-five,
For owning truth made fugitive
Their house twelve times, and cattle all
Once robb'd, and fam'ly brought to thrall
All these, before the Revolution
Outlived Zion's friends 'gainst opposition

And he said unto me, these are they which came out of great tribulation Rev. vii. 14.

The voice said cry, What shall I cry?
All flesh is grass, and so must ly
As flow'r in field with'reth away
So the goodliness of man decay.

Alongside of James Howie's grave is that of his descendants. It is covered by a similar flat stone, on which their names are inscribed. Four simple lines tell that here rest the mortal remains of the Howie that has given fame to the name:

Also of his son John,
Who lived in Lochgoin, Author of the
Scots Worthies, and other publications,
Who died Jan. 5. A.D. 1793, Aged 57 years.

To the south side of the church, facing the entrance to the churchyard, is a monument to William Guthrie, erected in 1854, at the same time that the monument to Captain Paton was renewed. The first sixteen lines of the epitaph are not unworthy of the monu-

ment, but the same cannot be said of the next ten, and the feeble stanza, from what is called PAR. LV., with which the whole closes.

Fenwick is a village made up of one long street, divided into two parts, separated from each other by a full eighth of a mile, the Kirk Town and Laigh Fenwick. At its parish school Robert Pollok spent the year and a half which preceded his first going to college. The chief occupation of its people is handloom weaving, and like all handloom weaving villages, it has the appearance of having seen better days.

## CHAPTER VII.

### MEADOWHEAD, LOUDON, GALSTON, AND NEWMILNS.

ON a fine afternoon, and after a heavy night's rain, we again set out upon our travels. For the first five miles the road was the same as that by which we went to Fenwick in November, but the time now was the end of May—a May that had been more than ordinarily delightful, that sooner than usual had sent away the bleakness and cold of winter, which, in the higher regions of Renfrew and Ayrshire, often linger behind their season, and chill the month which in warmer regions is perhaps the pleasantest in the year. The birds were in full song, and made the air vocal with sweet sounds. The road, moor road as it was, had its violets, and here and there the dandelion —a flower whose good properties are more generally recognised by the rabbit than by man—while the moor, generally flowerless, was getting dotted over with the white tufts of what the country people call

*cat-lugs* or *moss-crops*. At the Queen's Seat, as the air had been clarified by the night's rain, the Firth of Clyde was visible some seventeen or eighteen miles away. Its surface glistened in the sun, and here and there a steamer was visible with its trail of black smoke behind it. To the south-west was the cone-like Ailsa Craig, and, stretching away for miles in the far distance, were the rugged heights of the most highland of Scotch islands, the Isle of Arran. About a mile down from the Queen's Seat we come to the Greenfields Burn, the march between Renfrew and Ayrshire. Some hundred yards along the march to the south, is pointed out the spot where a poor woman of the name of Bess was burned for a witch. In the beginning of the present century, the then occupant of the farm had occasion to turn up the ground at the place, and a number of calcined human bones were come upon, which he carried away and buried in his own garden at the Greenfields.

In two hours from our starting we rested at Drumtee, where we remained for the night. Drumtee, like most farms in the higher districts of Ayrshire, is famed for the excellence of its dairy produce. While inspecting the implements of cheesemaking, we discussed with our kind hosts the meaning of the word *Whig*. We were told that whig is the sour water that gathers beneath the lappered milk before it is churned; that in the churns in use forty or fifty years ago, it was not uncommon to have a small spigot about an inch

from the bottom of the churn, which was taken out before the churning began, and the water which flowed out was the whig. The water which floats upon the top of churned milk when it stands for a time, as well as that which forms at the bottom of the curd of the cheese before it is pressed, receive also the same name. Jamieson gives as the meaning of whig, "an acetous liquor subsiding from sour cream," which, manifestly, is too narrow a signification. Two explanations have been given as to how *Whig* came to be the name of one of the great parties that have divided Great Britain for nearly two centuries. Defoe says their persecutors represented those who would not accept of the Indulgence, "who were now called Whigs, as a party who were not to be suffered in any government, but that ought to be rooted off from the face of the earth; and this is the first time that the name of a Whig was used in the world, I mean as applied to a man or to a party of men; and these were the original primitive Whigs, the name for many years being given to no other people. The word is said to be taken from a mixed drink the poor men drank in their wanderings, composed of water and sour milk, but that by the way." Burnet's explanation is different, although he too says the word was first applied to the Covenanters. Like Defoe's, it is worth the quoting:

"The south-west counties of Scotland have seldom corn enough to serve them round the year, and the

northern parts producing more than they need, those in the west come in the summer to buy at Leith the stores that come from the north; and from a word *Wiggam*, used in driving their horses, all that drove were called the *Whiggamors*, and shorter, the *Whiggs*. Now, in that year (1648), after the news came down of Duke Hamilton's defeat, the ministers animated their people to rise and march to Edinburgh; and they came up marching on the head of their parishes, with an unheard-of fury, praying and preaching all the way as they came. The Marquis of Argyle and his party came and headed them, they being about six thousand. This was called the *Whiggamors'* inroad; and ever after that, all that opposed the Court came, in contempt, to be called *Whiggs;* and from Scotland the word was brought into England, where it is now one of our unhappy terms of distinction."

Sir Walter Scott adopts Burnet's explanation, while Lord Macaulay seems to lean to that of Defoe.

Next morning we started on our journey. A drive of three miles took us to Waterside. Here we turned off the main road for Meadowhead, the birthplace of Captain Paton. A pleasant drive of a mile and a half through a fine pasture country brought us to the spot. As its name indicates, Meadowhead stands at the head of a tract of land, which, in Paton's day, as now, was meadow ground, noted for its grass growing powers. The tenant of the farm received us kindly, and showed us what still remained of Paton's

times. The present house has been built within this century, except part of the west end, which is said to be as old as the seventeenth. Behind the house is a barn, the gables of which are of mud, cased with stones, and rough cast with lime. Within these gables tradition says Richard Cameron once baptized twenty-two children. The barn is of some size, and on an emergency might hold at least eighty persons. Meadowhead contains no relics of Paton. His sword and Bible long ago came into the possession of the Lochgoin family.

In early life Paton followed the usual occupation of the inhabitants of his native parish of Fenwick, but when he reached manhood he left farming for the life of a soldier. Howie says, that of the way and manner in which he entered on a military life there are various accounts—one is that he served under Gustavus Adolphus; and the other, that he was at the battle of Marston Moor. But both are reconcilable with each other, for the battle of Lutzen, at which the Swedish king was killed, was fought in November 1632, while Marston Moor was not till July 2, 1644.

The accession of James VI. to the throne of England, although an event which put an end to the wars that had so often raged between the two countries, was productive of much temporary suffering. It withdrew the expenditure of the Court to London, and seems to have lessened the trade of Scotland. The consequence was, that Scotland, like Ireland in our

own time, experienced the distress arising from an over-population, and its people went in large numbers to the Continent. The General Assembly, September 1, 1647, issued a pastoral letter "unto the Scots merchants, and others, our country people, scattered in Poland, Swedland, Denmark, and Hungary," and speaks of them "as many thousands of our countrymen, who are scattered abroad." These merchants were in many cases what in this country would be called packmen, who travelled through Germany, Poland, and the northern parts of Europe, and, in an age when towns were few and shops far from being regularly open, gave the inhabitants an opportunity of buying articles of luxury or domestic use. Another class enlisted as soldiers. In all the armies of Europe they were found. Hence they sometimes discovered themselves fighting against each other. But Sweden was the country whose service they preferred. The Swedes were Protestants — Swedish fare was not dissimilar to Scotch — and Swedish armies fought for liberty and Protestantism, and particularly under Gustavus Adolphus, the Lion of the North, were led to victory. Hence Gustavus had large numbers of them in his service. His Scots brigade was an army itself. Its superior officers alone amounted to thirty-four colonels and fifty lieutenant-colonels. At the battle of Lutzen the Scots regiments, by their adoption of platoon firing, are said to have contributed largely to achieve the victory

that did so much for the liberties of Protestant Europe.

Whether Paton was at Lutzen we are not told, but it was "for some heroic achievement," says Howie, "at the taking of a certain city (probably by Gustavus Adolphus), that he was advanced to a captain's post." What age he was when he went abroad is not recorded, further than that "when he returned home, he was so much changed that his parents scarcely knew him"—which we take to signify that he went away a lad of eighteen or twenty, and came back a bearded, bronzed warrior of five or eight and twenty.

It is not recorded when Paton returned from Germany; but he joined the army the Scots sent to the aid of the English Parliamentary forces, and was present at the battle of Marston Moor, July 1644, when the combined Scots and Parliamentary troops gained the victory that both gave a fatal blow to the royal cause, and laid the foundation of Oliver Cromwell's future greatness. After Marston Moor, he must soon have returned home, for he was called out, with the militia of his native parish, to resist the raid made by Montrose, in favour of the King, and was present at the battle of Kilsyth, August 15, 1645. Here the daring purpose and quick execution of Montrose carried the day, and the army of the Covenanters was totally defeated. Wishart, Montrose's chaplain—a divine of the school of Baron Munchausen—affirms that the Covenanters lost from four thousand to five

thousand, his master losing no more than six. But the statement carries with it its own refutation, for it is impossible that four or five thousand of the vanquished could have been slain, with a loss of six only to the victor. In the rout that followed the defeat, Captain Paton with difficulty escaped. Howie tells the following story of what he and two associates did in the retreat:

"The captain, as soon as he could get free of the bog [into which the Covenanters had been driven], made the best of his way, sword in hand, through the enemy, till he had got safe to Colonels Hacket and Strachan, when all three rode off together. They had not gone far till they were encountered by about fifteen of the enemy, all of whom they killed, except two who escaped. When they had gone a little farther, they were again attacked by about thirteen more, and of these they killed ten. But upon the approach of about eleven Highlanders more, one of the colonels said, in a familiar dialect, 'Johnny, if thou dost not somewhat now, we are all dead men.' To whom the captain answered, 'Fear not; for we will do what we can before we either yield or flee before them.' They killed nine of them, and put the rest to flight."

This is manifestly a soldier's story, much the better of the excitement that three hand-to-hand conflicts might well cause. But it is much more likely to be true than Wishart's fiction, especially if we remember

what a weapon the sword, in the hands of a soldier skilled to use it, becomes when his antagonists are of the character of Montrose's army—untrained savages from the Highlands, accustomed more to a whoop, a halloo, and a dash, than to fight in a regular manner.

Howie tells a similar story of his doings, when some soldiers of the Duke of Hamilton's army, under the command of Middleton, attacked a considerable party of the Covenanters at Mauchline, where they had been celebrating the communion. Paton, and his friends from Fenwick, who, at his advice, had taken arms with them, made a spirited resistance, and Paton himself killed eighteen with his own hand.

In the unhappy dispute, which ended in the Covenanters breaking up into two parties, Paton took the side of the Protesters. He was present at the battle of Worcester, September 3, 1651, where he fought with his usual valour; but the genius of Cromwell carried the day, and soon ended the war. Paton returned home, resumed the pursuits of his youth by taking the farm of Meadowhead, and soon after married Janet Lindsay, but she died in a few months after marriage. At Meadowhead, Paton continued to reside for the rest of his days. He sat under the ministry of William Guthrie, and was a member of his session. When the Covenanters of Galloway, fired by the oppressions of Sir James Turner, took up arms in self-defence, and invited their friends to join

them, Captain Paton could not resist the invitation. "He behoved to take the field again, and commanded a party of horse from Loudon, Fenwick, and other places." He was present at the battle of Pentland, and was among the last to quit the field, when the overwhelming numbers of the royal forces made defence no longer possible. In his retreat he was overtaken by Dalziel himself, who knew him, and thought to have taken him prisoner. Each fired at the other. Paton's ball struck Dalziel, but without effect, for, according to the practice of superior officers in that age, he wore chain armour; and when Paton proceeded to load the other pistol with silver, said to be more effective than lead in piercing steel, and which he had with him for an emergency, Dalziel retreated behind his attendant, who was slain. Paton, and two other friends from Fenwick on horseback, were soon surrounded by Dalziel's soldiery, but they cut their way through when there were almost no others fighting on their own side but themselves, and after they had kept their position for nearly an hour.

Dalziel did not suffer Paton to escape without at least another attempt to capture him. He sent three of his troopers in pursuit, after he had given them a description so as to recognise him. They overtook him when he was about to leap a ditch, out of which three terrified Galloway friends had just drawn their horses. The captain, after encouraging his friends, cleared the ditch and faced about, sword in hand, to

receive his pursuers. The head of the first he cut in two with a single stroke of his sword. The trooper's horse, deprived of its rider, and stunned by the blow, fell into the ditch, or hag, and, in its fall, drew in the two others along with it, where Paton left them with the message, "My compliments to your master, and tell him I shall not be with him to-night." Paton got in safety back to Meadowhead; but he had become a marked man, and henceforward he had often to betake himself for safety to the wild moors in his neighbourhood. The winter following Pentland, he and twenty more had a narrow escape at Lochgoin, where they had gathered for prayer and pious conversation.

He was not with the brave company at Drumclog, but he soon after joined them with a number of horsemen from Fenwick and Galston, and was present at the fatal defeat at Bothwell Bridge. We are not told what part he took in the battle, but his presence there led to his being proclaimed a rebel, and a sum being set upon his head.

Not long after Bothwell Bridge he had another narrow escape at Lochgoin, the circumstances of which Howie details at length. Although the soldiers surprised him in the house, he managed to escape. Two friends ran with him, and two others less quickly behind him, and now and then fired upon the enemy. One of the shots took effect, and wounded a sergeant in the thigh. This delayed the pursuit, and Paton

and his four friends separated—they going together to attract the soldiers, and he by himself. He soon got hold of a horse in the moor, but he had scarcely mounted when he came upon a party of dragoons for Newmilns. However, as he was shoeless, and the horse saddleless, riding slowly, he escaped unobserved. This second series of escapes was soon followed by a third. One of his children died. The time when it was to be buried came to the knowledge of the hireling of Government who drew the stipend of the parish, and he sent word to the soldiers stationed at Kilmarnock to come and seize him in the churchyard. Paton followed the corpse to the burial, but when near the churchyard he was persuaded by some friends to turn back, and thus he escaped.

But Paton was now an old man, and the vicissitudes of a soldier's life, the efforts he had made to advance the good cause, as well as the privations he had suffered through persecution, had largely added to his age. Hence, when his enemies at last came upon him, he was easily taken. In the beginning of August 1684, he was in the house of Robert Howie in Floack, in the parish of Mearns—a house seen from the Queen's Seat, about a mile and a half to the north, and alongside of which runs the new road from Kilmarnock to Glasgow—when a party of five soldiers claimed him as their prisoner. Contrary to his usual practice, he had no arms, but the inmates of the house offered him assistance—had it been ten years earlier

he had been able for the soldiers single-handed—but he declined their aid. He feared that it would bring them into trouble, and he was now well stricken in years, and worn out with fleeing from place to place; and, moreover, he added he was not afraid to die, for of his interest in Christ he was sure. The soldiers, therefore, made an easy capture. They took him to Kilmarnock, under the supposition that he was some aged minister, for the inmates of Floack had not disclosed his name; but on the way, at a place still shown, called Muir-Yett, a farmer standing at his door cried out, "Alas! Captain Paton, are you there!" and thus the soldiers first learned the value of the prize they had taken. From Kilmarnock he was conveyed to Ayr, from Ayr to Glasgow, and thence to Edinburgh. Here, Howie relates, General Dalziel met him, when compassion for his old companion in arms got the better of him—they had fought side by side at the battle of Worcester—and he took him in his arms, and said, "John, I am both glad and sorry to see you. If I had met you on the way before you came hither I should have set you at liberty, but now it is too late. But be not afraid, I will write to his Majesty for your life." His trial took place eight months after his apprehension, on April 16th, and he was sentenced to be hanged at the Grassmarket, on Wednesday 23d. He was twice respited. Dalziel was as good as his word; he procured a reprieve for him. But Paterson, Bishop of Edinburgh,

kept it up until it was of no avail, and Paton was executed on Friday, 9th May 1684. Nothing has been recorded of his last moments, save that we learn from the inscription on his Bible, that he handed it down from off the scaffold to his wife—Janet Millar from Eaglesham, whom he had married some years after the death of his first. His testimony is in the "Cloud of Witnesses." It is a tersely expressed, Christian soldier-like statement, and its evangelical savour tells how much he had profited under the preaching of his beloved minister, William Guthrie. In its opening sentence he says:

"Dear friends and spectators,—You are come here to look upon me, a dying man, and you need not expect that I shall say much, for I was never a great orator or eloquent of tongue, though I may say as much to the commendation of God in Christ Jesus as ever any poor sinner had to say."

The closing paragraph is as remarkable for its beauty of expression as for its undoubting faith in a covenant-keeping God. It is:

"Now I leave my poor sympathising wife and six small children upon the Almighty Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, who hath promised to be a father to the fatherless, and a husband to the widow; the widow and the orphan's stay. Be Thou all in all unto them, O Lord. Now the blessing of God, and my poor bless-

ing, be with them; and my suit to Thee is, that Thou wouldst give them Thy salvation. Now farewell, wife and children; farewell all friends and relations; farewell all worldly enjoyments; farewell sweet Scriptures, preaching, praying, reading, singing, and all other duties, and welcome Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. I desire to commit my soul to Thee in well-doing. Lord, receive my spirit.

"(Signed) JOHN PATON."

Paton was buried in the corner of Greyfriars' Churchyard, Edinburgh, in the sacred spot where the dust of so many martyrs lies. In Fenwick Churchyard, as we have seen, his fellow-parishioners, soon after the Revolution, erected a monument to his memory.

John Howie's life of him, in the "Scots Worthies," is perhaps the best in the volume. It contains more traditionary matter than in most of the others, and is a good specimen of Howie's manner.

After taking a second view of the premises of Meadowhead, and examining a curious specimen of an old clock, with the inscription, "Richard Amos, St Andrews, Holborn, fecit," we again started on our journey. A mile from Waterside brought us to Horse-hill, a farmhouse embowered among trees. Here Robert Pollok lived when at school in Fenwick. Here his ancestry, by the mother's side, resided for at least two centuries. Like many families in Fenwick, they suffered much during the persecution

in the latter years of the Stuarts. David Gemmel, Pollok's maternal great-great-grandfather, had for safety to flee to Ireland, where he was an exile for three years, while his land was confiscated. John, a younger brother to David, was banished in 1685 to the Barbadoes, where he was kept in slavery till the Revolution; while Peter, the youngest brother, was, as we have seen, shot at Midland, and lies buried in Fenwick Churchyard.

Another mile, and on the one side of the road was Little Blackwood, where the prayer meeting was surprised which ended in the death of James White, another of the martyrs of Fenwick; while on the other was Berryhill and Moss-cow, where the lime-pits told us we were within the rich field of minerals that has done so much to enrich the northern part of Ayrshire. Soon we came between the well-trimmed hedges, characteristic of the roads on the Loudon estate, and the plantations of magnificent trees, that from their age—at the least a century—tell that Scotland had proprietors fond of planting before Dr Johnson's time; and passed Loudon Castle about half a mile away. Another half-mile from the avenue to the castle, we came upon Loudon Churchyard. Of the church nothing now stands but the gable walls. Last century the congregation migrated to the more central gathering-place for the parish at Newmilns. Attached to the east gable is a square tower, the burying-place of the Loudon family

—a family that, in its first Earl, Chancellor Loudon, and oftener than once since, has done good service to the cause of liberty. A small grating on the north side of the tower looks into the vault below, on the floor of which seven coffins may be seen through the gloom. To the south side of the tower a flat stone marks where other members of the family lie.

To the east of the tower is a stone three feet in height by two and a half feet in breadth, with the following inscription :

*A Crown.*

HERE LIES
THOMAS FLEMMING OF
LOUDON HILL.
Who for His Appearing in ARMS
In his Own Defence & in Defence
OF THE GOSPEL.
According to the Obligations of
Our National Covenants And
Agreeable to the WORD
*of GOD* [clog
Was Shot in a Rencounter at Drum
June 1st 1679 by bloody GRAHAM
of Claverhouse.

From Loudon Churchyard to Galston is little more than half a mile. We crossed a fine bridge over the Irvine—a stream which divides Cunningham from Kyle. The parish church was easily found. It is a spacious modern building. To the south in the church-

yard is a monument three feet in height by two feet six inches in breadth. On its one side it has sculptured in basso-relievo, an open Bible, with Rev. xii. and xi. on its pages, and a man with a soldier pointing a gun at him. Beneath the figures is the following inscription :

HERE LIES ANDREW RICHMOND
Who was killed by bloody GRAHAM of
*Claver-House*
June . 1679.
For his Adherence to the WORD of GOD &
Scotland's Covenanted Work of *Reformation*

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When bloody Tyrants here did rage
Over the *LORD'S OWN* Heritage
To persecute His noble Cause
By Mischief Framed into Laws
Cause I the Gospel did defend
By Martyrdom my life did end.

On the other side: "Renewed in 1823. The figure below represents Galston Covenanters' flag." The flag bears the inscription: "For GOD and State, Kirk and Covenants, and the Work of Reformation. Galston. GOD IS EVER THE SAME."

Nothing seems to be known of Andrew Richmond further than what the inscription tells. His name does not occur in Wodrow.

In another part of the churchyard is a monument, with the following inscription on its east side :

IN MEMORY
of
JOHN RICHMOND
*Younger of Knowe*
Who was executed at the Cross of Glasgow
March 19h 1684, and interred in
The High Church yard there.
AND
JAMES SMITH.
*East Threepwood*
Who was Shot near Bank of Burn Ann.
By CAPTAIN INGLIS and his dragoons
And buried there.
ALSO
JAMES YOUNG & GEORGE CAMPBELL
Who were banished in 1679.
AND THE
REV. ALEXANDER BLAIR
Who Suffered Imprisonment 1673.

On the other side there is a piece of wordy bombast, in marked contrast with the simple yet effective lines in which the generation after the Revolution commemorated the deeds of their fathers.

As we shall afterwards see when we visit the tombs of the martyrs in Glasgow, the name of John Richmond of Knowe—a farm between Galston and Hurlford—occurs on the monument in the High Churchyard. James Smith is on the long list of fugitives contained in the proclamation of 1684, but nothing further has been recorded of him save what is on the monument. James Young and George Campbell were taken at Both-

well, conveyed to Edinburgh, imprisoned in Greyfriars' Churchyard, and, with more than two hundred and fifty others, banished to the plantations. The ship was wrecked off the Moul Head of Deerness, as we have seen, and James Young and George Campbell both perished.

Rev. Alexander Blair was minister at Galston. He was a man of more than ordinary mark among his brethren. He was one of eight summoned before the chancellor, after the Act for restoring Prelacy had been passed in 1662, to express their submission to the prelates, or suffer punishment as a warning to others. They obeyed the summons. At least six of their number steadfastly refused to acknowledge the right of the Crown to make changes in the government of the Church. After he had been kept in prison for nearly four months, Blair was deprived of his charge, and forbidden to live within the bounds of his Presbytery, or in Edinburgh or Glasgow.

In March 1669 he was summoned along with other ten of his brethren in the west, to Ayr, to answer to the crime of *preaching and baptizing*. The summons was served upon him with the utmost rudeness. He was compelled to give a bond that he would appear, and even his very family were turned out of the house in which they had taken up their abode. Thus bound, he appeared at Ayr, and answered the questions put to him with such candour, that the greater part of the committee before whom he had been called would have dismissed him, but the Archbishop of Glasgow's

agent opposed his dismissal, and prevailed upon them to cite him before the Council in Edinburgh. At the meeting of the Council, Blair owned that he had preached, but not in the fields. He was dismissed, and returned in safety to his home; but on the day of his dismissal a proclamation against conventicles was issued, to the effect that heritors who permitted them in their lands should be fined £50 for each offence.

In the *Act anent the Indulgence*, September 3, 1672, Blair's name occurs along with a "Mr Adam Alison," as confined, in the exercise of his ministerial functions, to the parish of Galston. When the 29th of May came round, the day appointed to give thanks to God for the restoration of the marvellously excellent monarch, Charles II.,—a signal favour the British nation continued annually to celebrate by a particular service in the English Liturgy, by firing its cannon, and closing its banks, down to our own time,—it was found that none of the indulged ministers had observed it. The consequence was that all were cited to appear before the Council. Here one of their number was asked if he had kept the Council's instructions, sent along with the Act of Indulgence, to exercise his ministry nowhere else than in the parish to which he had been confined, and to celebrate the communion on one and the same Lord's Day as the other indulged ministers, and replied he had not seen them. The chancellor explained that there must have been some mistake, and ordered all to attend that day week, to hear their sentence and

to receive copies of the instructions. During the interval the ministers agreed that if the instructions were presented to them, Mr George Hutchison of Irvine should, in their name, state what encroachment the Indulgence had made upon their liberty. When the day came the Council, however, took care not to call Mr Hutchison until nearly all the others had been asked if they had a copy of the instructions. This delay led some of the brethren to resolve to speak for themselves. Blair was the first who spoke. When the clerk handed him the paper, he said to Rothes, "My Lord Chancellor, I cannot be so uncivil as to refuse a paper offered me by your lordships, but I can receive no instructions from you for regulating the exercise of my ministry, for if I should receive instructions from you, I should be your ambassador." These spirited words greatly offended the chancellor. The other ministers were dismissed, but Mr Blair was ordered to be carried to the Tolbooth of Edinburgh. Here he lay a close prisoner from July until December. The confinement brought on serious illness; and the records state that, on the 4th of December, "Mr Alexander Blair is allowed by the lords to go to a house in Edinburgh, by reason of his sickness," on a pledge being given, under a penalty of 5000 merks (£274 sterling), that he would re-enter prison in a month. When the month expired he was given another fortnight, but ere it closed, he died "in much joy," says Wodrow, "and full assurance of faith."

From the churchyard we retraced our steps, passed through Galston, crossed the Irvine, and took the road that leads to Newmilns that we have described in our visit to Drumclog.

Newmilns, or Newmills, is of some antiquity. It was erected into a burgh of barony so far back as 1490. In the list given by John Knox of the Lollards of Kyle, who were summoned before King James IV. in 1494, there is the name of a "Johne Campbell of New Mylnes," but nothing further is known of him. James Gregg was minister of the parish in the beginning of the seventeenth century. He was a man of more than ordinary energy. He preached with "such earnestness and urging vehemency," says Livingston, who knew him, "that sometimes, with striking two fingers of the one hand on the palm of the other, the blood hath come out from the top of his fingers." His energy was not confined to the pulpit. Livingston tells, that he had heard him say that in one winter alone, and evidently through his exertions, "about forty persons in the parish, each more than forty years of age, had learned to read that so they might read the Bible."

Gregg took a prominent part in the struggle the Church of Scotland maintained with James VI. for spiritual liberty. He was a member of the Assembly at Aberdeen, in July 1605. Of the members chosen, few appeared on the appointed day, the 2d of the month, and these few were told by the Royal Com-

missioner that he had letters, in virtue of the royal prerogative, charging them not to meet. Notwithstanding this injunction they met, but only to prorogue the Assembly to the next month. Gregg was not present on the 2d. With several others he did not arrive till the 5th of the month, "being hindered," says James Melville, "pairtlie by evil wether, and spaits of waters, and pairtlie by mistaking of the day." Although too late for business, the late comers expressed their approval of what the Assembly had done. The King was in great wrath at their boldness. They were summoned before the Council in October, and were ordered, as "convict of disobedience to his majestie's charge, to enter their persons in sundrie castells and ward houses." Gregg was confined in Dumbarton Castle. The Gunpowder Plot had been detected in the November of that same year, and it was hoped that the deliverance thus vouchsafed to the King would lead him to give up persecuting "poore ministers." But James was a firm believer in the divine right of kings, and so, says Calderwood, "he relented nothing, and insisted more eagerly, both by pen and by tongue, saying, the Papists were seeking his life indeed, but the ministers were seeking his crown, dearer to him than life." Gregg lay for nearly two years in prison. He returned to Newmilns, and was alive in 1630, when Livingston heard him. He was succeeded by John Neave or Nevay, who soon showed himself not unworthy of being his successor.

Neave was a member of the General Assembly in 1647. When the Westminster Assembly sent "the Paraphrase of the Psalmes" for the consideration of the Church of Scotland, he had the high honour of being appointed, with three others, to revise it. The last thirty Psalms fell to his share. He must have been a man of refined taste—M'Ward speaks of him as the "acute and distinct Nevay"—and fully abreast of the literature of his age, for these thirty Psalms do not contain a single obsolete expression, an excellence that cannot be affirmed of any other consecutive thirty in the book. He was much esteemed by a competent judge, Chancellor Loudon. Wodrow says of him, that he was "a person of very considerable parts and bright piety. There is a handsome paraphrase of his upon the Song of Solomon, in Latin verse, printed; and I have seen some accurate sermons of his upon Christ's temptation, which I wish were published." Three months after Alexander Blair, his neighbour in Galston, he received a peremptory summons to repair to Edinburgh, to answer to the charge of "seditious carriage." The 9th of December was the day appointed for his appearance, but his case does not seem to have been taken up until the 23d, when he was examined, and, on his refusal to take the oath of allegiance, was banished out of the kingdom. He went to Holland, at that time what Britain is now, the land of liberty, where they who escaped from the hand of the persecutor found freedom, sympathy, and pro-

tection. He seems chiefly to have resided at Rotterdam, where, along with M'Ward, Trail, Brown of Wamphray, and Livingston, he ministered to the Scots congregation, and kept alive in the breasts of the many exiles from Scotland, hope of better days for their native land.

His old parishioners in Newmilns were not forgotten by him. A correspondence was kept up between both. In addition to letters, his parishioners seem to have sometimes sent him money. In 1669 he says —"About a year since I sent a book of sermons which were preached among you, upon the Covenant of Grace and Temptation of Christ, all written with my own hand, to be made use of in Christian meetings, and to pass from hand to hand among those that hunger after the Word." The sermons on the Covenant of Grace were published at Glasgow in 1748, in a 12mo volume of four hundred and seventy-six pages, with a preface by a William Young, Threepland, Eaglesham, in which he says they are printed from the author's own manuscript. A list of subscribers to the extent of six hundred and seventy-five copies follows the preface. Two letters of Neave to his parishioners are appended to the volume. The sermons are short, averaging each about nine pages, and, in accordance with a fashion of the time, are all from one text, 2 Sam. xxiii. 1, 2. In reality, however, they form a small system of divinity, on the author, the parties, the properties, the blessings, the fruits, and the duties of the Covenant of Grace.

These frequent letters and sermons seem to have attracted the notice of the authorities in Scotland, for in 1670 Charles II. demanded of the States-General that he, along with Trail and M'Ward, be required to remove from their territories. With great reluctance the States complied with the demand to the extent of asking the three to leave Rotterdam. M'Ward retired to the neighbourhood of Utrecht, where he lived unmolested. Whither Nevay went is not recorded, further than that he remained in seclusion somewhere in Holland until his death.

Newmilns has its martyr monuments. The first of these is in a *kailyard* behind a house on the opposite side of the street to the parish church, and somewhat before we come to the church. It has the following inscription :

RENEWED IN
1822
Here LIES JOHN LAW,
Who was shot at NEWMILLS, At
The relieving of 8 of CHRIST'S—
Prisoners, Who were taken at A meet^g
For Prayer at Little Blackwood, in the
Parish of KILM^k in April 1685, By CAPT
INGLIS and his PARTY, For Their
Adherence to the Word of GOD
And Scotland's Covenanted Work
of Reformation.

---

Cause I CHRIST'S Prisoners reliev'd
I of my Life was soon beriev'd.

By cruel Enemies with rage
In that Rencounter did engage.
The Martyr's honour & his Crown
Bestow'd on me O high Renown
That I Should not only believe,
But For CHRIST'S cause my life should give

The eight prisoners were those taken at the prayer meeting in Little Blackwood, as narrated in a previous chapter. They were all taken to Newmilns, and there put into prison. Next day Inglis brought them all out, and had them blindfolded for immediate execution, when some friend said to him, that, no doubt, he was safe enough in what he was doing, so long as the present rulers were in power, but if a change came, he might be called in question for giving men quarters, and putting them to death without shadow of law; and advised him to write to Edinburgh for authority to shoot them, an authority which would at once be granted. Inglis took the advice, and sent his son to Edinburgh for an order from the Council, which he readily obtained. Meanwhile, the friends of the prisoners had agreed to make an attempt to relieve them. A night was fixed upon, but they met a night earlier, for which none of them ever could account, but that in the providence of God it had been ordered so. The very night of the attack, Inglis was in the neighbourhood with an order in his pocket to shoot the eight on the morrow. The friends succeeded in their attack. They shot the sentinel, and broke open

the gates with forehammers, taken from a smith's shop close at hand. They met with little further resistance save from one of the soldiers, who aimed at them with his firelock, while they were busy with the gates, but ere he could fire he was himself shot dead. Inglis, who commanded the castle, was in such a state of fear that he crept in below a bed until the Covenanters were gone. Tradition says nothing of any loss on the part of the Covenanters while breaking into the prison, so that John Law must have been afterwards discovered and shot.

The parish churchyard contains several monuments. There is one on the east side of the church to JOHN GEBBIE in FEOCH, and another on the west side to JOHN MORTON in BROOMHILL. Both are similar in size and inscription to the monument to Thomas Flemming in Loudon Churchyard. Both monuments have sunk considerably into the ground; indeed, Morton's has sunk so much that half only of the inscription can be read, and Gebbie's is little better. John Morton, as we have seen, was the only one shot dead on the battlefield on the side of the Covenanters at Drumclog. He was a well-known Covenanter. Tradition relates that the soldiers were once sent after him, and meeting him on the road, without knowing who he was, they asked if he knew where John Morton lived. He replied that he did. "Well, then," said the soldiers, "you must take us to his house." Morton led them, hoping in some way

or other to escape out of their hands; but when not far from his house, some one on the road, who knew him, thoughtlessly exclaimed, "John Morton, are you with the soldiers!" and he was at once made prisoner. In the house, however, the soldiers were overpowered and pinioned, their arms were taken from them, and they were blindfolded and led away over the moor, under the direction of a half-witted person, until they were in sight of Eaglesham, when he untied the ropes with which they had been bound, and set them free.

John Gebbie was wounded at Drumclog, and died some time after the battle. Nothing further is known of him.

On the east wall of the churchyard there is a monument to the memory of five martyrs to the cause of liberty in the reign of Charles II. The inscription, like several we have seen, is somewhat bombastic, and takes care to commemorate the parishioners of Loudon as well as the martyrs:

ERECTED Sept. 1829.
By the
Parishioners of Loudon in testimony
of their deep admiration of the
noble struggle, in defence of the
civil and religious liberties of their
country, against the despotic and
persecuting measures of the House
of Stuart, maintained by the under
named martyrs belonging to this
Parish, who suffered and died for

their devotedness to the Covenanted
Work of Reformation.

---

MATTHEW PATON, Shoemaker in
Newmilns who was taken in the
Rencounter at Pentland & executed
at Glasgow. Dec. 19th 1666.
DAVID FINDLAY. who was shot at
Newmilns, by order of Dalziel 1666
JAMES WOOD taken at the battle
of Bothwell bridge & executed at
Magusmuir Nov. 25th 1679.
JOHN NISBET in Glen executed at
Kilmarnock. April 14th 1683.
and JAMES NISBET in Highside
executed at Glasgow. June 11th 1684

---

These are they who came out of
great tribulation. Rev. vii. 11

Paton was tried at Glasgow on Monday, the 17th December, along with Robert Buntine of Fenwick, John Hart of Glassford, and Robert Scot of Dalserf. The four had been taken prisoners after the battle of Pentland. It was ably pleaded on their behalf, that as quarter had been given them on the field of battle, they could not now be put to death; but the court rejected the plea, and sentenced them to be hanged on Wednesday, the 19th, little more than a day after their trial. "Accordingly," says Wodrow, "they were executed that day. The men were most cheerful, and had much of a sense of the Divine love upon them, and a great deal of peace in their sufferings." At

their execution was introduced a practice which had been common a century previous with the Duke of Alva in his reign of terror, when Captain-General of the Netherlands, and which, perhaps, more than anything else, tells of the cruelty of the men then in power —the soldiers beat the drums when the sufferers began to speak to the multitude.

*David Findlay's* story is one of the most terrible of a period that abounded in terrors. Shortly after the battle of Pentland, Dalziel, with a considerable body of troops, marched westward, and took up his headquarters in Kilmarnock. Here the soldiers lived as if in an enemy's country. So much was this the case, that the people in and around Kilmarnock reckoned their losses in a few months at upwards of 50,000 merks, *i.e.*, nearly £3000, and in the poverty of Scotland at that age, a much larger sum than it would be now. Dalziel himself summoned the country people, whomsoever he pleased, before him. Wherever suspicion lighted there was an object to be called into his presence. David Findlay belonged to Newmilns, but he happened to be at Lanark when the Covenanting army, under Wallace, came thither. Dalziel caused him to be brought before him, when he owned that he had been accidentally at Lanark when the army passed through, but he had not joined their ranks. Dalziel asked him whom he saw there, but Findlay could tell him little, as he was a stranger in Lanark. To the surprise of all, without further trial,

he ordered him immediately to be shot. Neither Findlay, nor the officer charged to execute the sentence, could at first believe Dalziel to be in earnest; but they soon found otherwise. Findlay pleaded, for the Lord's sake, with the lieutenant, for one night's time to prepare for eternity. Moved by the poor man's entreaty, the lieutenant went and earnestly besought that he might be spared for another day; but Dalziel was inexorable, his only answer was, "That he would teach him to obey without scruple;" and "so," says Wodrow, "the man was shot dead, stripped naked, and left dead upon the spot."

*James Wood* was present at Bothwell Bridge, and was taken prisoner, but when taken he had no weapon of any kind, yet, because he would not call the rising which ended in Bothwell Bridge, rebellion, and Sharp's death, murder, he was sentenced to be hanged at Magus Muir, on November 18th, "upon account of the Bishop of St Andrew's death," along with other four equally innocent with himself in bringing Sharp to the end for which he was so ill prepared. The Appendix to "Naphtali" contains fully forty pages, in brevier type, of the testimonies and speeches of the five. First of all, there is a joint testimony, subscribed by the five, then a separate testimony from each, a second joint testimony, and lastly, their speeches when upon the ladder. The whole will repay the reading, and will be found to be both well written and "full of a strain of piety and seriousness," that amply justifies

the publishers of "Naphtali" in giving them so large a place in the volume. We give the opening sentences of Wood's speech upon the ladder,—they are remarkable for their simplicity and truthfulness :

"JAMES WOOD, being upon the ladder, said—As for our coming here upon the account of the bishop's death : For my own part, I was never in this place of the country before : neither ever saw I a bishop in my life, that I could say, there was the man. I am here this day to lay down my life that God hath given me, because I could not call my appearance in Armes with these at *Bothwell Bridge*, Rebellion ; and because I would not take the bond. As for my own part, I am so far from calling or thinking it rebellion, that I bless God I was a man to be there with that party, though a man most unable for war, and unskilful, because of my infirme arme. And all the Armes I had was a halbert upon my shoulder ; And it was not for anything I dought or could do with it ; but I behoved to be there to shew my good will to the work of God, and the respect I had to the interests of our Lord."

*John Nisbet* is sometimes called "John Nisbet the younger," to mark him out from John Nisbet of Hardhill. He was tried at Kilmarnock on the charge of being at Bothwell Bridge. The "Cloud of Witnesses" contains his examination, as reported by himself. The answers he gave are those of a man who was able to have all his wits about him when before his enemies, and who, however he might involve himself, would

betray none of his friends. He was sentenced to be hanged at Kilmarnock, April 4, 1683. The "Cloud of Witnesses" also contains his last testimony. A single sentence from it will tell the faith of the man:

"I bless and magnify His holy name, that ever He brought me out of a state of nature, and brought me into an estate of grace and salvation, through the virtue of the blood of Christ; and exalted be His holy name, that He hath given me a sight of my own weakness, and also a sight of the deceitfulness of my own evil heart, and the mystery of iniquity abounding there; and also a sight of the remedy of the blood of Christ, with His Spirit engaging me to Himself, and letting me see Himself altogether lovely and precious; so that I may safely say, 'there is none in heaven or in earth that I desire beside Him.'"

Wodrow says, that "he had a grave courage and staidness when he came to the place of execution. He prayed, and sang Psal. xvi. 5, to close, with a great deal of affection and joy." He then handed his Bible to his uncle, and made himself ready for the executioner. When all was prepared, contrary to his expectations, he found that he would be allowed to speak to the multitude, which he did "in an extemporary discourse, pressing them to godliness" until "a confusion was raised by the soldiers," "and he was turned off when commending his soul into his Father's hands."

*James Nisbet* belonged to Highside, a farm about three miles to the north-east of Darvel. He had gone

to Glasgow, to be present at the burial of John Richmond of Knowe, when he was recognised by Lieutenant Nisbet, a cousin of his own, and apprehended. On examination, he was soon entangled with the questions put to him. He was executed at the Howgate Head, Glasgow, June 5, 1684. "He died in much peace and full assurance." His "Last Testimony" is in the "Cloud of Witnesses." Its expression of faith in Christ is not less strong than that of John Nisbet of the Glen. He says:

"I die for the hope of Israel, and as a witness for the name of Jesus Christ, of which hope I am not ashamed. Now I invite all who love His name, and the welfare of Zion, to praise Him, for I may set my seal to it, that He is a good Master to all who will come to Him; for I may say He hath been good to me, and has let me see a sight of my sins, and a sight of the remedy that He has purchased by His blood through His death for me, who was born an heir of hell and wrath, by nature. Glory be to His great name who has made me free from my sin, and made me as if I had never sinned."

While in prison James Nisbet received much ill usage. The compilers of the "Cloud of Witnesses" append the following note to his testimony:

"This martyr was so inhumanly treated, and constantly watched, that it was with much difficulty he got anything written, and that only a line now and then."

Not far from the monument to Matthew Paton and his fellow-sufferers, is one to the memory of Nisbet of Hardhill. The inscription is modern, and of the same character as that upon the monument to the memory of the martyrs in Galston.

To the Memory of
JOHN NISBET of *HARDHILL*
who suffered martyrdom at the Grassmarket
EDINBURGH. 4th December, 1685.
Animated by a Spirit
To which Genuine Religion alone could give Birth,
the pure flame of civil & Religious Liberty alone
*could keep alive*,
He manfully struggled for a Series of YEARS
To stem the Tide of National Degeneracy,
And liberate his Country from the tyrannical Aggressions
Of the perjured House of
*STUART*
His conduct in arms at PENTLAND, DRUMCLOG and BOTHWELL BRIDGE
In opposition to Prelatic Encroachments
& in defence of Scotland's Covenanted Reformation,
Is recorded in the annals of
Those *oppressive* Times.
His remains lie at EDINBURGH,
But the inhabitants of this his NATIVE PARISH
And Friends to the Cause for which he Fought
and Died,
Have caused this stone
TO BE ERECTED.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE MARTYRS OF GLASGOW.

KNOX begins his "History of the Reformation," by telling that "in the scrolls of Glasgow is found mention of one whose name is not expressed, that in the year of God 1422 was burnt for heresy, but what were his opinions, or by what order he was condemned, it appears not evidently." The researches of recent historians have not yet discovered the name of this martyr.

Glasgow was not behind the other leading towns of Scotland in embracing the principles of the Reformation, but it was not until 1562 that it obtained a Protestant minister in David Wemis or Wemyss, 1562-1615. According to Spotswood, the Magistrates in Wemyss' time, instigated by Andrew Melville and other ministers, were about to demolish the Cathedral and build a number of small churches with the materials, when they were prevented by the riotous opposition of the trades. Cleland in his "History of

Glasgow" repeats the story, although he unwittingly gives in a foot-note an order to the Magistrates which commands the very opposite. Dr M'Crie in his "Life of Melville" shows the groundlessness of Spotswood's statement, and proves that the Magistrates and ministers, so far from seeking to destroy the Cathedral, did their utmost to uphold it in its integrity, save that they removed the idols and altars with which it had been desecrated by Rome.

A list of the ministers of Glasgow from Wemyss onward, will be found in Scott's *Fasti*. It contains many names yet justly revered. The fifth in succession is James Durham, called to the Blackfriars in 1647, and translated to the Cathedral or High Church in 1651. He died in 1658. Several of his eleven different publications have been repeatedly reprinted, and all merit the attention of the student. Perhaps the most worthy of perusal in our time is his treatise on Scandal. Its latter part, extending to one hundred and fifty pages, treats of "Scandalous Divisions," and discusses with the minuteness characteristic of the age, yet with much earnestness and wisdom, and catholicity, the question of the union of Christians.

In 1558 the increasing population of Glasgow led to a second minister being appointed. The fourth in this collegiate charge was David Dickson, Professor of Divinity in the University, the author of many books now forgotten. But his name still lives in the

traditions of his successful ministry when at Irvine, and in his well-known hymn:

> "O mother, dear Jerusalem!
> When shall I come to thee," etc.

Dickson's successor was Patrick Gillespie, a favourite with Cromwell. Gillespie was succeeded by James Carstares, a successful preacher, remarkable for his power in prayer, and the editor of most of Durham's works. He suffered much during the years of persecution. He died at Edinburgh, February 5, 1686. His son was the chosen counsellor of William III.—the William Carstares whom Macaulay justly calls one of the most remarkable men of his age.

Carstares was translated to the Collegiate charge from the Outer High Church, where he was succeeded in 1653 by Andrew Gray, whose brief ministry was fruitful in sermons that will always be prized by those who love English undefiled, and fervour, and clear statement of the Gospel message. Andrew Gray's successor was Robert M'Ward, the amanuensis of Samuel Rutherford when commissioner to the Westminster Assembly. In 1661 or 1662 he was ordered to leave Scotland, and he went to Holland, where, besides much other useful labours, he gathered together the letters of his old professor, and published them at Rotterdam in 1664, under the title of "Joshua Redivivus; or, Mr Rutherford's Letters."

The Barony was disjoined from the city parish in 1595. Its fourth minister was Zachary Boyd. He was succeeded in 1654 by Donald Cargill, well known to the readers of the "Cloud of Witnesses," as the first whose dying testimony is there given. But it is time now for us to look at the monuments to the martyrs in Glasgow.

From the outside to the inside of the Cathedral is an easy, and, on a raw and gusty day, a pleasant transition. We walked down its long nave, and penetrated into its crypt, that bears to have been erected so far back as the twelfth century. The whole is a noble monument of the genius as well as of the skilful and patient labour of a past age. Of late years the windows have been filled with stained glass pictures, professing to depict scenes in sacred history. In most cases the donors have taken care to add their names and armorial bearings. The windows thus adorned have been much admired, and must have been the product of no small amount of labour, as well as have cost much money. As works of toil and skill they are, doubtless, worthy of study, but they are out of place where they are.

The house of God is a place for worship and for the study of God's own presentation of truth in the written Word, and not for pictures. The intelligent worshipper does not wish to be distracted or to have his mind debased by representations of sacred things,

HIGH CHURCH OF GLASGOW.

that some way or other come far short of his own conceptions of what these things are or must have been. In fact, the great mass of what are called sacred pictures are quite repulsive to a thoughtful student of the Bible. They may be pleasing to little children or to Papists, not allowed to read the Word of God for themselves, but they do no manner of service to the enlightened mind. Poets speak of the dim religious light that stained glass secures. But our holy religion knows nothing of dim religious light. Its object is to scatter darkness, and to bring us into the presence of God as our Father and Redeemer. The full effulgence, therefore, of the light of heaven, streaming into our places of worship, is a thousand times more in keeping with the nature of our privileges than light distorted or obscured by coming through the medium of pictures or armorial bearings in coloured glass.

On the outside of the north wall of the Cathedral is an inscription to the memory of nine martyrs. It was put up some years ago, when the Cathedral was repaired and renovated. The inscription is the same in its words as that upon the original stone, but, with questionable taste, nine of the lines upon the old monument have been thrown into three. The stone first put up lies upon its side against the wall of the churchyard, opposite the new inscription. We give the inscription, as copied from the old monument:

Here lies the corps of
ROBERT BUNTON, JOHN HART,
ROBERT SCOTT,
MATTHEW PATOUN,
JOHN RICHMOND,
JAMES JOHNSTOUN,
ARCHIBALD STEWART,
JAMES WINNING,
JOHN MAIN.
Who suffered at the cross of Glasgow
For their testimony to the covenants
And work of reformation,
Because they durst not own the
Authority of the then tyrants,
Destroying the same,
Betwixt 1666 and 1688.

---

YEARS sixty-six and eighty four,
Did send their souls home into glore,
Whose bodies here interred ly
Then sacrificed to tyranny
To covenants and reformation
Cause they adheared in their station.
These nine, with others in this yard
Whose heads and bodies were not spar'd
Their testimonies, foes, to bury
Caus'd beat the drums then in great fury.
They'll know at resurrection day
To murder saints was no sweet play.

---

The original Stone and Inscription
Repaired and new lettered
MDCCCXXVII
At the expense of a few FRIENDS of the CAUSE
For which the MARTYRS SUFFERED.

*Robert Bunton,* or Buntine, was a native of Fenwick, where a monument has recently been erected to his memory.

*John Hart* was a native of Glassford; and of

*Robert Scott,* all that is known of him is that he was of Dalserf.

*Matthew Paton* was a shoemaker in Newmilns.

All four were at Pentland. They had surrendered themselves as prisoners of war, and quarter had been given them. They were tried together at Glasgow on the same day—December 17, 1666. It was pleaded on their behalf that after quarter had been given they could not be sentenced to death, but the pleading was overruled, and they were declared guilty of rebellion and treason, and sentenced to be hanged on the 19th. An account of their execution has already been given.

*John Richmond* was "Younger of Knowe," a farm in Galston parish, about a mile to the south of Darvel. There is a monument to his memory in Galston Churchyard. Its inscription is given on page 222. In November 1683 he was walking in Glasgow, when Major Balfour endeavoured to seize him. He tried to escape, but was speedily captured, and was cruelly used, although it was not known who he was; and the only charge that could be brought against him was, that he did what he could to flee when it was sought to lay hold of him. Wodrow relates that he was taken to the guard-house and bound neck and heels together, and then left for hours lying on the

ground, and bleeding in consequence of wounds received in the scuffle. Next day he was taken to prison, where he remained till his trial four months afterwards.

*James Johnston* belonged to the parish of Cadder.

*Archibald Stewart* was "a countryman in the parish of Lesmahagow." He was "scarce in his nineteenth year."

*James Winning* was a tailor in Glasgow. According to his own statement he had been long "a hearer of curates," but from some private information he was summoned—February 1684—before one of the bailies. He was asked about Bothwell and the death of Sharp. His answers were judged not satisfactory, and he was sent to prison.

*John Main* "belonged to the parish of Old Monkland." He was seized about the same time as John Richmond.

All five were tried before a special commission in Glasgow, and on the same day—March 17, 1684. Wodrow gives an account of their trial, which he had, he says, "from a mournful spectator, now a reverend minister." They were charged with being at Bothwell, and conversing with those who had been there. Many witnesses were summoned to testify against them, but nothing definite could be brought against any one of the five. The chief ground of their condemnation seems to have been their silence when asked about the death of Charles I., as well as that of Sharp.

They were hanged at the Cross of Glasgow, March 19, 1684.

The "Last Testimony of John Main" is in the "Cloud of Witnesses." It is a vigorous testimony against the lawless courses of the men then in power. In its close he gives utterance to his faith:

"Let none fear to venture upon the cross of Christ; for I can say from experience—glory be to Him for it—that He has borne both the cross and me, or otherwise I never could have undergone it with so small difficulty. And the great reason of the fainting of many under the cross is, their laying so little weight on Jesus Christ, and so much upon themselves, and upon any attainment they may think themselves to possess. Let every one study that holy art of independence of all things besides Him, and depend only upon Himself."

The "Cloud of Witnesses" contains short extracts from the testimonies of the other four, and a "Letter from Archibald Stewart to his Christian acquaintance." The pious thought that runs through all their statements justifies Wodrow's words, that they were "five worthy and good men."

Glasgow has a second Martyrs' Monument. It is about a quarter of a mile's walk to the north of the Cathedral, at the Monklands Canal, in Castle Street. It is a large tablet of polished granite, and is built into the wall. The letters of the inscription are of some size, and are easily read. Beneath the tablet a

drinking fountain has recently been erected. Altogether it is one of the most tasteful monuments to the memory of the martyrs that we have met with in our travels. The inscription is :

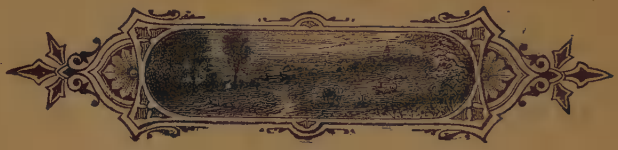
THE DEAD YET SPEAKETH.
BEHIND THIS STONE LYES
*JAMES NISBET*
*Who suffered Martyrdom at this Place*
JUNE 5th 1684.
*ALSO JAMES LAWSON*
*AND ALEXANDER WOOD*
*who suffered Martyrdom October 24th 1684.*
*for their adherence to the Word of God and*
*Scotland's covenanted work of the reformation*

Here lyes martyrs three
Of memory
Who for the Covenant did die
And witness is
Against all the nation's perjury
Gainst the Covenanted cause
Of CHRIST their royal king
The BRITISH rulers made such laws
Declared 'twas satan's reign.
As BRITAIN lyes in guilt, you see,
Tis ask'd, o' reader art thou free

THIS STONE WAS RENEWED BY
the proprietors of
THE MONKLAND NAVIGATION
APRIL 1818
AND AGAIN IN GRANITE BY
THE CITIZENS IN 1862.
DRINK AND THINK
THE MARTYRS MONUMENT.

James Nisbet belonged to the parish of Loudon. He came from Loudon to the funeral of his friend, John Richmond of Knowe, and was apprehended while at the grave. His story has already been told in a former chapter.

James Lawson and Alexander Wood are not mentioned by Wodrow. Their joint testimony is in the "Cloud of Witnesses." It is an uncompromising declaration of their attachment "to the Word of God and Scotland's covenanted work of reformation."



## CHAPTER IX.

### MUIRKIRK, PRIESTHILL, AND WELLWOOD.

ON the last day of May we took the early train from Glasgow to Muirkirk, in order to reach Priesthill. The morning promised well, and the promise was fulfilled, for the day turned out all that could be desired. At Auchinleck we changed carriages, and took the branch line for Muirkirk. Soon after leaving Auchinleck the country becomes bleak, and has little to diversify its surface but here and there the tall chimney of a coal-pit. At Lugar, on the north side of the line, Airdsmoss comes into view, and in about four miles from the station, half-way to Muirkirk, the monument to Richard Cameron and his compatriots.

Muirkirk Station is about a quarter of a mile to the south of the village, but close to the iron furnaces that for many years have given celebrity to the district. The village is pleasantly situated in the valley of Ayr Water. To the south-east are the

heights of the Cairntable range, rising to upwards of nineteen hundred feet, while behind it, to the north, are the hills—Blackhill, Priesthill, and Auchengilloch —that separate the waters of Ayrshire from those of Lanark. The village itself is made up of one long street, that runs for about half a mile in a north-easterly direction. The churchyard, the first object of our visit, lies near its farther end. The church is a plain looking building, of modern date. The monument we were in search of we found on the face of the brae that rises in the churchyard behind the church. It is an upright stone, two feet six inches by two feet, and part of one of the corners is broken off. The inscription is on both sides. It is :

HERE LYES JOHN SMITH
WHO WAS SHOT BY COL
BUCHAN AN' THE LAIRD
OF LEE FEB 1685
FOR HIS ADHERENCE TO THE
WORD OF GOD AND SCOT-
LANDS COVENANTED W
ORK OF REFORMATION
REV. 12. 11. ERECTED IN THE
YEAR 1731.

On the other side :

EPITAPH
WHEN PROUD APOSTA
DID ABJURE SCOTLANDS—
REFORMATION PURE AND

FILLED THE LAND WITH PERJ
URY AND ALL SORTS OF IN-
IQUITY SUCH AS WOULD NOT
WITH THEM COMPLY THEY PE
RSECUTE WITH HUE AND
CRY. I IN THE FIGHT
WAS OVERTANE AND FO
R THE TRUTH BY THEM
WAS SLAIN.

Little else is now known of John Smith save what is recorded on his tombstone. The "Cloud of Witnesses" is as brief in its notice of him as the tombstone. "Colonel Buchan with the Laird of Lee and their men, shot John Smith in the parish of Lesmahagow, February 1685." Wodrow only adds, that he was "without any process despatched."

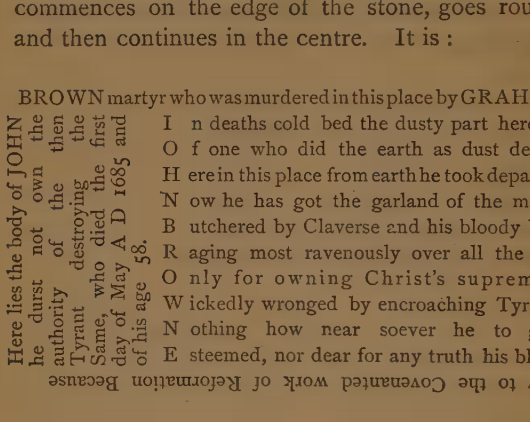
From the churchyard we set off for Priesthill. We took the road that runs to the north-west from the church, and in a quarter of a mile joins that for Strathaven and Glasgow. This road we followed for nearly two miles, when, as directed, we struck off to the east by a path through the moor. For nearly a mile and a half we walked on without seeing a single person. The sight of what, in the distance, seemed to be a monument, led us astray nearly half a mile, but the supposed monument turned out a pile of stones that had been erected for the purposes of the Ordnance Survey. We speedily retraced our steps, and came down to the road at a place where were the ruins of a deserted farmhouse. Some two hundred

yards farther was a tenanted farmhouse, and here we were told the monument was half a mile away in the moor. The half-mile was soon got over; but in our haste we had diverged from the right path and went half a mile farther, but no monument was to be seen. On turning back and looking round us, there, in a hollow half a mile from us, we saw a white-looking object, which must be what we were in search of. It was so, and in ten minutes we were standing beside it.

A more lonely and desolate spot than where the monument stands can scarcely be conceived. Not a person, not even a house, was to be seen. Although it was the closing day of May, the moor retained much of the bleakness of winter; the grass had but partially—through the frosts that in such upland districts run into June—put on its green dress. But while man was not to be seen, all around us were the sounds of life. The lark was in full song, and was filling the air with music; the lambs were sporting about, and their bleating not unpleasantly mingled with the carols coming from far overhead.

The house where John Brown lived must have fallen, and its materials been removed many years ago, for not a trace of it now exists, except perhaps a deeper green on the sward, where it or its garden must have stood. The stone over his remains lies flat. It is five feet in length, by two feet and a half in breadth. It is enclosed by a dike four feet in height, sufficiently high to prevent the sheep or cattle getting

within. The inscription is somewhat peculiar, as it commences on the edge of the stone, goes round it, and then continues in the centre. It is :


BROWN martyr who was murdered in this place by GRAHAM of
Claverhouse for his testi
mony to the Covenanted work of Reformation Because
I n deaths cold bed the dusty part here lies
O f one who did the earth as dust despise
H ere in this place from earth he took departure
N ow he has got the garland of the martyr
B utchered by Claverse and his bloody band
R aging most ravenously over all the land
O nly for owning Christ's supremacy
W ickedly wronged by encroaching Tyranny
N othing how near soever he to good
E steemed, nor dear for any truth his blood.
Here lies the body of JOHN
he durst not own the
authority of the then
Tyrant destroying the
Same, who died the first
day of May A D 1685 and
of his age 58.

Close to the enclosure containing the martyr's grave is a monument some seven or eight feet in height, bearing on one of its sides the date 1826, and on another the circumstances in which it was erected : "This monument was erected, and the adjoining grave of John Brown enclosed, by money collected at a sermon, preached here by the Rev. John Milwaine, on August 28, 1825, in commemoration of the martyrs."

The murder of John Brown by Claverhouse is mentioned in two or three lines by Alexander Shields, in his "Short Memorial of the Suffering and Grievances of the Presbyterians," published in 1690. This short statement is reprinted, without comment, in the

first edition of the "Cloud of Witnesses," issued in 1714. It is related at length by Wodrow, and with some additional details by Patrick Walker in his life of "Alexander Peden." There is not a more affecting nor a more tragic story in the whole range of the martyrology of Scotland.

John Brown had a small piece of land at Priesthill, and acted as carrier. He possessed more than the usual share of piety and religious knowledge, and was skilled in the art of imparting to others what he knew. Indeed, his character was such, that he was known as "the Christian carrier." Several young people in the upland district in which he lived, had been in the habit of receiving instruction from him. For years he had absented himself from the services of the curates, and so had been obliged often to hide himself from the searches of their underlings; but in no other respect had he given offence to the Government. The length of time he had escaped the hands of his persecutors had evidently emboldened him, and he had returned home; but it was only soon to fall into the hands of the murderer.

On the morning of the 1st of May 1685, between five and six o'clock, after he had made worship with his family, he was on the way, spade in hand, to cut peats, when he was pursued through the moss by Claverhouse, who was then coming from Lesmahagow with three troops of dragoons. After, according to Claverhouse's despatch to the Lord Treasurer, a

lengthened pursuit he was overtaken and brought to his own house. Here he was examined, and gave his answers "distinctly and solidly," which made Claverhouse ask those who guided him through the moor, if ever they heard him preach. "No, no," was the reply, "he was never a preacher." "If he has never preached," said Claverhouse, "meikle has he prayed in his time." According to Wodrow it was with some difficulty that he was allowed to pray. Patrick Walker records, Claverhouse had said to him, "Go to your prayers, for you shall immediately die."

John Brown prayed with much fervour. Thrice Claverhouse interrupted him. At one of these interruptions, the carrier was pleading that the Lord would spare a remnant, and not make a full end in the day of His anger, when Claverhouse said, "I gave you time to pray, and you are begun to preach." John turned round on his knees, and said, "Sir, you know neither the nature of preaching nor praying, that call this preaching;" and then continued without confusion. When he ceased praying, Claverhouse said to him, "Take good-night of your wife and children;" for she stood by, with a child of his former wife clinging to her, one of her own in her arms, and was soon to give birth to another. "Now, Isabel," were his words to her, "the day is come that I told you would come when I spake first to you of marrying me." "Indeed, John," she replied, "I can willingly part with you." "That is all," he said, "I desire; I

have no more to do but die; I have been in case to meet with death for so many years." He then kissed her and the children, and gave them his blessing, and wished purchased and promised blessings to be multiplied upon them. Claverhouse now ordered the soldiers to fire, but such had been the effect of the carrier's prayers that not one of them, long used as they must have been to deeds of violence, could be prevailed on to obey his orders, "so that," says Wodrow, "he was forced to turn executioner himself, and in a fret, shot him with his own hand."

His wife, while he lived, had besought his life with tears and entreaties, but her tears dried when, as a widow, she gazed on the lifeless body. As she stood, Claverhouse said to her, "What thinkest thou of thy husband now, woman?" "I thought ever much good of him, and as much now as ever." "It were but justice to lay thee beside him." "If ye were permitted," she had the courage to reply, "I doubt not your cruelty would go that length; but how will ye make answer for this morning's work?" "To man," was the murderer's reply, "I can be answerable; and for God I will take Him in my own hand." But this was mere bravado, for the dying ejaculations of the martyr left an impression on his seared conscience that time could not efface.

Lord Macaulay adopts the narrative of Wodrow, and tells the story of the murder with his wonted power. Mr Aytoun, in a Note to his "Lays of the

Scottish Cavaliers," calls in question the veracity of Wodrow, with a view to impugn Macaulay. With the same object, Sheriff Napier, in his "Life and Times of John Graham of Claverhouse," has published a letter of Claverhouse to the Lord Treasurer, giving his account of the murder. It is :

GRAHAME OF CLAVERHOUSE TO THE LORD TREASURER QUEENSBERRY.

*3rd May* 1685.

"May it please your Grace, — On Friday last, amongst the hills betwixt Douglas and the Ploughlands, we pursued two fellows a great way through the mosses, and in end seized them. They had no arms about them, and denied they had any. But being asked if they would take the *abjuration*, the eldest of the two, called John Brown, refused it; nor would he swear not to rise in arms against the king, but said *he knew no king*. Upon which, and there being found bullets and match in his house, and treasonable papers, I cause shoot him dead; which he suffered very unconcernedly. The other, a young fellow and his nephew, called *John Brownen*, offered to take the oath, but would not swear that he had not been at Newmills in arms, at rescuing of the prisoners. So I did not know what to do with him. I was convinced that he was guilty, but saw not how to proceed against him. Wherefore, after he had said his prayers, and carbines presented to shoot him, I offered to him that, if he would make an ingenuous confession, and make a discovery that might be of any importance for the king's service, I should delay putting him to death, and plead for him. Upon which he confessed that he was at the attack of Newmills, and that he

had come straight to the house of his uncle's on Sunday morning. In the time he was making this confession, the soldiers found out a house in the hill, under ground, that could hold a dozen of men, and there were swords and pistols in it; and this fellow declared that they belonged to his uncle, and that he had lurked in that place ever since Bothwell, where he was in arms. He confessed that he had a halbert, and told who gave it him about a month ago; and we have the fellow prisoner. He gave an account of the most part of those that were there. They were not above sixty; and they were all Galston and Newmills men, save a few out of Straven parish. He gave also account of a conventicle, kept by Renwick at the back of Carntable, where there were thirteen score of men in arms, mustered and exercised, of which number he was with his halbert. He tells us of another conventicle about three months ago, kept near Loudon Hill, and gives account of the persons who were at both, and what children were baptized, particularly that at Carntable, which was about the time that Lieutenants Murray and Crichton should have let them escape. He also gives account of those who gave assistance to his uncle; and we have seized thereupon the goodman of the upmost Ploughlands, and another tenant, about a mile below, that is fled. I doubt not, if we had time to stay, good use might be made of his confession. I have acquitted myself when I have told your Grace the case. He has been but a month or two with his halbert; and if your Grace thinks he deserves no mercy, justice will pass on him; for I having no commission of justiciary myself, have delivered him up to the Lieutenant-General to be disposed of as he pleases. I am, my Lord, your Grace's most humble servant, J. GRAHAME."

This letter of Claverhouse substantiates the usual account of the martyr's death in all essential particulars. Both are at one in stating that John Brown had been in hiding for a time, that he was taken among the hills, that he had no arms upon him, that he was brought to his own door, and there shot dead. Claverhouse says nothing of the wife and children, for they did not concern him, and he had no desire to make his narrative more sad than he could help. Claverhouse says he died unconcernedly; but this was merely a careless dragoon's view of the matter. No doubt Wodrow's account must have been true, that he died with Christian composure. Claverhouse says nothing of the reluctance of the soldiers, and of his own shooting him dead; but, as Dr John Cunningham, in an excellent Note in his "Church History," remarks on the letter, no man likes to proclaim himself an executioner.

The bullets and match and treasonable papers found in his house, for which Claverhouse says he caused him to be put to death, surely constitute a very trifling ground to take away a man's life without trial. Bullets and match might be in the houses of the most loyal, and no treason bound up with them. As to the treasonable papers, which are not specified, and not said to be forwarded for the Lord Treasurer's perusal, most readers will agree with Dr Cunningham when he says, "I have a strong suspicion they were something like the 'Westminster Confession,' or

'Rutherford's Letters,' or Guthrie's 'Causes of God's Wrath;" treasonable papers very likely to be found in the chest or on the shelf of a moorland farmer of that time."

The abjuration oath Brown might well refuse, and yet be a very peaceably minded man. Certainly it is an oath that few people, Jacobites not excepted, would like now to swear; yet it was for refusing this oath, and having a few bullets and pieces of match, and one or two books, very far from immoral in their teaching, that a simple countryman, with nothing but a spade in his hand, was chased through the moors by Claverhouse at the head of three troops of armed dragoons, and caught and brought to his own house, and shot dead before his wife and children!

The statements made by the nephew are of no consequence, so far as concerns justifying the murder. Whether true or false, they were made after John Brown was shot, and cannot be regarded as forming the reason for his death. If true, they really disclose nothing very dreadful. When a man had to flee from his own house for preferring to worship God according to the requirements of the Bible, rather than of the curates, it was only natural that he should make a place of safety for himself elsewhere. As to the few swords and pistols found in it, Claverhouse must have been more craven-hearted than even Covenanters have depicted him, if the sight of them in a hole, in a lonely moor, filled him with fear.

The examination of the nephew told Claverhouse what he regarded as important, and on account of which he promised to plead for him. But he puts forth no pleading. He coolly says, "If your Grace thinks he deserves no mercy, justice will pass on him."

Mr Napier has, indeed, done a service in the publication of the letter, but certainly not to Claverhouse himself. It more than justifies all the traditional accounts of his cold bloodedness, and of his indifference as to the life of others. There is not in the whole letter an expression of regret that the law required him, at the head of troops of armed soldiers, to course over the moors in pursuit of harmless strangers, and when caught, to butcher them, without trial, in cold blood, at their own doors. All is done by him as if it were a matter of course. Yet this is the man that Sir Walter Scott and Aytoun and Napier have delighted to honour as the pattern of a gentleman!

After copying the inscriptions, and taking a last survey of the wild and bleak country around us, we retraced our steps for Muirkirk, where we rested for an hour. On starting again we proposed walking to Airdsmoss; but finding it would involve a walk of five miles, and other four to Lugar Station, if we did not return to Muirkirk, we resolved, as we had only two hours and a half to spare ere the train started for Glasgow, to make for Wellwood, about three miles away. We took the Mauchline road, and followed it for two miles, where the road to Middle Wellwood strikes off

to the south-west. In half a mile from where we turned off we came to a farmhouse, and inquired for the martyr's grave, when we were told we should have taken a turning a quarter of a mile nearer Muirkirk, and three quarters of a mile's walk would have brought us to the very spot. However, we were now only three or four hundred yards from the place. We had but to cross the Ayr Water by a wooden bridge, walk along the banks in the direction of Muirkirk, and in a few minutes we would arrive at a burn, follow it up until we came to a wood, and, by the dike skirting the wood, we would see the gravestone. It all happened as we were told. The stone was a few yards up from the burn. The ground around it was besprinkled with reeds, while on the brae behind it was a plantation of fir trees. It was a quiet and sequestered spot, just the place for a martyr's grave. The stone is an upright one, of small size—two feet in height by the same in breadth. Its inscription is :

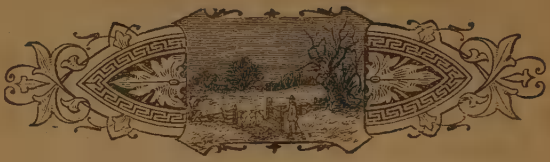
Here lyes WILLIAM ADAM
who was shot in
this place
by CAPT DALZEAL
and his party for his
adhearance to the
Word of God
and Scotlands
Covenanted work
of reformation March 1685.

In Alexander Shields' "Memorial," the murder of

William Adam by Captain Dalziel and Lieutenant Straiton is specified, but the date is said to have been February 1685, whereas the tombstone gives it March 1685; but the difference is immaterial. If the tombstone is according to the new style, and the Memorial the old, the discrepancy is at once explained. Wodrow says there was no charge against him; that he was merely threshing in his barn, when seeing Sir John Dalziel's dragoons coming, and afraid lest the usual questions should be put to him, he went out at the back door and hid himself in a marshy piece of ground among some bushes. The soldiers saw him run away and searched for him, and when they found him, instantly killed him.

Dr Simpson, in the first chapter of his "Gleanings among the Mountains," tells a romantic story of the death of a William Adams, in Wellwood, that evidently is the same person as that whose murder is recorded by Wodrow. The story, however, is very different, and yet it is a difference that can be reconciled. He was about to be married to a pious young woman in the neighbourhood, and he had appointed a meeting with her by the burn. He was first there, possibly because the approach of the dragoons had sent him out of the barn sooner than he expected. In order profitably to spend the time until she came, he took out his Bible and began to read. He had not read long till his eye caught the dragoons close upon him. He started to his feet. It was too late to flee. The

dragoons immediately rode up to him, and shot him dead on the spot. Meanwhile his betrothed was hastening to the trysting-place, when she heard the sound of fire-arms from the direction whither she was going. She feared the worst, and her fears seemed justified as she saw the horsemen coming. She met them as she was passing along a wooden bridge over the Water of Ayr, while they were crossing the same stream. One of the dragoons, riding close by the side of the bridge, drew his sword, and struck her with its broad side, as if he would push her into the water. Embittered in spirit, and her courage having risen, through the fear of death being taken away, by what she dreaded having befallen him whom she loved, it was the work of a moment to wrap her apron round her hand, to seize the sword by the blade, wrench it out of the soldier's hand, snap it in two, and fling the pieces into the water. This done, she eagerly ran to the spot where they were to meet, to find her William shot dead on the ground.



## CHAPTER X.

### AIRDSMOSS AND MAUCHLINE.

TWO months after our visit to Priesthill, we again set out on our travels. On the morning of the 1st of August we were on our way to Airdsmoss. We took the Muirkirk Railway as far as Lugar Station. The distance from Lugar to Muirkirk is about eight miles. The line runs nearly north-east all the way, and skirts the south border of Airdsmoss as it goes along. The highroad takes the south side of the line, and keeps close to it until the Martyrs' Grave comes into view, where it is crossed by the railway. As there is no intermediate station between Muirkirk and Lugar, we had a good four miles to walk before we came in sight of the object of our visit. But the day was all that could be desired. There had been weeks of a dry summer, so that when we left the road to reach the grave, the moor, for the half-mile we had to walk, was everywhere dry. The heather was coming into full bloom, and

the bees were humming around us, luxuriating in the opening flowers, or carrying away to a place of storage the sweet treasure they had gathered.

Airdsmoss is a strip of moor about seven or eight miles in length, and one to two in breadth. At its western end it is marked on the Ordnance Map as being six hundred and fifty-seven feet above the level of the sea, and at its eastern, where the Martyrs' Grave stands, it is seven hundred and twenty-seven feet. It rises somewhat higher in the centre than at its edges, and, unlike some moors in the drier east of Scotland, the moss has the appearance of life, as if it were still growing upwards. The Martyrs' Grave is on a sandy knoll of some size, that rises out of the moss, and the holes here and there, and one or two living specimens that fled out on our approach, gave ample evidence that a colony of rabbits had taken up their abode in its surroundings. Patrick Walker's account of it is: "Mr Cameron's body, with the other eight, were all buried upon the spot, with a large gravestone, upon four high pillars, with his name upon the head of it, and the form of an open Bible before him, and the names of the other eight round the sides," all in very legible letters. The gravestone was in 1832 set upon a platform some three feet in height, by ten feet square. In the centre of the platform rises the obelisk that is so conspicuous from the railway, half a mile away. The obelisk, on one of its sides, has the date of its erection—1832; and on the other, the following inscription:

SACRED
To The Memory
of
The Rev. RICHARD CAMERON
MICHAEL CAMERON
JOHN GEMMEL
JOHN HAMILTON
JAMES GRAY
ROBERT DICK
CAPT JOHN FOWLER
THOMAS WATSON
ROBERT PATERSON.

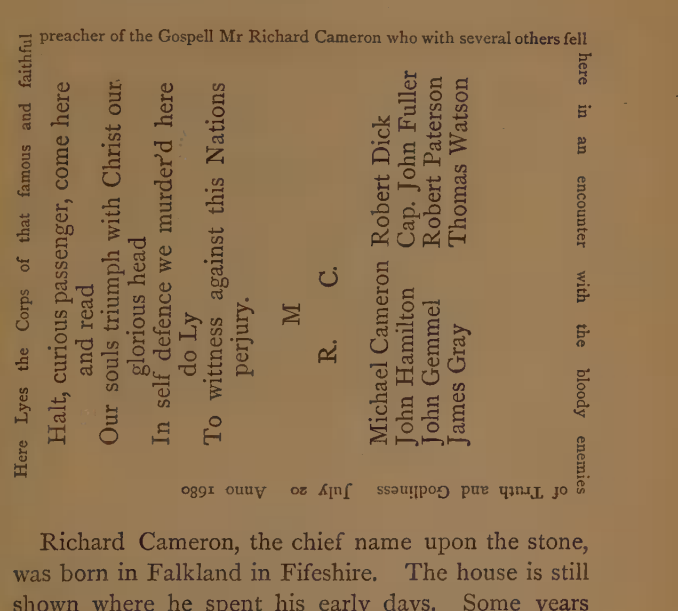
The old gravestone bears the marks of having been recut since first set up, but part of the inscription, and figures on it, have become nearly obliterated. Among the manuscripts in the possession of the Reformed Presbyterian Synod is the following letter of Sir Robert Hamilton to Robert Smith (at that time a prominent member of the Societies), in which an account of the erection of the stone is given, and the original epitaph is subjoined. The letter, by its date, March 4th, 1702, confirms the statement made in the memorial presented to the Edinburgh Town Council for permission to erect a stone in Greyfriars, that monuments had already been erected in "other places of the nation."

"MY DEAR BILLIE,—I am glad of an opportunity either to hear from you or you from me. The stone is curiously wrought on our Lord's servant at Airds-moss, with a pleasant epitaph, the Bible open, a hand, arm and shabble; and another stone ready for laying

on them [*i.e.*, the martyrs]; I hope to the satisfaction of friends. The gentlemen in that country offering to lead lime and stone for the building a tomb wall about them, if we will be at the pains to build it and our stone.

"But I shall give ye the epitaph at Airdsmoss in write.—Yours as formerly, RO. HAMILTON.

"At Hamilton. March
4th 1702."


Here Lyes the Corps of that famous and faithful preacher of the Gospell Mr Richard Cameron who with several others fell
Halt, curious passenger, come here and read
Our souls triumph with Christ our glorious head
In self defence we murder'd here do Ly
To witness against this Nations perjury.
M
R. C.
Michael Cameron Robert Dick
John Hamilton Cap. John Fuller
John Gemmel Robert Paterson
James Gray Thomas Watson
here in an encounter with the bloody enemies of Truth and Godliness July 20 Anno 1680

Richard Cameron, the chief name upon the stone, was born in Falkland in Fifeshire. The house is still shown where he spent his early days. Some years ago, in consequence of a change of proprietor, the

title-deeds of the house were examined, when it was found that his father had bonded it to the extent of £40, in order to keep him at college. After he finished his college education he was for some time schoolmaster and precentor in his native town. How long he held these offices is not recorded, but by some means he was led to hear, in the open fields,

MONUMENT AT AIRDSMOSS.

one or more of the persecuted ministers. The result was that he became convinced of the sin of accepting the Indulgence. He left Falkland and went to the south of Scotland, where he met with John Welch of Irongray. Welch, on different occasions, pressed him to accept of license ; but this Cameron refused,

on the ground that, if he were a preacher, he would be obliged to give utterance to his convictions regarding the evil of accepting the Indulgence, and thus he might prove a source of trouble to himself and others.

Welch's repeated solicitations at last prevailed, and he was licensed in Haughhead, in the house of Henry Hall. Once a preacher, although he did not spare those who accepted the Indulgence, he preached the Gospel with no ordinary power. Patrick Walker speaks of his "public exercises" as "very refreshing," and "most satisfying and delightsome." John Howie, in his "Collection of Lectures and Sermons," has given eight of his discourses, and they quite justify Patrick Walker's commendation. Though evidently from imperfect notes, they are stirring discourses, that, spoken with a good voice, could not fail to interest an audience. They are clothed in nervous English, and have a directness of appeal that some have thought peculiar to modern sermons, but which is really as old as the art of preaching itself. The discourses give indications of Cameron's opinion respecting public affairs; but mainly and chiefly they are Gospel sermons, such as a Scotch audience at the present day would highly relish. This is particularly the case with the two sermons on John v. 40, "And ye will not come unto me that ye might have life."

It was not long until Cameron's condemnation of the indulged gave offence, and he was ultimately prevailed upon, for some short time at least, to be silent

upon the matter. But he soon found that he could not keep his promise, and declared what he believed to be the whole counsel of God. To be out of temptation he went over, in the close of 1678, to Rotterdam. Here he was cordially received by M'Ward, Brown of Wamphray, and other refugees, who had found, under the protection of the Dutch Republic, the liberty denied to them in their native land. According to Patrick Walker, his labours were much prized by the refugees. He particularly specifies a sermon, or course of sermons, on Matt. xi. 28, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

He was ordained some time in the autumn of 1679 by M'Ward, and Brown—whose last public act it seems to have been, for he died in September of that year—and James Koelman, a worthy Dutch minister, and the translator into his native tongue of "Rutherford's Letters," Guthrie's "Christian's Great Interest," and many other works by British divines. Patrick Walker records, that when the hands were lifted off his head M'Ward kept his on, and cried out, "Behold, all ye beholders, here is the head of a faithful minister and servant of Jesus Christ, who shall lose the same for his Master's interest, and shall be set up before sun and moon in the public view of the world."

He returned to Scotland in the spring of 1680. M'Ward had charged him that on his return, before he began publicly to preach, he was to go to as many

of the non-indulged ministers as he could find and invite them to join him, and that if they would not go he must go alone, and the Lord would go with him. He was faithful to the charge, and spent some time in going from one to another, but all in vain. The persecution, in consequence of Bothwell, had become so hot that none dared to join him except Donald Cargill and Thomas Douglas. The three united together in fast-day services at Darmead, in the parish of Cambusnethan, and again in a secluded glen at Auchengilloch, six miles to the south of Strathaven.

At these meetings they agreed upon a Statement to be given forth to the world, renouncing allegiance to, and disowning Charles II. as a tyrant and a usurper. It was published at Sanquhar, June 22, 1680, by about twenty persons assembling, and Michael Cameron, brother to Richard, reading it, and then affixing it to the cross. The Statement is about two octavo pages in length. It will be found in Wodrow, and in the Appendix to the "Informatory Vindication," under the title of "The Declaration and Testimony of the true Presbyterian, anti-Prelatic, anti-Erastian persecuted Party in Scotland, published at Sanquhar, June 22, 1680." It is a bold and uncompromising document. After a brief preamble that the King hath so far gone beyond all bounds by his prejury and usurpation in Church matters, and tyranny in matters civil, that they have just reason to account it amongst the Lord's great controversies against them that they have

not disowned him, and the men of his practice, as enemies to the Lord Jesus and the true Protestant and Presbyterian interest, they, "considering the great hazard of lying under sin any longer," "do disown Charles Stewart, who hath been reigning these years bygone, or rather, we may say, tyrannising on the throne of Britain, as having any right, title, or interest to or in the said crown of Scotland or government, as forfeited several years since by his perjury and breach of covenant with God and His Church, and usurpation of His crown and royal prerogative, and many other breaches in matters ecclesiastic, and by his tyranny and breaches in the very *rules of government* in matters civil." . . . "As also we, under the banner of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Captain of Salvation, do declare a war with such a tyrant and usurper, and all the men of these practices, as enemies to our Lord Jesus Christ and His cause and covenant."

Such language, so unmistakable in meaning, at once roused universal attention. The indulged, as a matter of course, condemned it; and the Government issued a proclamation, expressed in no measured terms, offering a reward of 5000 merks for Richard Cameron, dead or alive, and lesser sums for his followers, and declaring that they had cast off allegiance "in a most treasonable and unparalleled paper:" but taking special care not to mention the reasons for so doing, given in the document itself,—the perjury and re-

peated breaches of the compact entered into when he became king.

"Head Second" of Renwick's "Informatory Vindication" is chiefly occupied with an explanatory defence of the Sanquhar Declaration. Such a defence may have been needed at the time, for the Declaration is somewhat incautiously worded, but not now. The terror it caused to the Government proved that its charges could not be gainsayed. The King had really broken solemn pledges and solemn oaths, and had given the people every cause to renounce allegiance. The only question now is, Was it prudent in Richard Cameron, with so small a following, so early to take a step sure to call down upon him the fury of the Government? Had he waited a year or two it might have been made with more safety to himself. But there can be no doubt that his own death directed still more effectively the mind of his countrymen to the duty set forth in the Declaration, that it told the Prince of Orange of the coming Revolution, and that it prepared the way for the decision ot the Estates of Scotland in 1689, a decision that reads extremely like an echo of the startling words published at the Cross of Sanquhar nine years before—that the King had violated the laws and liberties of the kingdom, inverted all the ends of government, and therefore had forfeited the right to the crown, and the throne had become vacant.

The last sermon Cameron preached was on July

18th, at Kype Water, a burn that rises out of the range of hills six or seven miles to the south of Strathaven, and about a mile from that town falls into the Avon. The sermon is in Howie's collection. The text is Psalm xlvi. 10: "Be still, and know that I am God." It is the earnest discourse of a preacher that manifestly knew, from his own experience, the blessedness of patiently waiting upon God.

His last night was spent in the house of a William Mitchell, in Meadowhead, at the Water of Ayr, a stream that, in its earlier course, skirts the north side of Airdsmoss. About forty men on foot and twenty on horse remained with him that week, in doubt whether to stay together and defend themselves if attacked, or to disperse and seek safety in the moors or glens. Next morning, July 22, 1680, he had a presentiment that his end was near. He said to the daughter of William Mitchell, when she had given him water, and he was drying his face and hands with a towel, "This is their last washing. I have need to make them clean, for there is many to see them." At these words her mother wept, when he said, "Weep not for me, but for yourself and yours, and for the sins of a sinful land; for ye have many melancholy, sorrowful, weary days before you."

The previous day Cameron had got notice that a party was in search of them. Sir John Cochrane of Ochiltree had told Bruce of Earlshall where they were to be found, and next day they learned that they were

approaching, and made preparation for self-defence. About four o'clock in the afternoon the soldiers came in sight, in number about a hundred and twenty, "well armed and horsed." It was at once seen that there was no escaping, and they immediately gathered close about Richard Cameron, "when he prayed a short word, and had these expressions three times, 'Lord, spare the green, and take the ripe!' When ended, he said to his brother, 'Michael, come, let us fight it out to the last; for this is the day that I have longed for, and the death that I have prayed for; to die fighting against our Lord's avowed enemies; and this is the day that we will get the crown.' And to the rest he said, 'Be encouraged, all of you, to fight it out valiantly; for all of you that shall fall this day I see heaven's gates cast wide open to receive them.'"

Of the twenty-three horse, eight were posted on the right under Robert Dick, and fifteen under David Hackston of Rathillet. As the enemy came near, twenty dismounted dragoons were seen making for their rear. To prevent this, a party of foot were sent to intercept them, while the main body advanced on the approaching enemy. Hackston's horse fired first, when several, both horse and foot, were killed and wounded. They immediately closed on each other, but in a few minutes the small body of horse, after a desperate resistance, were overpowered by the force of superior numbers. Richard Cameron and his

brother Michael, and seven others, were slain. Five prisoners were taken—Manual of Shots, who died of his wounds, as he entered the Tolbooth of Edinburgh; John Vallance, who died the day following; Archibald Alison and John Malcolm, who suffered martyrdom at the Grassmarket, August 13—their Testimonies are in the "Cloud;"—and Hackston of Rathillet, who, after a desperate resistance, was compelled to surrender, and was carried to Edinburgh, where, July 30, he was put to death in one of the most barbarous forms known in that barbarous age. His Testimony is also in the "Cloud of Witnesses." The foot sent to intercept the dismounted dragoons, when they saw the discomfiture of their horse, at once retired into the moss, and there escaped, for the soldiers could not follow them. Small as the number of horse under Hackston and Dick were, they slew more than their own numbers of the enemy. Walker relates, "that some of the soldiers afterwards said to himself, that that handful were men of the greatest courage that they ever saw set their faces to fight, though they had been at battles abroad; and if they had been as well trained and armed and horsed as we were, we would have been put to flight, and few of us escaped; their shots and strokes were deadly, and few recovered. Though there were but nine of them killed, there were twenty-eight of us killed dead, or died of their wounds in a few days."

Cameron's head and hands, and John Fowler's, who

was taken for Michael Cameron, were cut off and carried to Edinburgh, and shown to the Council. The Council ordered them to be fixed on the Netherbow Port. But before this was done, with a refined cruelty, to add poignancy to his grief, they were brought to Richard Cameron's father, who was then a prisoner in the Tolbooth for his non-conformity. The father was asked if he knew them, when he took his son's head and hands, and kissed them, and said, "I know them, I know them. They are my son's, my dear son's. It is the Lord. Good is the will of the Lord, who cannot wrong me nor mine, but has made goodness and mercy to follow us all our days."

Little else is known of those who fell with Richard Cameron than their names. Michael Cameron had been preparing for the Christian ministry. Robert Paterson belonged to Kirkhill, in Cambusnethan parish. He is said to have been "a singularly pious and zealous youth." James Gray was the eldest son of Gray of Chryston, a worthy man, who suffered much persecution for his adherence to the covenanted cause. His son was like-minded. Wodrow says he had "his character from a person of very good sense, who knew him fully;" and it describes him as "a youth of good parts, high courage, and pious from his infancy," "drop ripe for his change."

As we turned away from the Martyrs' Grave, and looked on the moor, and on the range of Cairntable to the south, and heard the sweet music of the lark, and

the bleating of the sheep, it was impossible not to remember the beautiful lines of James Hislop, the Muirkirk shepherd, in "The Vision: A Poem on the Slaughter of Mr Richard Cameron and others," and to feel that the scene and the time were such as he has so admirably described:

"'Twas morning; and summer's young sun from the east
Lay in loving repose on the green mountain's breast:
On Wardlaw and Cairntable the clear shining dew
Glistened sheen 'mong the heath bells and mountain flowers blue.

"And far up in heaven, near the white sunny cloud,
The song of the lark was melodious and loud;
And in Glenmuir's wild solitudes, lengthened and deep,
Were the whistling of plovers and bleating of sheep.

"And Wellwood's sweet valley breathed music and gladness,
The fresh meadow blooms hung in beauty and redness;
Its daughters were happy to hail the returning,
And drink the delights of July's sweet morning."

From the Martyrs' Grave we struck across Airdsmoss, in a north-west direction, to the Ayr Water, and passed over it by a wooden bridge. Here a footpath was traceable which led us through a fir plantation, set upon the brae that rises up from the Ayr

Water, and at last brought us to the main road from Muirkirk to Mauchline, close to the farm of Greenock Mains, in which, during persecuting times, lived Thomas Richard, a pious farmer, who found martyrdom at Old Cumnock, where a gravestone marks the spot where his body was laid.

From Greenock Mains to Mauchline is some nine or ten miles, and through a pleasant tract of country. About half-way we came to the hamlet of Sorn, where the road strikes off to the busy manufacturing village of Catrine. From Catrine, as the crow flies, to Mauchline is not more than two miles; but to avoid cutting in two the beautifully wooded grounds of Ballochmyle, the road winds round about three miles. The stately trees that line either side of the road, and the general aspect of the country, made amends for the length of the way. The Martyrs' Grave at Mauchline is on the outskirts of the village, farthest from the railway station. It stands on what has the appearance of a parish green. A flat stone, twelve feet by six, lies over it. The inscription is:

> Here lies the Bodies of Peter
> Gillies, John Bryce, Thomas Young
> William Fiddison, & John Bruning,
> Who Were Apprehended & Hanged
> Without Trial at Mauchline, Anno
> 1685, according to the then Wicked's
> Laws for their Adhearance to the
> Covenanted Work of
> Reformation Rev. xii. 11.

Bloody Dumbarton, Douglas, & Dundee
Moved by the Devil & the Laird of Lee
Dragged these five men to Death with gun and suord
Not Suffering them to Pray nor Read God's Word.
Ouning the Work of God was all their Crime.
The Eighty Five Was a Saint Killing Time

Erected by subscription in 1830.
The old decayed tombstone
From which the above inscription
is copied lies below.

Peter Gillies is said to have been a waulker, or bleacher of cloth, in Skirling, a parish in Peeblesshire, not far from Biggar. In 1674 a Presbyterian minister preached in his house. Tidings of the sermon came to the proprietor of the waulk-mill, and to the curate of the parish, and the result was that he was turned out of his house and possessions, to the loss of nearly his all. He seems to have gone north to Stirlingshire, for in 1682, while living in the parish of Muiravonside, the curate, displeased at his non-conformity, sent a party of soldiers to apprehend him, but he escaped their hands. His name occurs in the list of fugitives in the proclamation of May 5th, 1684, as "Peter Gellies in Waulkmill of Woodside"—a mill on the Avon, in the parish of Muiravonside. Notwithstanding the proclamation, he seems still to have lived in Woodside or its neighbourhood until April 30, 1685, when, through the information of the curate, he was apprehended by a detachment of High-

land soldiers sent from Falkirk. His wife had given birth to a child a few days previous, and she was as yet far from her wonted strength; yet in her sight they threatened him with immediate death, and then hurried him away without allowing him to speak to her or change his clothes. In less than an hour afterwards some of the soldiers appeared with a story of their own, that her husband had signified she knew where his firearms were, and that if she gave them up his life would be spared, if not, on their return he would be shot dead. She was a God-fearing woman, and composedly replied, that her husband had no arms that she knew of, and if they got liberty to take his life, she would endeavour to say, "Good is the will of the Lord, and He who did all things well, could not wrong her or hers." At these words the soldiers flew into a passion, and swore and threatened to burn her where she lay. They plundered the house of all they could carry away.

John Bryce was a weaver in West Calder. He had come to Peter Gillies to get some cloth that had been dressing for him, when he was apprehended along with him.

Both prisoners were tied together and driven before them by the soldiers. When the soldiers had got them a few miles on the road they blindfolded Peter Gillies, and set him on his knees, as if to be shot, with a file of musketeers before him, and kept him in this position for half-an-hour, and then took him with them to

the west country, whither they were marching. As they passed through Carluke they seized William Fiddieson and Thomas Young. These two sufferers are not mentioned by Wodrow. Their names incidentally occur in Patrick Walker. When speaking of the cruelties perpetrated by the Highlanders brought from the north in the spring of 1685, Patrick says—"When they went through the parish of Carluke, they apprehended William Fiddieson and Thomas Young, who lived there, whom the Laird of Lee's footmen apprehended, on whom they exercised great cruelty."

On the 4th of May they were at Middle Wellwood, two miles west of Muirkirk. Here, says Wodrow, Peter writes a letter to his wife, full of affection and seriousness, and leaves her and five children on the Lord, with much holy confidence. He wanted not impressions that he was to die, and would shortly be beyond the reach of enemies.

This same day they were taken to Mauchline, where John Bruning was seized while herding cattle.

Next day they were examined before Lieutenant-General Drummond. A jury of fifteen soldiers was summoned, and an indictment put into their hands. A copy of it is in Wodrow. It is written in the intemperate style peculiar to the times of the later Stuarts. Among other crimes, refusal to pray for the King is specified, as that for which they ought to be punished with forfeiture of life, lands, and goods.

With such an indictment, and such a jury, and tried with so little warning, it was not doubtful what the issue would be. They were found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged the following day—May 6, 1685,—at the town end of Mauchline. Bibles were refused them, and they were not allowed to pray at the place of execution. When their bodies were cut down, grave-clothes and coffins were forbidden, and the soldiers dug a hole under the gallows and flung them in together.

In the notice of the five martyrs in the "Cloud of Witnesses," taken from Alexander Shields' "Short Memorial," published in 1690, they are said to have been put to death without legal trial or sentence. This may seem to contradict the fact that they were tried before a jury of fifteen soldiers; but such a trial was a mockery of justice, so that the statement of the "Cloud" is really correct.

Bryce and Gillies met their end within the same fortnight as that within which John Brown at Priesthill, and Tom, Cook and Urie at Polmadie, and Margaret Maclachlan and Margaret Wilson at Wigton, lost their lives. It is the fortnight whose deeds Lord Macaulay in his matchless history has selected to narrate as a specimen of the crimes by which James II. goaded the peasantry of the Western Lowlands into madness.

From the Martyrs' Grave we passed through the town for the railway, about half a mile distant. The

intervening space is now richly cultivated. At the period of the Reformation it was a moor, and was the scene of the first open-air sermon by George Wishart, and in all probability the first open-air sermon that had been preached in Scotland for many a day. The reader of Knox's "History" will remember how vividly the Reformer details the circumstances that led to its delivery. Wishart, when in Kyle, had been invited to Mauchline. When he arrived at the parish church he found it barred against him by the authority of the sheriff.

"Some zealous of the parishioners, amongst whom Hugh Campbell of Kinyeancleuch, offended that they should be debarred their parish kirk, concluded by force to enter. But the said Master George withdrew the said Hugh, and said unto him:

"'Brother, Christ Jesus is as potent upon the fields as in the kirk; and I find that He himself often [er] preached in the desert, at the sea side, and other places judged profane, than that He did in the Temple of Jerusalem. It is the word of peace that God sends by me,—the blood of no man shall be shed this day for the preaching of it.'

"And so, withdrawing the whole people, he came to a dike in a moor edge upon the south-west side of Mauchline, upon the which he ascended. The whole multitude stood and sat about him. God gave the day pleasing and hot. He continued in preaching more than three hours. In that sermon God wrought

so wonderfully with him, that one of the most wicked men that was in that country, named Laurence Rankin, Laird of Shiell, was converted. The tears ran from his eyes in such abundance that all men wondered. His conversion was without hypocrisy, for his life and conversation witnessed it in all times to come."

## CHAPTER XI.

### EASTWOOD—WODROW.

EASTWOOD parish lies fully three miles to the south of Glasgow. With the exception of what is built upon, or occupied by plantation, its soil is all under the plough; in marked contrast with two of its neighbouring parishes, Neilston and Mearns—a large part of both of which is bleak moor. Although it was early in March when we visited it, its undulating surface, and its many trees, in small clumps or lining the road, gave it a picturesque appearance. The day was cold—snow lay here and there upon the ground—and so the birds were all but silent; but the wire of the electric telegraph ran overhead for a mile or two of the way, and its Æolian harp-like music drove away the feeling of loneliness as we walked along. Eastwood has its cotton mills, bleaching and print-works, and its villages or towns of Thornliebank and Pollockshaws; but it was something else we came to see. Our aim was the church-

yard. It lies nearly in the centre of the parish, midway between Thornliebank and Pollockshaws. Its gate was open. The monument to Wodrow is the first object that catches the eye. It is of some size, but it is of the meaningless character so common to our churchyard monuments. It is surmounted by an urn, a needed utensil in a heathen land, where the bodies of the dead are burnt, but out of place in a country where they are laid in the grave in hope of a blessed resurrection. We live in a Christian country, but the broken pillars, the torches, the urns, by which men without the light of the Gospel expressed their hopelessness of another state of existence beyond the grave, and which are so common in our churchyards, tell how much we are yet under the influence of heathenism. Even a heathen temple, outside of which the idolater paid his devotions, but scarcely ever within, is regarded by many as the model to which our places of Christian worship are to be conformed. The inscription on Wodrow's monument is in good taste. It is:

ERECTED
TO THE MEMORY
OF THE
REV. ROBERT WODROW,
MINISTER OF EASTWOOD.
THE FAITHFUL HISTORIAN
OF THE SUFFERINGS
OF THE
CHURCH OF SCOTLAND,

FROM THE YEAR 1660
TO 1688.
HE DIED 21st MARCH. 1734,
IN THE
55th YEAR OF HIS AGE,
AND
31st OF HIS MINISTRY.
"He being dead yet speaketh."

Wodrow belonged to a family that had been long in the service of the Church. His great-grandfather, Patrick Wodrow, was vicar of Eaglesham at the time of the Reformation. He joined the cause of the Reformers. The Register of Ministers and Readers in the year 1574 contains the name of a "Maister Patrik Wodruif" as "reidare at Egleschame," which, perhaps, is the same person. "Patrik" was a man of some learning, "and wrote," says the historian, "one of the fairest and most beautiful hands in writing that I believe was in that time." He had a son, John, to whom he left the lands of Hill and Picketlaw, in Eaglesham. In the "Analecta" he is said to have killed a man of the name of Hamilton, in Eaglesham churchyard, on a Sabbath-day. John's youngest son was Robert, who acted as chamberlain to the Earl of Eglinton, in Eaglesham, and was a man of great probity and worth. Robert had six sons, the third of whom was James, the historian's father. The second of the six was a John Wodrow. He was taken prisoner at the battle of Pentland, and was hanged at

Edinburgh, December 22, 1666. His testimony, and a letter to his wife, dated the day on which he suffered, are in "Naphtali" and "Samson's Riddle." The testimony very clearly defines the object of the rising which ended at Pentland. It was simply for the redress of grievances, and not against the King's person or authority. His letter to his wife is a piece of vigorous English, and is as affectionate in its terms as it is expressive of strong faith. It is all worth the quoting, but we give only its first sentence and last paragraph.

"My Heart—Reverence the good providence of the Lord our God, who can do nothing wrong; For whatsoever he doth is well done, and my soul saith, *Amen.*"

. . . . . .

"And now I give you and my four Children unto the Lord, and commit you to him as your Covenanted God and Husband, and my Children's Covenanted Father. I say no more, but either study to be indeed a sincere Christian, and a seeker of his face in sincerity, or else you will be nothing at all. I recommend you and your young ones to Him, who is God all sufficient, and aboundeth in mercy and love to them that love Him and keep His covenant. The blessing of the covenant be upon you, so fare you well. So saith Your loving and dying husband,

JOHN WODROW."

The second of these four children, Francis, was at Bothwell Bridge, and was taken prisoner. He was

banished, but with many others lost his life in the wilful shipwreck of the vessel off the Moul Head in the Orkneys.

Wodrow's father was born at the Hill of Eaglesham, January 2, 1637, and was educated for the ministry. He studied at Glasgow under the famous Robert Baillie. The troubles that followed the Restoration prevented him from taking license until 1673. Among the names at his certificate of license is that of Donald Cargill: after license he resided in Glasgow for some years. He was intercommuned, and had oftener than once to conceal himself in order to escape capture. When the historian was born he was sent for from his place of concealment. He came in "the grey of the evening, well muffled up." On his way he had to pass the guard-house, when he was recognised, and soon after a party of soldiers came to the house to seize him. He hid himself as he best could behind the bed in his wife's room. The soldiers searched all the rooms but this one, into which the physician would not allow them to enter. Denied access, they set guards around the house. At this juncture a worthy physician, a Dr Davidson, came to visit the mother. He had a man-servant carrying a lantern before him, after the fashion of well-to-do people in the dark times, when gas and paraffin oil were unknown. When the Doctor told his errand, he and his servant were allowed to enter the house. He was scarcely within when the child was born, and the question was what was to be

done with the father? It was proposed that he should change coats with the man-servant, and take up the lantern and walk briskly out before his new master. The proposal was at once carried into effect, and the Doctor and his supposed servant passed without suspicion through the soldiers. In a quarter of an hour after they left, the soldiers came into the bedroom. "They stugged," says the historian, "with their swords the very bed my mother was lying on, jalousing he might be concealed there." But the good woman, strengthened with a double joy, the birth of a son and the escape of her husband, pleasantly told them the bird was flown.

In 1680 the Magistrates of Glasgow peremptorily ordered the families of Presbyterian ministers and preachers to remove out of the city in twenty-four hours. James Wodrow retired with his family to Eaglesham, the place of his nativity. Here the future historian received the rudiments of his education in the grammar school, taught by "Mr Michael Robb." Little is known of Mr Robb, save that he was among the first who was ordained to the ministry when liberty came in 1688. His fame lies in his scholars. One of these was destined to become the envy or the admiration of Europe. "I mind," says Wodrow, "among the scholars at that school there was one about the year 1683 or 4, who of late has made a surprising figure and blaze through all Europe, John Law, son to a goldsmith at Edinburgh, whom his

father sent to Eglishame, both to be removed from the temptations of Edinburgh, and to be under the care of Mr Hamilton," indulged minister at Eaglesham, "who was nearly related to him, and to be under my father's inspection, who was pretty nearly related to him by his mother, and the Dunlops of Polnoon Mill," a mill in Eaglesham, "one of whose sisters, if I remember right, was married to Mr Law of Neilston, grandfather to the famous Mr Law."

In 1687 James VII., with a view to favour his co-religionists, the Papists, professed to be the advocate of religious liberty, and suspended all the laws against the long proscribed Presbyterians. The Synod of Glasgow and Ayr took advantage of this toleration, and met in September of the same year. One of their acts was to recommend James Wodrow "to take care of the youth who had their eye to the ministry," and in January 1688 he left Eaglesham for Glasgow, where, four years afterwards—February 1692—he was appointed Professor of Divinity. His son Robert, the future historian, studied under him, and has given an interesting account of his mode of teaching. The students of theology of the Reformed Presbyterian Church will recognise in the following sentences, taken from his "Method in the Divinity Hall," a "method" very similar to that of their own hall:

"All discourses were delivered . . . Then the professor usually asked the observes and censures of the students, who were very exact and narrow in their

remarks upon all discourses before them, both as to matter, style, and manner of delivery. The deliverer was allowed to make his defences; and the professor in the last room gave his observes, and ordinarily he had little left to do but give a general judgment."

While a student under his father, Wodrow was chosen librarian to the college, a situation which he held for four years. Here he soon evinced the taste for historical inquiry, and the desire to amass the records of the past, whether in the form of literature or of coins, or of stones, which so distinguished him to the close of his life. After he finished his theological curriculum he resided for some time as tutor in the family of Sir John Maxwell of Nether Pollock. In 1703 he was licensed to preach the Gospel, and in the following year, when Eastwood, the parish in which Sir John Maxwell was the chief heritor, became vacant, he was chosen as its minister. Here, until his death in 1734, he gave himself with praiseworthy diligence to the duties of his office. In 1713 he seems first to have thought of his "History." Shortly after the Revolution, the desirableness of gathering materials for a history of the sufferings of the Church of Scotland during the persecution was talked of in different Synods. In Wodrow's own Synod the proposal took a practical form, in himself being appointed to receive whatever accounts the members might send him. Once begun, he rapidly put into shape the materials that poured in upon him. In the close of 1719, after

repeated revisals on his own part, and that of his friends, the "History" was in the printer's hands. At length, in May 1721, the first volume was published, and the second in the following year. Although the book was folio, and the subscription price was two guineas, yet there were six hundred and fifty subscribers, of whom two hundred and forty-nine were ministers. It was immediately successful. By almost all parties it was felt to be a great work. The Jacobites smarted under its statement of the tyranny of their idols, and did their utmost to depreciate its value; but their labours were in vain. Its voluminous collection of facts, illustrative of the sufferings of the Presbyterians under Charles II., and James II., might be parodied, but their truth could not be denied. A very different class from the Jacobites found fault with the history. The Society People took exception to the manner in which he spoke of Renwick and others for declining to take advantage of the Indulgence, or to associate with the indulged ministers. But they did not challenge its statements. It was simply Wodrow's inferences or reflections that they found fault with. Wodrow's father had accepted of the Indulgence, and many of Wodrow's friends were in the same position. These friendships manifestly biassed the historian's judgment. The exceptions taken by the Societies will be found expressed in M'Main's preface to "Shields' Life of James Renwick," published in 1724. John M'Main, A.M., was a schoolmaster

in Liberton's Wynd in Edinburgh, now pulled down. One or two of his pamphlets gave offence to the ministers of Edinburgh, and they proceeded against him with a rather high hand. In November 1721 they summoned him before them "to answer for your presuming at your own hand to take up, erect, and keep a school within the City of Edinburgh without a License of Warrant given you from any in authority, or producing any Testimonial of your good Conversation, or giving Evidence of your Orthodoxy or Loyalty." M'Main speedily replied in a 12mo of forty pages, entitled, "The Summons Dismissed; or, The Process of Edinburgh Presbytery against Mr M——n, Dismissed, with his Answers and Declinature." M'Main got the better of the Presbytery. He showed that the license required of him was a thing not known. There were at least forty teachers in Edinburgh in the same circumstances as himself teaching schools of their own, and not one of them had ever heard of a license, and why propose a license for him?

Patrick Walker, in his "Remarkable Passages of the LIFE and DEATH of * * * Mr Richard Cameron," appends "Remarks upon Twenty-eight gross Misrepresentations and groundless and scandalous Reflections in Mr Wodrow's History, and Answers thereto." These "Remarks," although vituperative to a degree, have much of the racy vigour for which Patrick Walker's curious books are noted. He cer-

tainly does not spare hard words in characterising Wodrow. In most of the twenty-eight instances of alleged misrepresentation, he succeeds in showing that Wodrow's reflections upon Cameron and Renwick, and others who refused to take the Indulgence, are to be taken for what they are worth, as the reflections of one who could not approve of this refusal without condemning his own friends.

But however exception may be taken to some of Wodrow's reflections, there can be no doubt that his "History" is a great work, which, so long as men hate tyranny, will not readily be forgotten. As to graces of composition, it has none. Its style is singularly slovenly, to have been written in the age of the *Spectator*, by one who enjoyed so many advantages as Wodrow for quiet leisure in his student career, and even in his ministerial life. The result was, that, although received with great favour on its first publication, the "History" speedily fell into disrepute, a disrepute which the indifference, if not the dislike, of the Moderatism of last century to its subject, did nothing to remove. Out of this disrepute it has gradually risen, and its merits as a careful collection of the facts relating to one of the saddest periods of our national history are now all but universally recognised. Its method of interweaving in the narrative large extracts from the public papers and documents of the period, which rendered it so distasteful to the contemporaries of Robertson, Hume, and Gibbon,

gives it a charm to the multitude of readers who, in our time, with Carlyle and Froude, value a history just as it furnishes the words, and brings us into the presence, of the men and women whose story it tells.

The "History of the Sufferings," etc., was republished in Glasgow in 1828, in four octavo volumes. The late Dr Robert Burns of Paisley, afterwards of Toronto, passed it through the press, prefaced it with a "Life," and added a note here and there. The notes are far from what they might have been; and the "Life" is an apology for a "Life," rather than a "Life" itself. But the volumes have the merit of portability, and the dozen or more of engravings they contain are copied from original portraits.

In 1828, the "Life of James Wodrow, A.M., Professor of Divinity in the University of Glasgow from MDCXCII. to MDCCVII., written by his son Robert Wodrow, A.M.," was published in a 12mo of two hundred and forty-five pages (Edin., Wm. Blackwood). Dr John Campbell and Principal Lee of Edinburgh took charge of its publication. The preface states that it is "printed exactly from a manuscript in the author's own handwriting." It is written in the same unpretending style as the "History," and is an interesting record of the life of a good man, who, during the fifteen years he was Professor of Divinity, had under his care no less than seven hundred students who afterwards became ministers of the Gospel. Its chief value consists in the copious

account it gives, of the mode of instruction employed by Professor Wodrow in teaching divinity.

When Wodrow published his "History," he entered upon another work of still wider range, that had long been the subject of his thoughts—"Collections upon the Lives of the Reformers and most eminent Ministers of the Church of Scotland." He did not live to finish it. The manuscript, in ten volumes folio and four quarto, is preserved in the Library of the University of Glasgow. Four volumes of selections from these lives were published by the Maitland Club in 1834. The lives selected are Erskine of Dun, John Spotswood, John Willock, John Winram, Bishop Carswell, Bishop Gordon, Robert Pont, Archbishop Boyd, Archbishop Gladstanes, Robert Boyd, David Weems, and John Cameron. Although these "Collections" must have cost Wodrow a great deal of labour, they are of little value. The most competent of judges, Mr David Laing, has thus pronounced upon them: "The work is certainly not the most important of Wodrow's labours. The lives are compiled and filled with extracts from works now much better known and much more accessible than in his days, and being in most instances only first draughts, hastily put together, the style is remarkably careless and slovenly."

Along with these "Collections" Wodrow engaged in another work—"Analecta: or Materials for a History of Remarkable Providences; mostly relating to

Scotch ministers and Christians." The gatherings Wodrow made for this work were published in 1842-3, in four volumes, by the Maitland Club. There is much that is curious in these volumes, but much that had better not been published — much that Wodrow himself would not have published, for they are merely a transcript of the note-books into which Wodrow transferred the materials out of which his proposed work was to be formed. It is not fair, therefore, to judge Wodrow from what he never intended should see the light, in the form in which it has been issued by the Maitland Club. The "Analecta" extend over a great part of Wodrow's life. The first volume begins with "March 3d, 1701," and the last ends with "Dec. 25th, 1731." Although there is a large quantity of rubbish in the "Analecta," they yet contain some valuable matter—such as the "Recollections," in the third volume, of James Stirling, minister of Barony Parish, Glasgow, from 1699 to 1737. We give two specimens of the contents of the volumes—the first is from Stirling's "Recollections," and the second is by Wodrow himself.

DICKSON OF IRVINE AND THE ROBBER.

"Mr. Dickson was travelling in the way with a young man, who proved a robber, and took his money from him. Mr Dickson said, 'This is a very bad way of living you are now following. Take my advice: if you will needs take my money from me, go and trade with it—follow some lawful trade of

merchandising, and leave off this woeful course of yours.' What he said made such an impression on the man, that he forsook that way, went and merchandised with the money he took from Mr Dickson, till he came to be considerably rich, and came into Leith and inquired for Mr Dickson (my father told me it was at Glasgow), and found he was both Professor and Minister of Edinburgh; and he ordered a hogshead of wine to be sent up to Mr Dickson's house in the College. Mr Dickson and his family were astonished at it, and supposed there was a mistake in it. However, it was taken in till they should know whose it was, and whence it came. The gentleman himself came to visit the Professor, who was extremely civil to him, being a perfect stranger to him; and a glass of his best ale came. The gentleman commended it, but asked 'if there was any wine in the house?' Mr Dickson said there was a hogshead of it come that day, he supposed in a mistake. The visitor asked him if he minded since a gentleman had taken his purse from him of four or five hundred merks, and had advised him as above. Mr Dickson minded it, and the gentleman told he was the man, and he had followed his advice, and now he was come to a considerable stock, and he brought him his money with interest—my father called it double interest—and had sent that hogshead of wine to him." —Vol. iii., pp. 5, 6.

### SAMUEL RUTHERFORD AND ARCHBISHOP USSHER.

"My informer lived some time in the parish of Anwoth, in Galloway, where Mr Rutherford was minister, and had the account of Bishop Ussher's being there . . . with thir circumstances, which

are firmly believed there; and it's not long since persons were alive who were in the parish at the time. They tell him in the year 1640, the year before the rebellion in Ireland (but I think Mr Rutherford was transported before that time from Anwoth, so that it must have been some years before), the Primate having read his books, that *De Gratia* was printed before, and his 'Letters' were in several hands, and having heard of his great success and sweetness in preaching, resolved to come to England by Scotland, and take Anwoth in his way, and came with a servant riding with him. There was no place near the church where he could stay that Saturday's night he came to Anwoth, but Mr Rutherford's house; and so he came to it, and called to know if he was at home? His wife told he was. He said he was a stranger come from some distance, and designed to stay till Monday, and could find no place to stay in, and asked if he might have access to Mr Rutherford's house? Mrs Rutherford seeing him a gentleman, and in good habit, desired him to alight, and signified that she desired to know his name. He said his name was James Ussher. She went up and acquainted her husband. The Primate struck none of them in the head—*i.e.*, none of them ever supposed the stranger to be the Primate—and Mr Rutherford came down and called for a drink, and made him welcome as a stranger, and left him till supper, where nothing passed to discover him. On the Sabbath early, he went out to the fields, and came to a thicket of trees, a sweet retired place where Mr Rutherford used often to retire. There the Bishop spent some time his alone, and was fallen to prayer. When Mr Rutherford came out, as was his ordinary, knowing nothing the other was there, till he drew near and heard the

voice of prayer; and listening he perceived a very extraordinary gift of prayer, and was wonderfully taken with it, and stayed till it was ended; and the other came out. Then when he saw him, his name his wife told him struck him in the head, and presently addressed him, 'Are you the great and learned Doctor Ussher?' The other answered, 'I am he whom some are pleased to term so.' Then Mr Rutherford embraced him most affectionately, and said, 'You must preach for me to-day.' 'Nay,' says the other, 'I came to hear you preach and to be acquainted with you, and I will hear you.' 'Well,' said the other, 'I shall take the forenoon, and you the afternoon;' and so the Primate preached in the afternoon to each other's great satisfaction."—Vol. iii., pp. 132-134.

We have often heard another version of this story of Ussher and Rutherford. It is in substance that Ussher came in the disguise of a beggar, and sought a night's lodging. The barn was given him, and, in the meantime, a seat by the kitchen fire. It was Rutherford's practice, on the Saturday evening, before family worship, to ask a few questions from the children. The beggar, too, was not passed over; he was asked how many commandments there were — both Calvin's Catechism and the Palatine Catechism were much used in Scotland at that time. The Palatine is divided into fifty-two sections, one for each Lord's Day in the year. The question on the Commandments is for the thirty-fourth Lord's Day in the year, which would make the time of Ussher's visit about the end of August—and he said eleven. Mrs Ruther-

ford lifted up her hands in amazement at the ignorance of the man, come to such a time of life, and not to know how many commandments there were. To her still greater amazement the beggar defended his answer. After Ussher had gone into the barn, before laying himself down to rest he engaged in prayer. Soon Rutherford went round the manse to see if all were safe for the night. In passing the barn he heard a sound; he listened—it was the supposed beggar at prayer. The language of the prayer soon told Rutherford it was somebody very different from a beggar who was within. He opened the barn door, and at once declared that the inmate of the barn was something better than he said he was. It soon came out that the beggar was no less than the Archbishop. Rutherford would have him to lodge in the manse, but Ussher said he would remain where he was. He carried his point. It was agreed that Mrs Rutherford should not be told who the supposed beggar was, and that Ussher should preach in the afternoon. Ussher chose for his text the words, "A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another;" and began by saying that this commandment had been called the eleventh commandment. In the evening, when Rutherford was asking the children what they remembered of the sermons preached during the day, Mrs Rutherford, who was still not in the secret, is said to have remarked that it was an odd thing that the strange minister had begun in the same way as the

beggar man last night. Complete as this story is, we fear that of the two stories Wodrow's is the most likely to be true. The second is perhaps too romantic to have really taken place. Indeed, it is more like a Scotch ballad in prose than a veritable narrative; yet it is too good a story to be omitted after transcribing Wodrow's.

In 1841, the reviving interest in the Reformers, consequent upon the increase of evangelical thought in the Church of Scotland, led to the institution of the Wodrow Society for the publication of the works of the fathers and early writers of the Reformed Church of Scotland. The Society soon numbered upwards of two thousand subscribers, and bade fair to enter upon a career of usefulness. Unfortunately it confined its attention too much to the department of Church history, and hence, after five years' existence, it came to an untimely end, without finishing the works of our great Reformer, or entering upon the period with which Wodrow's name is so connected, save in the publication of three volumes of letters. Wodrow kept up a large correspondence; and he not only wrote many letters, but he transcribed these letters into books, as well as bound up in volumes the letters of his correspondents. His own letters occupied four thick octavos, of which three are in the Advocates' Library. These three contain copies of nearly six hundred letters. The letters of his correspondents amount to three thousand eight hundred and eighty, and extend

to twenty-two quarto volumes. The three volumes issued by the Wodrow Society under the title of the "Correspondence of the Rev. Robert Wodrow," contain six hundred and forty-seven letters. They were carefully edited by the younger M'Crie, who added a number of notes that, in most cases, are of more value than the text. Much as Wodrow wrote, he yet almost always wrote in a careless manner; hence his letters, as compositions, are of no value whatever; and the three volumes, the editor's notes excepted, are about as heavy reading as can well be imagined. Indeed, the principle upon which they are edited is a wrong one. Where the charm of a letter, as with Cowper, lies in the style, then every scrap is of value, and ought to be given to the world, but where it is simply in the facts, then a short statement of or index to these facts, is all that is needed. Upon this principle the Master of the Rolls has proceeded in the volumes giving an account of the State Records, that of late years have been published under his superintendence; and the result has been a very valuable addition to the store of materials for the history of our country. Upon the opposite principle M'Crie acted, and in consequence has in no way added to the good name of Wodrow.

Not far from Wodrow's monument is the burying-place of the Maxwells of Pollock, a family that suffered much during the reign of Charles II. Sir George Maxwell was ordered, on the 4th of August 1668, to

enter himself prisoner in the Tolbooth of Kirkcaldy, under the penalty of £500 sterling. Next day the place of imprisonment was altered to Stirling Castle. Under the year 1673 Wodrow gives an abbreviate of the fines imposed upon the heritors of Renfrewshire for withdrawing from public worship, keeping of conventicles, etc., and Sir G. Maxwell is put down for the enormous sum of £93,600. His son Sir John, who, after the Revolution, was a Senator of the College of Justice, and, for a few years, Lord Justice-Clerk, was, on November 28, 1684, fined £8000 sterling, on the charge of "irregularities ecclesiastical, and keeping suffering ministers in his house." Sir John refused to pay such a large sum, and was kept a close prisoner for sixteen months.

On the east side of the burying-place of the Maxwells of Pollock there is a marble tablet to the memory of Walter Stewart of Pardovan, the author of the well-known "Collections, etc., of the Laws of the Church of Scotland." He died March 8, 1719, when on a visit to Pollock. The inscription upon the tablet is somewhat lengthy. It will be found in the statistical account of the parish.

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